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A
COLLECTION of POEMS;
CONSISTING OF
VALUABLE PIECES,
NOT INSERTED IN
Mr. DODSLEY's COLLECTION,
OR PUBLISHED SINCE.
WITH SEVERAL ORIGINALS,
By EMINENT WRITERS.
VOL. II.



A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS,
IN FOUR VOLUMES
BY
SEVERAL HANDS.



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MDCCLXXV.

COLLECTION

OF





Isaac Taylor del et sculp.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

ECLOGUE I.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

SCENE, A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.

TIME, THE MORNING.

YE Perfian maids, attend your Poet's lays,
 And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
 Not all are blest, whom Fortune's hand sustains
 With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains;
 Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
 'Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell.

Vol. II.

B

Thus

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd ;
 Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd :
 Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
 Informing morals to the shepherd maid ;
 Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
 What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
 The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride,
 When wanton gales along the valleys play,
 Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away ;
 By Tygris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
 This useful lesson for the fair and young.

Ye Persian dames, he said, to you belong,
 Well may they please, the morals of my song :
 No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
 Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around !
 The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
 Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes :
 For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow,
 And yours the love that kings delight to know.
 Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
 The best kind blessings heaven can grant the fair !
 Who trust alone in Beauty's feeble ray,
 Boast but the worth ^a Balfora's pearls display ;
 Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,
 But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light :

^a The gulph of that name, famous for the pearl fishery.

Such



Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
 By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
 Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe in vain
 That Love shall blind, when once he fires the swain;
 Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
 As spots on ermin beautify the skin;
 Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
 Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
 Each tender passion man delights to find
 The lov'd perfection of a female mind!

Blest were the days, when Wisdom held her reign,
 And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;
 With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
 Immortal Truth, and daughters blest'd their love.

O haste, fair maids! ye Virtues come away,
 Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
 The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
 By Ind excell'd or Araby no more.

Lost to our fields, for so the Fates ordain,
 The dear deserters shall return again.
 Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
 To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear;
 Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
 And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen.
 With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
 Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid;
 But man the most—not more the mountain doe
 Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.

Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew;
 A silken veil conceals her from the view.
 No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
 But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone:
 Desponding Meekness, with her down-cast eyes,
 And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs;
 And love the last: by these your hearts approve,
 These are the virtues that must lead to love.

Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say,
 The maids of Bagdat verify'd the lay:
 Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
 The shepherds lov'd, and Selim blest'd his song.



E C L O G U E II.

H A S S A N; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

S C E N E, THE DESERT.

T I M E, M I D - D A Y.

IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste
 The driver Hassan with his camels past:
 One cruise of water on his back he bore,
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;

A fan

A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
 And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh ;
 The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view !
 With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man,
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began :

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way.”

Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,
 The thirst or pinching hunger that I find !
 Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
 When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage ?
 Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign ;
 Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
 In all my griefs a more than equal share !
 Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
 Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
 In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
 Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow :
 Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
 And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way.”

Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
 Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade !

The lilly peace outshines the silver store,
 And life is dearer than the golden ore :
 Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
 To every distant mart and wealthy town.
 Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea ;
 And are we only yet repay'd by thee?
 Ah ! why this ruin so attractive made,
 Or why fond man so easily betray'd ?
 Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
 The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song ?
 Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
 The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
 Why think we these less pleasing to behold
 Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !”

O cease, my fears !—all frantic as I go,
 When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe.
 What if the lion in his rage I meet !—
 Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :
 And fearful ! oft, when Day's declining light
 Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
 By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
 Gaunt wolves and fullen tygers in his train ;
 Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
 Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !”

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
 If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep:
 Or some swollen serpent twist his scales around,
 And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
 Thrice happy they, the wife contented poor,
 From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
 They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
 Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !”

O hapless youth ! for she thy love hath won,
 The tender Zara will be most undone ;
 Big swell’d my heart, and own’d the powerful maid,
 When fast she dropt her tears, and thus she said :

“ Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,

“ Whom Zara’s breaking heart implor’d in vain !

“ Yet as thou go’st, may every blast arise,

“ Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs !

“ Safe o’er the wild, no perils may’st thou see,

“ No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me.”

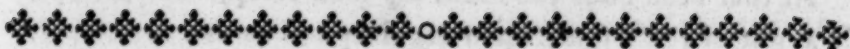
O let me safely to the fair return,

Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not, mourn ;

O ! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,

Recall’d by Wisdom’s voice, and Zara’s tears.

He said, and call’d on heaven to bless the day,
 When back to Schiraz’ walls he bent his way :



E C L O G U E III.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE, A FOREST.

TIME THE EVENING.

IN Georgia's land, where Teflis' towers are seen,
In distant view along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn she came, those willing flocks to lead
Where lillies rear them in the watery mead:
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
'Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers she made:

Gay

^b Gay-motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
The violet blue that on the moss bank grows;
All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there;
The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chase away :
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And fought the vales and echoing groves among :
At length he found, and wooed the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd:

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,

“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd.

The royal lover bore her from the plain ;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain :
Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bad that crook and bleating flock adieu.

Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove,
To richer scenes of golden power and love !
Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain ;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,

“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd.”

Yet midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove ;

^b That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the Modern History of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.

Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
 To the sweet vale, and flowery mead inclin'd;
 And oft as Spring renew'd the plains with flowers,
 Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant Hours,
 With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
 The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
 Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
 Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand:
 Some simple lay, of flocks and herds, they sung;
 With joy the mountain and the forest rung.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 “ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!”

And oft the royal lover left the care
 And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
 Oft to the shades and low roof'd cots retir'd,
 Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:
 A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
 And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 “ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!”

Blest was the life that royal Abbas led:
 Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
 What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
 The simple shepherd girl can love as well.
 Let those who rule on Persia's jewel'd throne,
 Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
 Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
 The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.

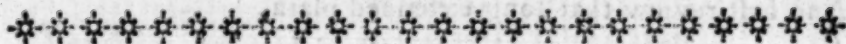
O happy

O happy days! the maids around her say :

O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov’d,

“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !”



E C L O G U E IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE, A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.

TIME, MIDNIGHT,

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin’d,
Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind;
At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And past in radiance thro’ the cloudless sky;
Sad o’er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led:
Fast as they prest their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravag’d plains, and vallies stole away.
Along the mountain’s bending sides they ran,
’Till faint and weak, Secander thus began :

SECANDER:

S E C A N D E R.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
 No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
 Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey,
 'Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way!
 And first review that long-extended plain,
 And yon wide groves, already past with pain!
 Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried!
 And last this lofty mountain's weary side!

A G I B,

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
 The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
 Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
 And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind;
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
 He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
 Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
 Drops its fair honours to the conquering flame;
 Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
 And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

S E C A N D E R.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
 To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!

Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
 Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind :
 'Midst fair fultanas lost in idle joy,
 No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

A G I B.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
 Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
 Sweet to the sight is Zabra's flowery plain,
 And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain !
 No more the virgins shall delight to rove
 By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove ;
 On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale :
 Fair scenes ! but, ah ! no more with peace possesst,
 With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
 No more the shepherds whitening tents appear,
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year ;
 No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd
 But Ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

S E C A N D E R.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
 For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves :
 In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
 Their eyes blue languish, and their golden hair
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send ;
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

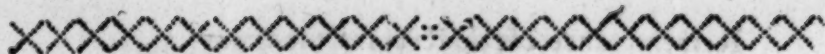
A G I B.

A G I B.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
 Some weightier arms than crooks and staves prepare,
 To shield your harvest, and defend your fair:
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
 Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
 Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
 By lust incited, or by malice led,
 The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
 Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
 Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
 To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
 A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
 'Th' affrighted shepherds thro' the dews of night,
 Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.





O D E

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JAMES THOMPSON.

BY THE SAME.

IN yonder ^c grove a Druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave !
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave !

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp ^d shall now be-laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

^c The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames near Richmond.

^d The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the Castle of Indolence. Canto 1, stanza 40.

Remem-

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
 When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
 And oft suspend the dashing oar
 To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft as Ease and Health retire
 To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
 The friend shall view yon whitening ^c spire,
 And mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
 Ah! what will every dirge avail?
 Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,
 That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near!
 With him, sweet Bard, my Fancy die,
 And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose fullen tide
 No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,
 Now waft me from the green-hill's side
 Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

^c Richmond' church.

And

And see the fairy valleys fade,
 Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view !
 —Yet once again, dear parted shade,
 Meek Nature's child, again adieu !

The genial meads assign'd to blest
 Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom,
 Their hinds, and shepherd-girls shall dress
 With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
 Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes ;
 O ! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
 In yonder grave your Druid lies !



ODE TO PITY.

BY THE SAME.

O Thou, the friend of man assign'd,
 With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
 And charm his frantic woe ;
 When first Distress, with dagger keen,
 Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
 His wild unfated foe !

By Pella's ^f bard, a magic name,
 By all the griefs his thought could frame,
 Receive my humble rite ;
 Long, Pity, let the nations view
 Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
 And eyes of dewy light !

But wherefore need I wander wide
 To old Ilissus' distant side,
 Deserted stream, and mute ?
 Wild Arun^s too has heard thy strains,
 And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
 Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
 On gentlest Otway's infant head,
 To him thy cell was shown ;
 And while he sung, the female heart,
 With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
 Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by Fancy's aid,
 Even now my thoughts, relenting maid,
 Thy temple's pride design :
 Its southern site, its truth compleat,
 Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat
 In all who view the shrine.

^f Euripides,

^s A river in Sussex.

There Picture's toils shall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,

O'er mortal bliss prevail :
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell :
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell !



ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

BY THE SAME.

O Thou by Nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong :
Who first on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nurs'd the powers off'ong !

Thou, who with hermit heart
 Disdain'st the wealth of Art,
 And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
 But com'st a decent maid,
 In Attic robe array'd,
 O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd store
 On Hybla's thymy shore,
 By all her blooms and mingled murmurs dear;
 By her, whose love-lorn woe,
 In evening musings slow,
 Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephissus deep,
 Who spread his wavy sweep
 In warbled wanderings round the green retreat,
 On whose enamel'd side,
 When holy Freedom died,
 No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O sister meek of Truth,
 To my admiring youth,
 Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
 The flowers that sweetest breathe,
 Tho' Beauty cull'd the wreath,
 Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While

While Rome could none esteem,
 But Virtue's patriot theme,
 You lov'd her hills, and led the laureat band :
 But staid to sing alone,
 To one distinguish'd throne,
 And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
 The passions own thy power,
 Love, only love, her forceless numbers mean,
 For thou hast left her shrine,
 Nor olive more, nor vine,
 Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Tho' Taste, tho' Genius bless
 To some divine excess,
 Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole ;
 What each, what all supply,
 May court, may charm your eye,
 Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul !

Of these let others ask,
 To aid some mighty task,
 I only seek to find thy temperate vale :
 Where oft my reed might sound
 To maids and shepherds round,
 And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.



ODE TO PEACE.

BY THE SAME.

O Thou, who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And fought'st thy native skies :
When War, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bad his storms arise !

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His fullen shrines to burn :
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest return !

O Peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind,
O rise, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train :
The British lion, goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
 But come to grace thy western isle,
 By warlike Honour led!
 And while around her ports rejoice,
 While all her sons adore thy choice,
 With him for ever wed!



ODE TO MERCY.

BY THE SAME.

STROPHE.

O Thou, who sit'st a smiling bride
 By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
 Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd:
 Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
 Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
 And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword!
 Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
 By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
 Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
 Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground:
 See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
 Before thy shrine my country's Genius stands,
 And decks thy altar still, tho' pierc'd with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom even our joys provoke,
 The Fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,
 And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey ;
 Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
 O'ertook him on his blasted road,
 And stopp'd his wheels and look'd his rage away.
 I see recoil his sable steeds,
 That bore him swift to savage deeds,
 Thy tender melting eyes they own ;
 O Maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
 Where Justice bars her iron tower,
 To thee we build a roseate bower,
 Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's
 throne !



ODE TO LIBERTY.

BY THE SAME.

STROPHE.

WHO shall awake the Spartan fire,
 And call in solemn sounds to life
 The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
 Like vernal hyacinths in fullen hue,

At

At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
 Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view ?
 What new Alcæus^h, fancy-blest,
 Shall sing the sword in myrtles drest,
 At Wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing,
 (What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd ?)
 Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
 It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound !
 O Goddess, in that feeling hour,
 When most its sounds would court thy ears,
 Let not my shell's misguided power
 E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
 No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
 How Rome, before thy weeping face,
 With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,
 Push'd by a wild and artless race
 From off its wide ambitious base,
 When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
 And all the blended work of strength and grace,
 With many a rude repeated stroke,
 And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

E P O D E.

Yet even, where'er the least appear'd,
 Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;

^h Alluding to a beautiful fragment of Alcæus.

Still,

Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,
 Some remnants of her strength were found;
 They saw, by what escap'd the storm,
 How wonderous rose her perfect form;
 How in the great, the labour'd whole,
 Each mighty master pour'd his soul!
 For sunny Florence, seat of art,
 Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,
 Till theyⁱ, whom Science lov'd to name,
 (O who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
 And lo, an humbler relic laid
 In jealous Pisa's olive shade!
 See small Marino^k joins the theme,
 Tho' least, not last in thy esteem:
 Strike, louder strike th' ennobling strings
 To those^l, whose merchant sons were kings;
 To him^m, who, deck'd with pearly pride,
 In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride.
 Hail port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
 Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure,
 Nor e'er her former pride relate,
 To sad Liguria'sⁿ bleeding state.

ⁱ The family of the Medici.

^k The little republic of San Marino.

^l The Venetians.

^m The Doge of Venice.

ⁿ Genoa.

Ah no! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek,
 On wild Helvetia's^o mountains bleak :
 (Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
 The daring archer heard thy voice ;
 Forth from his eyrie rous'd in dread,
 The ravening eagle northward fled)
 Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
 With those^p to whom thy stork is dear :
 Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
 Whose crown a British queen^q refus'd!
 The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
 One holier name alone remains ;
 The perfect spell shall then avail,
 Hail nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail !

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
 The works, the wizzard Time has wrought !

^o Switzerland.

^p The Dutch, among whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

^q Queen Elizabeth.

The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
 Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand^r,
 No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
 He pass'd with unwet feet thro' all our land.
 To the blown Baltic then, they say,
 The wild waves found another way,
 Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding :
 Till all the banded West at once 'gan rise,
 A wide wild storm even Nature's self confounding,
 Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth surprise,
 This pillar'd earth so firm and wide,
 By winds and inward labours torn,
 In thunders dread was push'd aside,
 And down the shouk'ring billows born,
 And see, like gems her laughing train,
 The little isles on every side,
 Mona^s, once hid from those who search the main,
 Where thousand elfin shapes abide,

And

^r This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists too have endeavoured to support the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the corresponding disposition of the two opposite coasts. I do not remember that any poetical use has been hitherto made of it.

^s There is a tradition in the isle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprise at her appearance. This however was so misconstrued by the sea-lady, that in revenge for his treatment of her, she punish'd the whole island,

And Wight who checks the westering tide,
 For thee consenting heaven has each bestow'd,
 A fair attendant on her sovereign pride :
 To thee this blest divorce she ow'd,
 For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy last abode !

S E C O N D E P O D E .

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,
 'Midst the green navel of our isle,
 Thy shrine in some religious wood,
 O soul-enforcing goddess, stood !
 There oft the painted native's feet
 Were wont thy form celestial meet ;
 Tho' now with hopeless toil we trace
 Time's backward rolls, to find its place ;
 Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
 Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,
 Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
 'Twere hard for modern song to tell.
 Yet still, if Truth those beams infuse,
 Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,
 Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
 Paving the light-embroider'd sky :
 Amidst the bright pavillion'd plains,
 The beauteous model still remains.

island, by covering it with a mist, so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

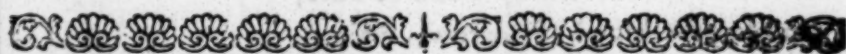
There happier than in islands blest,
 Or bowers by Spring or Hebe drest,
 The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
 In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
 Hear their consoorted Druids sing
 Their triumphs to th' immortal string,

—How may the poet now unfold,
 What never tongue or numbers told ?
 How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
 What hands unknown that fabric rais'd !
 Even now, before his favour'd eyes,
 In Gothic pride it seems to rise !
 Yet Græcia's graceful orders join,
 Majestic thro' the mix'd design ;
 The secret builder knew to chuse,
 Each sphere-found gem of richest hues :
 What'er heaven's purer mould contains,
 When nearer suns emblaze its veins ;
 There on the walls the patriot's fight
 May ever hang with fresh delight,
 And, grav'd with some prophetic rage,
 Read Albion's fame thro' every age.

Ye forms divine, ye laureat band,
 That near her inmost altar stand !
 Now sooth her, to her blissful train
 Blythe Concord's social form to gain :
 Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
 Even Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep :

Before

Before whose breathing bosom's balm,
 Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm;
 Her let our fires and matrons hoar
 Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore,
 Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
 Play with the tangles of her hair,
 Till, in one loud applauding sound,
 The nations shout to her around,
 O how supremely art thou blest,
 Thou, Lady, thou shalt rule the west!



ODE TO FEAR.

BY THE SAME.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
 With all its shadowy shapes is shown;
 Who seest appall'd the unreal scene,
 While Fancy lifts the veil between:
 Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
 I see, I see thee near.
 I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
 Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly.
 For lo what monsters in thy train appear!
 Danger, whose limbs of giant mold
 What mortal eye can fix'd behold?

Who

Who stalks his rotund, an hideous form,
 Howling amidst the midnight storm.
 Or throws him on the ridgy steep
 Of some loose hanging rock to sleep.
 And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
 Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind :
 And those, the fiends, who near allied,
 O'er Nature's wounds, and wrecks preside ;
 While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
 Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare :
 On whom that ravening brood of Fate,
 Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait ;
 Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
 And look not madly wild, like thee ?

E P O D E.

In earliest Greece to thee, with partial choice,
 The grief-full Muse address her infant tongue ;
 The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
 Silent and pale in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard^t who first invok'd thy name,
 Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel :
 For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
 But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

^t Æschylus.

But who is he whom later garlands grace,
 Who left a-while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
 With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
 Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove ?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous Queen^u
 Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
 When once alone it broke the silent scene,
 And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
 Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful line,
 Tho' gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
 Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine !

A N T I S T R O P H E.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
 Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last ?
 Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
 Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell ?
 Or in some hallow'd seat,
 'Gainst which the big waves beat ?
 Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought !
 Dark Power, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
 Be mine, to read the visions old,
 Which thy awakening bards have told :
 And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
 Hold each strange tale devoutly true ;

But

^u Jocasta.

Vol. II.

D

Ne'er

Ne'er be I found by thee o'er aw'd,
 In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
 When ghosts, as cottage maids believe,
 Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
 And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
 Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou, whose spirit most possessest
 The sacred feat of Shakespear's breast!
 By all that from thy Prophet broke,
 In thy divine emotions spoke:
 Hither again thy fury deal,
 Teach me but once like him to feel:
 His cypress wreath my meed decree,
 And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!



ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

BY THE SAME.

AS once, if not with light regard,
 I read aright that gifted Bard,
 (Him whose school above the rest
 His loveliest Elfin queen has blest)
 One, only one, unrival'd fair *
 Might hope the magic girdle wear,

* Florimel. See Spenser, Leg. 4th.

At solemn turney hung on high,
The wish of each love-darting eye.

Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,
Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin fame,
With whisper'd spell had burst the starting band,
It left unblest her loath'd dishonour'd side;
Happier, hopeless fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The cest of amplest power is given:
To few the god-like gift assigns,
To gird their blest prophetic loins,
And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.
The band, as fairy legends say,
Was wove on that creating day,
When he, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
And dress'd with springs, and forests tall,
And pour'd the main engirthing all,
Long by the lov'd enthusiast woo'd,
Himself in some diviner mood,
Retiring, sat with her alone,
And plac'd her on his saphire throne,

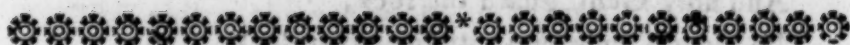
The whiles, the vaulted shrine around,
 Seraphic wires were heard to sound !
 Now sublimest triumph swelling,
 Now on love and mercy dwelling ;
 And she, from out the veiling cloud,
 Breath'd her magic notes aloud :
 And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
 And all thy subject life was born !
 The dangerous passions kept aloof,
 Far from the fainted growing woof :
 But near it sat ecstasie Wonder,
 Listening the deep applauding thunder :
 And Truth, in sunny vest array'd,
 By whose the Tarsol's eyes were made :
 All the shadowy tribes of Mind,
 In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
 And all the bright uncounted Powers,
 Who feed on heaven's ambrosial flowers :
 Where is the Bard, whose soul can now
 Its high presuming hopes avow ?
 Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
 This hallow'd work for him design'd ?

High on some cliff, to heaven up-pil'd,
 Of rude access, of prospect wild,
 Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
 Strange shades o'erbrow the vallies deep,

And

And holy Genii guard the rock,
 Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock,
 While on its rich ambitious head,
 An Eden, like his own, lies spread.
 I view that oak, the fancy'd glades among,
 By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
 From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
 Nigh sph'rd in heaven its native strains could hear :
 On which that antient trump he reach'd was hung ;
 Thither oft his glory greeting,
 From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
 With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
 My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue ;
 In vain—Such bliss to one alone,
 Of all the sons of soul was known,
 And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
 Have now o'erturn'd th' inspiring bowers,
 Or curtain'd close such scene from every future view.





THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

Farewell, for clearer ken design'd,
 The dim-discover'd tracts of mind :
 Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
 My silent search in vain requir'd !
 No more my sail that deep explores,
 No more I search those magic shores,
 What regions part the world of soul,
 Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll :
 If e'er I round such fairy field,
 Some Power impart the spear and shield,
 At which the wizzard Passions fly,
 By which the giant Follies die !
 Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen,
 Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green :
 Where Science prank'd in tissu'd vest,
 By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
 Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
 To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade !
 Youth of the quick uncheated sight,
 Thy walks, Observance, more invite !

O thou,

O thou, who lov'st that ampler range,
 Where life's wide prospects round thee change,
 And, with her mingling sons allied,
 Throw'st the prattling page aside :
 To me in converse sweet impart,
 To read in man the native heart,
 To learn, where Science sure is found,
 From Nature as she lives around :
 And gazing oft her mirror true,
 By turns each shifting image view !
 Till meddling Art's officious lore
 Reverse the lessons taught before,
 Alluring from a safer rule,
 To dream in her enchanted school ;
 Thou heaven, whate'er of great we boast,
 Hast blest this social science most.

Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
 As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
 Not vain she finds the charming task,
 In pageant quaint, in motley mask,
 Behold, before her musing eyes,
 The countless Manners round her rise ;
 While ever varying as they pass,
 To some contempt applies her glass :
 With these the white-rob'd Maids combine,
 And those the laughing Satyrs join !
 But who is he whom now she views,
 In robe of wild contending hues ?

Thou, by the Passions nurs'd; I greet
 The comic sock that binds thy feet !
 O Humour, thou whose name is known
 To Britain's favour'd isle alone ;
 Me too amidst thy band admit,
 There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
 (Whose jewels in his crisped hair
 Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
 Whom no delights from thee divide)
 In laughter loos'd attends thy side !

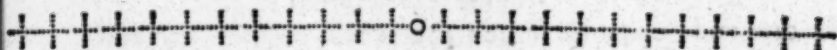
By old Miletus^y, who so long
 Has^z ceas'd his love-inwoven song:
 By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
 In chang'd Italia's modern shades :
 By him^z whose knight's distinguish'd name
 Refin'd a nation's lust of fame ;
 Whose tales even now, with echoes sweet,
 Castilia's Moorish hills repeat :
 Or him^a, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
 In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore,
 Who drew the sad Sicilian maid,
 By virtues in her fire betray'd :

^y Alluding to the Milesian tales, some of the earliest romances.

^z Cervantes.

^a Monsieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

O Nature boon, from whom proceed
 Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;
 If but from thee I hope to feel,
 On all my heart imprint thy seal!
 Let some retreating Cynic find
 Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind,
 The Sports and I this hour agree,
 To rove thy scene-ful world with thee!



THE PASSIONS. AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
 And as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her force-ful art,

Each,

Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair
Low fullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still thro' all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smile, and wav'd her golden hair.

And

And longer had she sung,—but with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose,
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat :
 And tho' sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his
 head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state,
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate:

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;

Thro'

Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !
 When Chearfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call to Fawn and Dryad known !
 The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
 Satyrs and Sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

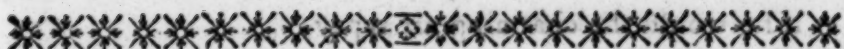
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
 He with vinny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love fram'd with Mirth, a gay fantastic round,
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,

And

And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess, why to us denied?
Lay'st thou thy antient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Even all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

WRITTEN



WRITTEN ON A PAPER, WHICH CONTAINED A
PIECE OF BRIDE CAKE: GIVEN TO THE
AUTHOR BY A LADY.

BY THE SAME.

YE curious hands, that hid from vulgar eyes,
By search profane shall find this hallow'd cake,
With Virtue's awe forbear the sacred prize,
Nor dare a theft for Love and Pity's sake !

This precious relick, form'd by magic power
Beneath the shepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by Love to charm the silent hour,
The secret present of a matchless maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond request,
Each nice ingredient chose with happiest art ;
Fears, sighs, and wishes of th' enamour'd breast,
And pains that please are mixt in every part.

With rosy hand the spicy fruit she brought
From Paphian hills, and fair Cythera's isle :
And temper'd sweet with these the melting thought,
The kiss ambrosial and the yielding smile.

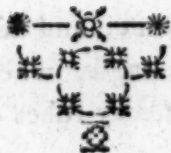
Ambiguous

Ambiguous looks, that scorn and yet relent,
 Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth,
 Reluctant pride, and amorous faint consent,
 And meeting ardours, and exulting youth,

Sleep, wayward God! hath sworn while these remain,
 With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear,
 And chearful Hope, so oft invoc'd in vain,
 With fairy songs shall sooth his pensive ear.

If bound by vows to Friendship's gentle side,
 And fond of soul, thou hop'st an equal grace,
 If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
 O much intreated, leave this fatal place.

Sweet Peace, who long hath shunn'd my plaintive day,
 Consents at length to bring me short delight,
 Thy careless steps may scare her doves away,
 And Grief with raven note usurp the night.



LONDON:



L O N D O N:

OR, THE
PROGRESS OF COMMERCE.

BY RICHARD GLOVER, ESQ.

YE northern blasts, and ^b Eurus, wont to sweep
 With rudest pinions o'er the furrow'd waves,
 Awhile suspend your violence, and waft
 From sandy ^c Weser and the broad mouth'd Elb
 My freighted vessels to the destin'd shore,
 Safe o'er th' unruffled main; let every thought,
 Which may disquiet, and alarm my breast,
 Be absent now; that, dispossest of care,
 And free from every tumult of the mind,
 With each disturbing passion hush'd to peace,
 I may pour all my spirit on the theme,
 Which opens now before me, and demands
 The loftiest strain. The eagle, when he tow'rs
 Beyond the clouds, the fleecy robes of heaven,

^b The east wind.^c Bremen is situated on the Weser, and Hamburgh on the Elb.

Disdains all objects but the golden sun,
 Full on th' effulgent orb directs his eye,
 And sails exulting through the blaze of day ;
 So, while her wing attempts the boldest flight,
 Rejecting each inferior theme of praise,
 Thee, ornament of Europe, Albion's pride,
 Fair seat of wealth and freedom, thee my Muse
 Shall celebrate, O London : thee she hails.
 Thou lov'd abode of Commerce, last retreat,
 Whence she contemplates with a tranquil mind
 Her various wanderings from the fated hour,
 That she abandon'd her maternal clime ;
 Neptunian Commerce, whom Phœnice bore,
 Illustrious nymph, that nam'd the fertile plains
 Along the sounding main extended far,
 Which flowery Carmel with its sweet perfumes,
 And with its cedars Libanus o'er shades :
 Her from the bottom of the watry world,
 As once she stood, in radiant beauties grac'd,
 To mark the heaving tide, the piercing eye
 Of Neptune view'd enamour'd : from the deep
 The God ascending rushes to the beach,
 And clasps th' affrighted virgin. From that day,
 Soon as the paly regent of the night
 Nine times her monthly progress had renew'd
 Thro' heaven's illumin'd vault, Phœnice, led
 By shame, once more the sea-worn margin fought :
 There pac'd with painful steps the barren sands,

A solitary mourner, and the surge,
Which gently roll'd beside her, now no more
With placid eyes beholding, thus exclaim'd.

Ye fragrant shrubs and cedars, lofty shade,
Which crown my native hills, ye spreading palms,
That rise majestic on these fruitful meads,
With you, who gave the lost Phœnice birth,
And you, who bear th' endearing name of friends,
Once faithful partners of my chaster hours,
Farewell! To thee, perfidious God, I come,
Bent down with pain and anguish on thy sands,
I come thy suppliant: death is all I crave;
Bid thy devouring waves inwrap my head,
And to the bottom whelm my cares and shame!

She ceas'd, when sudden from th' inclosing deep
A crystal car emerg'd, with glitt'ring shells,
Cull'd from their oozy beds by Tethys' train,
And blushing coral deck'd, whose ruddy glow
Mix'd with the watry lustre of the pearl.
A smiling band of sea-born nymphs attend,
Who from the shore with gentle hands convey
The fear-subdu'd Phœnice, and along
The lucid chariot place. As there with dread
All mute, and struggling with her painful throes
She lay, the winds by Neptune's high command
Were silent round her; not a zephyr dar'd
To wanton o'er the cedar's branching top.
Nor on the plain the stately palm was seen

To

To wave its graceful verdure ; o'er the main
 No undulation broke the smooth expanse,
 But all was hush'd and motionless around,
 All but the lightly-sliding car, impell'd
 Along the level azure by the strength
 Of active Tritons, rivaling in speed
 The rapid meteor, whose sulphureous train
 Glides o'er the brow of darkness, and appears
 The livid ruins of a falling star.

Beneath the Lybian skies, a blissful isle,
 By ^e Triton's floods encircled, Nyfa lay.
 Here youthful Nature wanton'd in delights,
 And here the guardians of the bounteous horn,
 While it was now the infancy of time,
 Nor yet th' uncultivated globe had learn'd
 To smile, ^f Eucarpé, ^g Dapsiléa dwelt,
 With all the nymphs, whose secret care had nurs'd
 The eldest Bacchus. From the flow'ry shore
 A turf-clad valley opens, and along
 Its verdure mild the willing feet allures ;
 While on its sloping sides ascends the pride
 Of hoary groves, high-arching o'er the vale
 With day-rejecting gloom. The solemn shade
 Half round a spacious lawn at length expands,

^e Triton, a river and lake of ancient Lybia.

^f Fruitfulness.

^g Plenty.

^b Clos'd by a tow'ring cliff, whose forehead glows
 With azure, purple, and ten thousand dyes,
 From its resplendent fragments beaming round;
 Nor less irradiate colours from beneath
 On every side an ample grot reflects,
 As down the perforated rock the sun
 Pours his meridian blaze! rever'd abode
 Of Nyfa's nymphs, with every plant attir'd,
 That wears undying green, refresh'd with rills
 From ever-living fountains, and enrich'd
 With all Pomona's bloom: unfading flowers
 Glow on the mead, and spicy shrubs perfume
 With inexhausted sweets the cooling gale,
 Which breathes incessant there; while every bird
 Of tuneful note his gay or plaintive song
 Blends with the warble of meandring streams,
 Which o'er their pebbled channels murm'ring lave
 The fruit-invested hills, that rise around.
 The gentle Nereids to this calm recess
 Phœnice bear; nor Dapsilæa bland,
 Nor good Eucarpé, studious to obey
 Great Neptune's will, their hospitable care
 Refuse; nor long Lucina is invok'd.
 Soon as the wondrous infant sprung to day,
 Earth rock'd around; with all their nodding woods,

^b This whole description of the rock and grotto is taken from *Diod. Siculus*, lib. 3. pag. 202.

And streams reverting to their troubled source,
 The mountain shook, while Lybia's neighb'ring god,
 Myfterious Ammon, from his hollow cell
 With deep refounding accent thus to heaven,
 To earth, and fea, the mighty birth proclaim'd.

A new-born power behold ! whom Fate hath call'd
 The God's imperfect labour to complete
 This wide creation. She in lonely fands
 Shall bid the tower-encircled city rife,
 The barren fea shall people, and the wilds
 Of dreary nature shall with plenty cloath;
 She shall enlighten man's unletter'd race,
 And with endearing intercourse unite
 Remotest nations, fcorch'd by fultry funs,
 Or freezing near the fnow-encrufted pole :
 Where'er the joyous vine difdains to grow,
 The fruitful olive, or the golden ear;
 Her hand divine, with interpoſing aid
 To every climate ſhall the gifts fupply
 Of Ceres, Bacchus, and ⁱ the Athenian maid;
 The graces, joys, emoluments of life
 From her exhauſtleſs bounty all ſhall flow,
 The heavenly prophet ceas'd. Olympus heard.
 Streight from their ſtar-beſpangled thrones deſcend
 On blooming Nyfa a celeftial band

ⁱ Minerva, the tutelary goddeſs of the Athenians, to whom ſhe gave
 the olive.

The ocean's lord to honour in his child ;
 When o'er his offspring smiling thus began
 The trident-ruler. Commerce be thy name :
 To thee I give the empire of the main,
 From where the morning breathes its eastern gale,
 To th' undiscover'd limits of the West,
 From chilling Boreas to extreme South
 Thy fire's obsequious billows shall extend
 Thy universal reign. Minerva next
 With wisdom blest'd her, Mercury with art,
 * The Lemnian god with industry, and last
 Majestic Phœbus, o'er the infant long
 In contemplation pausing, thus declar'd
 From his enraptur'd lip his matchless boon.

Thee with divine invention I endow,
 That secret wonder, Goddess, to disclose,
 By which the wise, the virtuous, and the brave,
 The heaven-taught Poet and exploring Sage
 Shall pass recorded to the verge of time.

Her years of childhood now were number'd o'er,
 When to her mother's natal soil repair'd
 The new divinity, whose parting step
 Her sacred nurses follow'd, ever now
 To her alone inseparably join'd ;
 Then first deserting their Nyseian shore
 To spread their hoarded blessings round the world ;

* Vulcan, the tutelary deity of Lemnos.

Who with them bore the inexhausted horn
 Of ever-smiling Plenty. Thus adorn'd,
 Attended thus, great Goddess, thou beganst
 Thy all enlivening progress o'er the globe,
 Then rude and joyless, destin'd to repair
 The various ills which earliest ages ru'd
 From one, like thee, distinguish'd by the gifts
 Of heaven, Pandora, whose pernicious hand
 From the dire vase releas'd th' imprison'd woes.
 Thou, gracious Commerce, from his cheerless caves
 In horrid rocks and solitary woods,
 The helpless wand'rer man forlorn and wild
 Didst charm to sweet society; didst cast
 The deep foundations, where the future pride
 Of mightiest cities rose, and o'er the main
 Before the wond'ring Nereids didst present
 The surge-dividing keel, and stately mast,
 Whose canvas wings, distending with the gale,
 The bold Phœnician through Alcides' straits
 To northern Albion's tin-embowel'd fields,
 And oft beneath the sea-obscuring brow
 Of cloud-envelop'd Teneriff convey'd.
 Next in sagacious thought th' ethereal plains
 Thou trodst, exploring each propitious star
 The danger-braving mariner to guide;
 Then all the latent and mysterious powers
 Of number didst unravel : last to crown
 Thy bounties, Goddess, thy unrival'd toils

For man, still urging thy inventive mind,
 Thou gav'st him ¹ letters ; there imparting all,
 Which lifts the ennobled spirit near to heaven,
 Laws, learning, wisdom, nature's works reveal'd
 By god-like Sages, all Minerva's arts,
 Apollo's music, and th' eternal voice
 Of Virtue founding from the historic roll,
 The philosophic page, and poet's song.

Now solitude and silence from the shores
 Retreat on pathless mountains to reside,
 Barbarity is polish'd, infant arts
 Bloom in the desert, and benignant peace
 With hospitality begin to sooth
 Unsocial rapine, and the thirst of blood ;
 As from his tumid urn when Nilus spreads
 His genial tides abroad, the favour'd soil
 That joins his fruitful border, first imbibes
 The kindly stream : anon the bounteous God
 His waves extends, embracing Egypt round,
 Dwells on the teeming champain, and endows
 The sleeping grain with vigour to attire
 In one bright harvest all the Pharian plains :
 Thus, when Pygmalion from Phœnician Tyre
 Had banish'd freedom, with disdainful steps
 Indignant Commerce, turning from the walls

¹ Here the opinion of Sir Isaac Newton is followed, that letters were first invented amongst the trading parts of the world.

Herself had rais'd, her welcome sway enlarg'd
 Among the nations, spreading round the globe
 The fruits of all its climes ; ^m Cecropian oil,
 The Thracian vintage, and Panchaïan gums,
 Arabia's spices, and the golden grain,
 Which old Ofiris to his Ægypt gave,
 And Ceres to ⁿ Sicania. Thou didst raise
 Th' Ionian name, O Commerce, thou the domes
 Of sumptuous Corinth, and the ample round
 Of Syracuse didst people. — All the wealth
 Now thou assemblest from Iberia's mines,
 And golden-channel'd Tagus, all the spoils
 From fair ° Trinacria wasted, all the powers
 Of conquer'd Afric's tributary realms
 To fix thy empire on the Lybian verge,
 Thy native tract ; the nymphs of Nyssa hail
 Thy glad return, and echoing joy resounds
 O'er Triton's sacred waters, but in vain :
 The irreversible decrees of heaven
 To far more northern regions had ordain'd
 Thy lasting seat ; in vain th' imperial port
 Receives the gather'd riches of the world :
 In vain whole climates bow beneath its rule ;

^m Athenian. Athens was call'd Cecropia from Cecrops its first king.

ⁿ Sicily.

° Another name of Sicily, which was frequently ravag'd by the Carthaginians.

Behold

Behold the toil of centuries to Rome
 Its glories yields, and mould'ring leaves no trace
 Of its deep-rooted greatness; thou with tears
 From thy extinguish'd Carthage didst retire,
 And these thy perish'd honours long deplore.
 What though rich^p Gades, what though polish'd Rhodes,
 With Alexandria, Ægypt's splendid mart,
 The learn'd^q Massylians, and^r Ligurian towers,
 What though the potent Hanseatic league,
 And Venice, mistress of the Grecian isles,
 With all the Ægean floods, awhile might sooth
 The sad remembrance; what though, led through climes
 And seas unknown, with thee th' advent'rous sons
 Of^s Tagus pass'd the stormy cape, which braves
 The huge Atlantic; what though Antwerp grew
 Beneath thy smiles, and thou propitious there
 Didst shower thy blessings with unsparing hands:
 Still on thy grief-indented heart impress'd,
 The great Amilcar's valour, still the deeds
 Of Asdrubal and Mago, still the loss
 Of thy unequal Annibal remain'd:
 Till from the sandy mouths of echoing Rhine,

^p Cadiz.

^q Marseilles, a Grecian colony, the most civilized, as well as the greatest trading city of ancient Gaul.

^r Genoa.

^s The Portuguese discover'd the Cape of Good Hope in 1487.

And founding margin of the Scheld and Maese,
 With sudden roar the angry voice of war
 Alarm'd thy languor ; wonder turn'd thy eye.
 Lo ! in bright arms a bold militia stood,
 Arrang'd for battle : from afar thou saw'st
 The snowy ridge of Apennine, the fields
 Of wild Calabria, and Pyrene's hills,
 The Guadiana, and the Duro's banks,
 And rapid Ebro gath'ring all their powers
 To crush this daring populace. The pride
 Of fiercest kings with more inflam'd revenge
 Ne'er menac'd freedom ; nor since dauntless Greece,
 And Rome's stern offspring none hath e'er surpass'd
 The bold^t Batavian in his glorious toil
 For liberty, or death. At once the thought
 Of long-lamented Carthage flies thy breast,
 And ardent, Goddess, thou dost speed to save
 The generous people. Not the vernal showers,
 Distilling copious from the morning clouds,
 Descend more kindly on the tender flower,
 New-born and opening on the lap of Spring,
 Than on this rising state thy cheering smile,
 And animating presence ; while on Spain,
 Prophetic thus, thy indignation broke :

Infatiate race ! the shame of polish'd lands !
 Disgrace of Europe ! for inhuman deeds

^t The Dutch.

And

And insolence renown'd! what demon led
 Thee first to plough the undiscover'd furge,
 Which lav'd an hidden world? whose malice taught
 Thee first to taint with rapine, and with rage,
 With more than savage thirst of blood the arts,
 By me for gentlest intercourse ordain'd,
 For mutual aids, and hospitable ties
 From Shore to Shore? Or, that pernicious hour,
 Was heaven disgusted with its wondrous works,
 That to thy fell exterminating hand
 Th' immense Peruvian empire it resign'd,
 And all, which lordly ^a Montezuma sway'd?
 And com'st thou, strengthen'd with the shining stores
 Of that gold teeming hemisphere, to waste
 The smiling fields of Europe, and extend
 Thy bloody shackles o'er these happy seats
 Of liberty? Presumptuous nation, learn,
 From this dire period shall thy glories fade,
 Thy slaughter'd youth shall fatten Belgium's sands,
 And Victory against her Albion's cliffs
 Shall see the blood-empurpled ocean dash
 Thy weltering hosts, and stain the chalky shore:
 Ev'n those, whom now thy impious pride would bind
 In servile chains, hereafter shall support
 Thy weaken'd throne; when heaven's afflicting hand
 Of all thy power despoils thee, when alone

^a Montezuma, emperor of Mexico.

Of all, which e'er hath signaliz'd thy name,
Thy insolence and cruelty remain. *

Thus with her clouded visage, wrapt in frowns,
The Goddess threaten'd, and the daring train
Of her untam'd militia, torn with wounds,
Despising fortune, from repeated foils
More fierce, and braving Famine's keenest rage,
At length through deluges of blood she led
To envied greatness; ev'n while clamorous Mars
With loudest clangor bade his trumpet shake
The Belgian champain, she their standard rear'd
On tributary Java, and the shores
Of huge Borneo; thou, Sumatra, heard'st
Her naval thunder, Ceylon's trembling sons
Their fragrant stores of cinnamon resign'd,
And odour-breathing Ternate and Tidore
Their spicy groves. And O whatever coast
The Belgians trace, where'er their power is spread,
To hoary Zembla, or to Indian funs,
Still thither be extended thy renown,
O William, pride of Orange, and ador'd
Thy virtues, which disdaining life, or wealth,
Or empire, whether in thy dawn of youth,
Thy glorious noon of manhood, or the night,
* The fatal night of death, no other care

* He was assassinated at Delf. His dying words were, Lord have mercy upon this people. See Grot. de Bell. Belg.

Besides the public own'd. And dear to fame
 Be thou, harmonious ^y Douza; every Muse,
 Your laurel strow around this hero's urn,
 Whom fond Minerva grac'd with all her arts,
 Alike in letters and in arms to shine,
 A dauntless warrior, and a learned bard.
 Him Spain's surrounding host for slaughter mark'd,
 With massacre yet reeking from the streets
 Of blood-stain'd Harlem: he on Leyden's tow'rs,
 With Famine his companion, wan, subdu'd
 In outward form, with patient virtue stood
 Superior to despair; the heavenly Nine-
 His suffering soul with great examples cheer'd
 Of memorable bards, by Mars adorn'd
 With wreaths of fame; ^z Oeagrus tuneful son,
 Who with melodious praise to noblest deeds
 Charm'd the Iölchian heroes, and himself
 Their danger shar'd; ^a Tyrtæus, who reviv'd
 With animating verse the Spartan hopes;

^y Janus Douza, a famous poet, and the most learned man of his time.
 He commanded in Leyden when it was so obstinately besieged by the Spaniards in 1570. See Meursii Athen. Bat.

^z Orpheus, one of the Argonauts, who set sail from Iölcos, a town in Thessalia.

^a When the Spartans were greatly distressed in the Messenian war, they applied to the Athenians for a general, who sent them the poet Tyrtæus.

Brave ^b Æschylus and ^c Sophocles, around
 Whose sacred brows the tragic ivy twin'd,
 Mix'd with the warrior's laurel ; all surpass'd
 By Douza's valour : and the generous toil,
 His and his country's labours soon receiv'd
 Their high reward, when favouring Commerce rais'd
 Th' invincible Batavians, till, rever'd
 Among the mightiest on the brightest roll
 Of fame they shone, by splendid wealth and power
 Grac'd and supported ; thus a genial soil
 Diffusing vigour though the infant oak,
 Affords it strength to flourish, till at last
 Its lofty head, in verdant honours clad,
 It rears amidst the proudest of the grove.

Yet here th' eternal fates thy last retreat
 Deny, a mightier nation they prepare
 For thy reception, sufferers alike
 By th' unremitted insolence of power
 From reign to reign, nor less than Belgium known
 For bold contention oft on crimson fields,
 In free-tongu'd senates oft with nervous laws
 To circumscribe, or conquering to depose
 Their sceptred tyrants : Albion sea-embrac'd,

^b Æschylus, one of the most ancient tragic poets, who signalized himself in the battles of Marathon and Salamis.

^c Sophocles commanded his countrymen the Athenians, in several expeditions.

The joy of freedom, dread of treacherous kings,
 The destin'd mistress of the subject main,
 And arbitress of Europe, now demands
 Thy presence, Goddess. It was now the time,
 Ere yet perfidious Cromwel dar'd profane
 The sacred senate, and with impious feet
 Tread on the powers of magistrates and laws,
 While every arm was chill'd with cold amaze,
 Nor one in all that dauntless train was found
 To pierce the ruffian's heart; and now thy name
 Was heard in thunder through th' affrighted shores
 Of pale Iberia, of submissive Gaul,
 And Tagus, trembling to his utmost source.
 O ever faithful, vigilant, and brave,
 Thou bold assertor of Britannia's fame,
 Unconquerable Blake: propitious heaven
 At this great æra, and ^d the sage decree
 Of Albion's senate, perfecting at once,
 What by ^e Eliza was so well begun,
 So deeply founded, to this favour'd shore
 The Goddess drew, where grateful she bestow'd
 Th' unbounded empire of her father's floods,
 And chose thee, London, for her chief abode,
 Pleas'd with the silver Thames, its gentle stream,

^d The act of navigation.

^e Queen Elizabeth was the first of our princes, who gave any considerable encouragement to trade.

And smiling banks, its joy-diffusing hills;
 Which clad with splendour, and with beauty grac'd;
 O'erlook his lucid bosom; pleas'd with thee,
 Thou nurse of arts, and thy industrious race;
 Pleas'd with their candid manners, with their free
 Sagacious converse, to enquiry led,
 And zeal for knowledge; hence the opening mind
 Resigns its errors, and unseals the eye
 Of blind Opinion; Merit hence is heard
 Amidst its blushes, dawning arts arise,
 The gloomy clouds, which ignorance or fear
 Spread o'er the paths of Virtue, are dispell'd,
 Servility retires, and every heart
 With public cares is warm'd; thy merchants hence,
 Illustrious city, thou dost raise to fame:
 How many names of glory may'st thou trace
 From earliest annals down to ^c Barnard's times!
 And, O! if like that eloquence divine,
 Which forth for Commerce, for Britannia's rights,
 And her insulted majesty he pour'd,
 These humble measures flow'd, then too thy walls
 Might undisgrac'd resound thy poet's name,
 Who now all-fearful to thy praise attunes
 His lyre, and pays his grateful song to thee,
 Thy votary, O Commerce! Gracious Power,
 Continue still to hear my vows, and blest
 My honourable industry, which courts

^c Sir John Barnard.

No other smile but thine ; for thou alone
 Can'st wealth bestow with independence crown'd :
 Nor yet exclude contemplative repose,
 But to my dwelling grant the solemn calm
 Of learned leisure, never to reject
 The visitation of the tuneful Maids,
 Who seldom deign to leave their sacred haunts,
 And grace a mortal mansion ; thou divide
 With them my labours ; pleasure I resign,
 And, all devoted to my midnight lamp,
 Ev'n now, when Albion o'er the foaming breast
 Of groaning Tethys spreads its threat'ning fleets,
 I grasp the sounding shell, prepar'd to sing
 That hero's valour, who shall best confound
 His injur'd country's foes ; ev'n now I feel
 Celestial fires descending on my breast,
 Which prompt thy daring suppliant to explore,
 Why, though deriv'd from Neptune, though rever'd
 Among the nations, by the Gods endow'd,
 Thou never yet from eldest times hast found
 One permanent abode ; why oft expell'd
 Thy favour'd seats, from clime to clime hast borne
 Thy wandering steps ; why London late hath seen
 (Thy lov'd, thy last retreat) desponding Care
 O'ercloud thy brow : O listen, while the Muse,
 Th' immortal progeny of Jove, unfolds
 The fatal cause. What time in Nyssa's cave
 Th' Ethereal Train, in honour to thy fire,
 Shower'd on thy birth their blended gifts, the Power

Of War was absent ; hence, unblest'd by Mars,
 Thy sons relinquish'd arms, on other arts
 Intent, and still to mercenary hands
 The sword entrusting, vainly deem'd, that wealth
 Could purchase lasting safety, and protect
 Unwarlike Freedom ; hence the Alps in vain
 Were pass'd, their long impenetrable snows
 And dreary torrents ; swoln with Roman dead,
 Astonish'd 'f Trebia overflow'd its banks
 In vain, and deep-dy'd Trasimene roll'd
 Its crimson waters ; Cannæ's signal day
 The fame alone of great Amilcar's son
 Enlarg'd, while still undisciplin'd, dismay'd,
 Her head commercial Carthage bow'd at last
 To military Rome : th' unalter'd will
 Of heaven in every climate hath ordain'd,
 And every age, that empire shall attend
 The sword, and steel shall ever conquer gold.
 Then from thy sufferings learn ; th' auspicious hour
 Now smiles ; our wary magistrates have arm'd
 Our hands ; thou, Goddess, animate our breasts
 To cast inglorious indolence aside,
 That once again, in bright battalions rang'd,
 Our thousands and ten thousands may be seen
 Their country's only rampart, and the dread
 Of wild Ambition. Mark the Swedish hind ;
 He, on his native soil should danger lour,

f Trebia, Trasimene lacus, and Cannæ, famous for the victories gained
 by Annibal over the Romans.

Soon from the entrails of the dusky mine
 Would rise to arms ; and other fields and chiefs
 With Helsingburg ^g and Steinboch soon would share
 The admiration of the northern world :
 Helvetia's hills behold, th' aërial feat
 Of long-supported Liberty, who thence,
 Securely resting on her faithful shield,
 The warrior's corselet flaming on her breast,
 Looks down with scorn on spacious realms, which groan
 In servitude around her, and, her sword
 With dauntless skill high brandishing, defies
 The Austrian eagle, and imperious Gaul :
 And O could those ill-fated shades arise
 Whose valiant ranks along th' ensanguin'd dust
 Of ^h Newbury lay crouded, they could tell,

^g Helsingburg, a small town in Schonen, celebrated for the victory, which Count Steinboch gain'd over the Danes with an army, for the most part composed of Swedish peasants, who had never seen an enemy before: it is remarkable, that the defeated troops were as compleat a body of regular forces as any in all Europe.

^h The London train'd-bands, and auxiliary regiments, (of whose inexperience of danger, or any kind of service, beyond the easy practice of their postures in the Artillery-Ground, had till then too cheap an estimation) behaved themselves to wonder ; and were, in truth, the preservation of that army that day. For they stood as a bulwark and rampire to defend the rest ; and when their wings of horse were scattered and dispersed, kept their ground so steadily, that though Prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to charge them, and endured the storm of small shot, he could make no impression on their stand of pikes ; but was forced to wheel about.—Clarend. book 7. pag. 347.

How

How their long-matchless cavalry, so oft
 O'er hills of slain by ardent Rupert led,
 Whose dreaded standard Victory had wav'd,
 Till then triumphant, there with noblest blood
 From their gor'd squadrons dy'd the restive spear
 Of London's firm militia, and resign'd
 The well-disputed field ; then, Goddess, say,
 Shall we be now more timid, when behold,
 The blackning storm now gathers round our heads,
 And England's angry Genius sounds to arms ?
 For thee, remember, is the banner spread ;
 The naval tower to vindicate thy rights
 Will sweep the curling foam : the thundring bomb
 Will roar, and startle in the deepest grots
 Old Nereus' daughters ; with combustion stor'd
 For thee our dire volcanos of the main,
 Impregnated with horror, soon will pour
 Their flaming ruin round each hostile fleet :
 Thou then, great Goddess, summon all thy powers,
 Arm all thy sons, thy vassals, every heart
 In flame : and you, ye fear-disclaiming race,
 Ye mariners of Britain, chosen train
 Of Liberty and Commerce, now no more
 Secrete your generous valour ; hear the call
 Of injur'd Albion ; to her foes present
 Those daring bosoms, which alike disdain
 The death-disploding cannon, and the rage
 Of warring tempests, mingling in their strife

The seas and clouds : though long in silence hush'd
 Hath slept the British thunder ; though the pride
 Of weak Iberia hath forgot the roar ;
 Soon shall her ancient terrors be recall'd,
 When your victorious shouts affright her shores :
 None now ignobly will your warmth restrain,
 Nor hazard more indignant Valour's curse,
 Their country's wrath, and Time's eternal scorn ;
 Then bid the Furies of Bellona wake,
 And silver-mantled Peace with welcome steps
 Anon shall visit your triumphant isle.
 And that perpetual safety may possess
 Our joyous fields, thou, Genius, who presid'st
 O'er this illustrious city, teach her sons
 To wield the noble instruments of war ;
 And let the great example soon extend
 Through every province, till Britannia sees
 Her docile millions fill the martial plain:
 Then, whatsoe'er our terrors now suggest
 Of desolation and th' invading sword ;
 Though with his massy trident Neptune heav'd
 A new-born isthmus from the British deep,
 And to its parent continent rejoin'd
 Our chalky shore ; though Mahomet could league
 His powerful crescent with the hostile Gaul,
 And that new Cyrus of the conquer'd East,
 Who now in trembling vassalage unites
 The Ganges and Euphrates, could advance
 With his auxiliar host ; our warlike youth

With

With ⁱ equal numbers, and with keener zeal
 For children, parents, friends, for England fir'd,
 Her fertile glebe, her wealthy towns, her laws,
 Her liberty, her honour, should sustain
 The dreadful onset, and resistless break
 Th' immense array; thus ev'n the lightest thought
 E'er to invade Britannia's calm repose
 Must die the moment, that auspicious Mars
 Her sons shall bless with discipline and arms;
 That exil'd race, in superstition nurs'd,
 The servile pupils of tyrannic Rome,
 With distant gaze despairing shall behold
 The guarded splendors of Britannia's crown;
 Still from their abdicated sway estrang'd,
 With all th' attendance on despotic thrones,
 Priests, ignorance, and bonds; with watchful step
 Gigantic Terror, striding round our coast,
 Shall shake his gorgon ægis, and the hearts
 Of proudest kings appal; to other shores
 Our angry fleets, when insolence and wrongs
 To arms awaken our vindictive power,
 Shall bear the hideous waste of ruthless war;
 But liberty, security, and fame
 Shall dwell for ever on our chosen plains.

i If the computation, which allots near two millions of fighting men to this kingdom may be relied on; it is not easy to conceive, how the united force of the whole world could assemble together, and subsist in an enemy's country greater numbers, than they would find opposed to them here.



MODERN VIRTUE. A SATIRE.

" LET venal annals boast a Cæsar's reign,
 " **L** When Rome's great genius hugg'd th' imperial chain,
 " Freedom, gay Goddess, glads our happier isle,
 " Peace smoothes her brow, as Plenty decks her smile ;
 " In every son th' inspirer lives confess'd,
 " And lights up all the patriot in his breast,
 " Breathes the same social warmth from soul to soul,
 " Till widening Nature pants but for a whole.
 " Shines he in life's meridian beam display'd,
 " Or gives his milder virtues to the shade ;
 " Glares the proud ribbon, nods the martial crest,
 " Or flaunt the tatters on his motly vest ;
 " The godlike Briton fills his every sphere
 " Without a frailty, and without a fear.
 " If rich : Bright image of the Eternal Mind,
 " His opening bosom takes in all mankind ;
 " Where'er he comes, Health triumphs o'er Disease,
 " Hope glads Despair, and Anguish melts to ease.
 " Is Knowledge his ? He lends his every art,
 " To rear the genius, and to mould the heart ;

" Fondly pursues with Boyle's auspicious blaze
 " Truth thro' her masques, and Nature thro' her maze;
 " To heedless Justice gives the well-poiz'd scale,
 " And raises Commerce as he guides the sail.
 " Is power his orb? He lives but to defend;
 " The statesman only dignifies the friend:
 " Disarms Oppression, prunes Ambitions wing,
 " And stifles Faction ere she darts her sting;
 " Enriches every coffer but his own,
 " And shields the cottage while he guards the throne;
 " Sees at his nod our plunder'd rights restor'd,
 " And Europe trembling when he grasps the sword."

Thus sung the Muse when Fancy vigorous ran,
 And warm'd the youth, ere Reason form'd the man;
 Life thro' Opinion's false perspective seen,
 With mimic beauty glow'd in every scene;
 Dress'd in an angel's visionary form,
 Vice aim'd to please, and Madness learn'd to charm:
 Rebellion soften'd into public love,
 And each enormous villain seem'd a Jove.
 Doubly deceiv'd, what Lelius could I find
 To chase the phantoms, or to free the mind?
 No Lelius came, no Seraph lent his aid,
 No pitying Genius whisper'd in the glade.

It chanc'd that Virtue heard th' untutor'd lays,
 Still madly lisping with the voice of praise;
 She heard, as thro' the mall the Goddesses stray'd,
 When the gay world had peopled all the shade,

Mild

Mild as the softness of a vernal sky,
 Youth flush'd her cheek, while caution arm'd her eye ;
 Half loose majestic flow'd her azure vest,
 A spotless ruby bled upon her breast,
 At every step kind Nature felt her power,
 Soft blew the zephyr, and soft sprung the flower ;
 A brighter freshness hung on every green,
 And a new Eden stole upon the scene,
 Awhile she paus'd, and with a frown survey'd
 The mingling swarm of tatters and brocade.
 When, as the Goddess wav'd th' ethereal spear,
 Pride dropt her smile, and Artifice her tear ;
 Lust threw aside Religion's borrow'd grace,
 A leering Satyr gloated in her face ;
 The prude, who fainted at the name of vice,
 Now hugg'd the bottle, and now grasp'd the dice ;
 While tortur'd with the town's obscener ail,
 A Saint stood melting o'er a luscious tale.
 Here, the bribe glitter'd in a Courtier's hand ;
 There, the grave Patriot bellow'd—for a wand :
 Full in his eye th' enchanting object hung,
 And dying Freedom gasp'd upon his tongue.
 All who to Drury's deadly stews resort,
 Rob at the Change, or plunder in the Court,
 Stripp'd of their masques in wild disorder rose,
 One with a halter, one without a nose ;
 So oddly mix'd, so excellently ill,
 Such motly spectres of Quevedo's hell ;

They'd

They'd make a Jesuit quit the absolving chair,
A brothel tremble, and a conclave stare.

So when, where Bedlam's air-dress'd visions dwell,
Tom stalks a straw-crown'd monarch in his cell;
Just as he soars tremendous to a God,
And the wing'd thunder only waits his nod;
Shudd'ring, he hears his keeper's furly tone,
He hears, and horror wraps his tott'ring throne;
Crowns drop their lustre, sceptres lose their awe,
Robes fly to rags, and empires sink to straw.

" Learn hence, fair Virtue cry'd, mistaken youth,
" What various monsters wear the guise of Truth.
" Deck'd with each grace, immortal merit shews
" The cheek that reddens, and the soul that glows;
" With heaven's own image beaming in his eye,
" Man smiles a dagger, and he looks a lyc."
She spoke, and lo! the long-misguided fire,
With every number, slept along the lyre,

Say then, my friend! whose virtues are my pride,
Whose candour sooths me, while thy precepts guide;
Thou whose quick eye has look'd thro' every age,
View'd every scene, and studied every sage;
Say, shall I praise th' escutcheon's proud record,
When a lost Brutus sinks into a lord?
With fulsome sing-song after shadows run,
And still mistake a meteor for a sun?
Shall I be silent, while from day to day
Belville in Bagnios revels life away;

Flagitious

Flagitious drops the majesty of power
 In the mad mischiefs of the midnight hour ;
 No flatterer left to daub, no friend to aid,
 By strumpets plunder'd, and by wits betray'd ?

Rous'd at the thought, keen Satire spurns her chain,
 Springs with new life, and pants in every vein,
 On Vice, impatient, wreaks her gathering rage,
 And bids the tyrant bleed thro' all the page.
 Broods she in purple o'er the venal bar,
 Struts in a gown, or blazes in a star ?
 My pen shall trace her out from slave to slave,
 Nor dares Oblivion screen her in the grave.

Come then, ye self-curs'd atheists ! who degrade
 Truth to a sound, and scripture to a trade ;
 Ye bearded sycophants ! who life supply
 With the warm sun-shine of a minion's eye :
 Ye French editions of a British fool ;
 Abroad a cypher, and at home a fool ;
 Ye——

F R I E N D.

Are you mad ? or have you lost all grace ?
 What, write a satire when you want a place !
 Hold, hold, for God's sake, ere your friends bestow
 A few stout cords ; and send you to Monro^k.

Would you avoid the pedant's learned sneer !
 Awe the pert fop ? or sooth a doctor's ear ?

^k Physician to Bethlem Hospital.

Heedless of all the phantom Sisters play'd,
 From cloud-topt Pindus to the Latian shade,
 Pursue deep Science thro' her mazy road,
 Hunt every page, and crawl from code to code ;
 Where musty systems solid joy dispense,
 And wise Smiglecius fills the void of sense :
 Or proud some more important truths to learn,
 Dream o'er the labour'd glossaries of Hearn :
 So you may live, approv'd, perhaps preferr'd,
 Your wisdom gravely measur'd by your beard.

But soft—Your aim's to civilize mankind,
 To wake each social virtue of the mind ;
 To strip from Vice the gay disguise of art,
 And bare the villain lurking in the heart ;
 For this you grasp the falchion, spread the shield,
 A pigmy Quixot in the 'list'd field.

Time was, when satire delicately nice
 Cou'd rouse each virtue, and could blast each vice ;
 Truth learn'd to please from Æsop's fabling tongue,
 And Rome grew virtuous when her Ennius sung.
 Once lost to goodness, but now lost to shame,
 We court dishonour, as we laugh'd at fame ;
 With the same raptures plunge in every crime,
 'Tho' fifty Oldhams stab in every rhyme.

A native sin each vigorous Frenchman hails,
 Politely partial to his own Versailles.
 There, toujours gai, he loves a looser rein ;
 His Miss, la Contesse, and his wine Champagne.

Britain,

Britain, more generous, every vice provides;
 That Europe ripens, and that Asia hides.
 Th' enormous harvest to our ports consign'd
 Loads every ship, and busies every wind.
 Soon a vast group of follies croud the shore,
 As soon they cloy — Fly hence, and fetch us more;
 Quick spread th' impatient sail from pole to pole,
 Ye zephyrs, waft her! and ye oceans, roll!

Strike whom you please, and write whate'er you will,
 Harpax will cheat, and Phillis hide spadille:
 Hircus in brothels impotently toil,
 And Verres murder merit with a smile:
 Murder, secure of fame, for vulgar eyes
 Will still adore him, tho' the good despise;
 At his rich coat and gorgeous chariot gaze,
 And lose at once th' assassin in the blaze,
 E'en Young himself, distinguish'd, lov'd, carest,
 Mark'd by each eye, and hugg'd to every breast,
 Sees he among this vicious race of men
 One rascal mended when he grasps the pen?
 Still at the levee swarms the venal tribe,
 And still corruption longs for every bribe.

A U T H O R .

What then? If vice unblushing hears the sage,
 Shall reason struggle in the check of age?
 Shall Truth shut up in complaisance her heart,
 Young lend a smile, and Satire drop her dart?

No,

No, let the fiend-like heads of Hydra grow,
 Rise as he strikes, and double from the blow;
 One honest drudge our Hercules has found,
 To fear the monster sprouting in the wound.

Come, come, my friend; throw off this rising frown,
 Nor curb my passions while you lose your own.
 Oft have you bid proud Thraſo mend his life,
 Who kick'd a ſiſter, and who ſtarv'd a wife;
 Nay, insolently dar'd to tell her grace,
 That virtue made a Goddeſs, not the face.

F R I E N D.

When brisker ſpirits thro' the boſom roll,
 And life's mad tumult ruſhes on the ſoul;
 Each beardleſs Cato wings with awkward zeal
 His little arrow e'er he learns to feel:
 Fierce as old Appius, aſes th' inſulting air,
 Th' uplifted eye-brow, and the lordly ſtare.
 So I—But now that age with ſmooth career
 Wafts cooler notions on my ſixtieth year;
 Loſt to each hope, each viſionary joy,
 Poms that diſturb, and vanities that cloy;
 Heedleſs what wit's caſhier'd, what fool's careſt,
 Who lives an hero, or who lives a jeſt,
 I view the world's romantic ſcene paſs by,
 And ſtiſle all my anger in a ſigh.
 While thus my days ſteal on the wing of time,
 Unſtain'd by wit, and guiltleſs of a rhyme,

Unnumber'd

Unnumber'd ills the dreaded Satirist wait,
 Stand fast, Olympus ! and support him, Fate !
 See ! frantic Dulness panting for the war,
 Grasps the keen spear, and mounts th' imperial car,
 Shrill clarions found, attending Furies yell,
 The length'ning echo howls thro' every cell ;
 Rous'd by th' inspiring clang, each mighty son,
 Congenial offspring of his sire, the Hun,
 Slides from his garret formidably gay,
 An human vulture darting on his prey.
 All they whose science loads th' incumber'd stall,
 Who wound the wainscot, and who daub the wall,
 Luxurious rogues, that revel once a week
 On the rich feast of viſtos and ox-cheek ;
 From the soft lyric to the wretch who squalls
 The Mint-born ballad at the end of Paul's,
 Around the flag in martial pomp appear,
 Curl in the van, and Osborne in the rear.
 Th' impatient battle joins, and lo ! at once
 The same wild phrenzy spreads from dunce to dunce,
 Fir'd with one soul, the shirtless legions run,
 One hurls a journal, and one darts a pun,
 In snip-snap prose vindictive lightnings play,
 And loud hoarse thunders rattle thro' the lay.
 Quick and more quick, the dire discordant din
 Rolls thro' each hall, and roars from inn to inn ;
 Wakes the loud horrors of the wrangling school,
 Where Priscian bawls, and fool re-echoes fool.

But

But should you all the mighty mad defeat,
 Who howl in Bedlam, and who stun the Fleet,
 See the pert critic tremble to engage,
 Wit blunt her sting and envy drop her rage;
 Yet can poor Innocence to mercy awe
 Those deadlier pests, the harpies of the law?
 Another Paxton * shields each worthless lord,
 Arms the dread scourge, and whets th' avenging sword,
 Where he, great genius! throws his letter'd eye,
 Truth stares a libel, Honesty a lye,
 Young embryo treasons in each period shine,
 And fancy'd poisons kill thro' every line.
 He sure will curb you, tho' my precepts fail,
 No stoic bullies when he smells a jail,
 Conscious that Wisdom mounts her throne too late,
 When doom'd to warble ethics thro' a grate.

A U T H O R.

Speak you of Claudius? Let the minion rave,
 Say Pitt's a fool, and Lyttelton's a knave,
 Call wit a libel, and yet never see
 Swords in a brief, or poisons in a fee.
 But from my soul all scandal I detest,
 Truth forms my numbers, as she warms my breast,
 Learns me to triumph o'er a pimp's disdain,
 And bids me laugh when Claudius threatens the chain.

What, shall I strive to dignify disgrace?
 And hail a patriot less'ning in a place?

* Solicitor to the Treasury.

Rear the proud trophy on a soldier's grave,
 Who liv'd a coward, and who dy'd a slave?
 Shall I on Vice's pageantry attend,
 Croud to her car, and at her altars bend?
 Rather, where Indian suns their rays unfold,
 And ripen half Potosi into gold,
 Let me beneath a Spaniard's insult pine,
 Crouch to the scourge, and drudge from mine to mine.

Yet is there one, my friend! who shines confess
 With all that heaven stamps upon the breast,
 Who, nobly conscious of paternal fire,
 Feeds the bright blaze, and beams upon his fire.
 Mine be the task to swell from day to day
 Th' applauding pæan, and the loud huzza;
 To bid our sons with filial fondness warm,
 Eye every grace, and copy every charm;
 Explore his purpose, catch his God-like rage,
 And be the Maltons of another age.

My verse, you say, will certainly offend.
 Who? Not the man whom Virtue calls her friend.
 Virtue, like gold, of genuine worth possess'd,
 Shines out more radiant when she dares the test.
 Swords arm her bosom, racks her vigour raise,
 And all hell's fires but give her strength to blaze.
 Can truth then hurt her? wound her sacred ear?
 Wake the keen pang? or rouse th' impassion'd tear?
 'Tis true, the selfish mercenary train,
 Whom honours libel, and whom titles stain,

Struck

Struck with the face in Satire's mirror shown,
 Perhaps may tremble, and perhaps may frown.
 Thanks to their rage, my days will happier flow,
 And my joys brighten when a knave's my foe.

Yet think not that the Muse, to spleen resign'd,
 Aims monster-like to swallow up mankind,
 Bids her keen shafts with baleful vengeance fly,
 Taint the pure breeze, and poison half the sky,
 Or fond to spread destruction thro' the land,
 Exults with Nero as she lights the brand ;
 With honest warmth she wishes to controul
 Each deadly weed that blossoms on the soul,
 That wildly vigorous mocks at Virtue's toil,
 That choaks the scion, and that robs the soil ;
 But sadly conscious that just heaven has made
 Each grace to border on its kindred shade ;
 That in the gem some sullyng vein will run,
 And the disk darken while there shines a sun ;
 The melting image gains upon her heart,
 And spite of justice half disarms the dart.

Oh ! let me then in Fable's empire rove,
 Where talks the forest, and where laughs the grove ;
 Attend the Goddess thro' her airy scene,
 Her pictures borrow, and her morals glean ;
 From wolves and lions draw th' instructive tale,
 And hide the glare of reason in a veil.

Blest be the thought. Here guiltless of offence,
 Dispassion'd Truth may sneer you into sense ;

On vicious men her whole artillery play,
 Sublimely grave or whimsically gay;
 'Thro' the wide world in moral vision range,
 Glide thro' the Court, and steal upon the Change;
 Lust's rampant empress keenly-ey'd pursue,
 Or opening in her Paphos, or the stew;
 Lethargic Justice on the bench assail,
 Edge the dull sword, and poise th' unequal scale:
 With Rabélais' jest display th' officious knave,
 In life's mad vortex whirling to the grave;
 Point at Opinion's self-embroider'd vest,
 Folly's gay plume, and Pride's enormous crest,
 Each frenzy mortify, each vice confound,
 And Self-conviction only feel the wound.



A M O N O D Y

TO THE MEMORY OF

Mrs. MARGARET WOFFINGTON*.

BY JOHN HOOLE.

Flebilis indignos elegia solve capillos,

Ah! nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit.

OVID.

THERE fled the fair, that all beholders charm'd,
Whose beauty fir'd us, and whose spirit warm'd!
In that sad sigh th' unwilling breath retir'd;
The grace, the glory of our scene expir'd!
And shall she die, the Muse's rites unpaid,
No grateful lays to deck her parting shade?
While on her bier the sister Graces mourn,
And weeping Tragedy bedews her urn?
While Comedy her chearful vein foregoes,
And learns to melt with unaccustom'd woes?

Accept (O once admir'd) these artless lays;
Accept this mite of tributary praise.

Oh! could I paint thee with a master's hand,
And give thee all thy merits could demand;
These lines should glow with true poetic flame,
Bright as thy eyes, and faultless as thy frame!

* She died the 28th of March, 1760.

We mourn'd thy absence, from our scene retir'd,
 Each longing heart again thy charms desir'd.
 Yet still, alas! we hop'd again to view
 Our wish, our pleasure, every joy in you!
 Again thy looks might grace the tragic rage;
 Again thy spirit fill the comic stage.
 But lo! Disease hangs hovering o'er thy head;
 Dire danger stalks around thy frightened bed!
 Those starry eyes have lost each beamy ray,
 And ghastly Sickness makes the fair her prey!
 Death shuts the scene!—and all our hopes are o'er!
 Those beauties now must glad the fight no more!

Say ye, whose features youthful lustre bloom,
 Whose lips exhale Arabia's soft perfume,
 Must every gift in silent dust be lost,
 No more the wish of man, or female boast?
 Ah me! with time must every grace be fled!
 She once the pride of all our stage is dead!
 Clos'd are those eyes that every bosom fir'd!
 Pale are those charms that every heart inspir'd!
 Where now the mien with majesty endu'd,
 Which oft surpriz'd a ravish'd audience view'd?

What forms too oft the tragic scene disgrace?
 What tasteless airs the comic scene deface?
 Tho' tuneful Cibber still the Muse sustains,
 By nature fram'd to pour the moving strains,
 Tho' from her eye each heart-felt passion breaks,
 And more than music warbles when she speaks;

When

When shall we view again, like thine, conjoin'd,
 A form angelic, and a piercing mind?
 Alike in every mimic scene to steer,
 The gay, the grave, the lively, and severe.
 Thy judgment saw, thy taste each beauty caught,
 No senseless parrot of the poet's thought!
 Thy bosom well cou'd heave with fancy'd woe,
 And, from thy own, our tears were taught to flow.
 When'er we view'd the Roman's sullied fame,
 Thy beauty justify'd the hero's shame.
 What heart but then must Anthony approve,
 And own the world was nobly lost for love?
 What ears cou'd hear in vain thy cause implor'd,
 When soothing arts appeas'd thy angry lord?
 Each tender breast the rough Ventidius blam'd,
 And Egypt gain'd the sigh Octavia claim'd.
 Thy eloquence each hush'd attention drew,
 While Love usurp'd the tears to Virtue due.

See! Phædra rise majestic o'er the scene,
 What raging pangs distract the hapless queen!
 How does thy sense the poet's thought refine,
 Beam through each word, and brighten every line!
 What nerve, what vigour glows in every part,
 While classic lays appear with classic art!

Who now can bid the proud Roxana rise,
 With love and anger sparkling in her eyes?
 Who now shall bid her breast in fury glow,
 With all the semblance of imperial woe?

While the big passion, raging in her veins,
 Would hold the master of the world in chains;
 But Alexander now forsakes our coast:—
 And, ah! Roxana is for ever lost!

Nor less thy power when rigid Virtue fir'd
 The chaster bard, and purer thoughts' inspir'd:
 What kneeling form appears with stedfast eyes,
 Her bosom heaving with Devotion's sighs!
 'Tis she! In thee we own the mournful scene,
 The fair resemblance of a martyr¹ queen!
 Here Guido's skill might mark thy speaking frame,
 And catch from thee the painter's magic flame!

Blest in each art! by nature form'd to please,
 With beauty, sense, with elegance and ease!
 Whose piercing genius study'd all mankind,
 All Shakespear opening to thy vigorous mind.
 In every scene of comic humour known;
 In sprightly sallies wit was all thy own.
 Whether you seem'd the cit's more humble wife;
 Or shone in Townly's higher sphere of life:
 Alike thy spirit knew each turn of wit;
 And gave new force to all the poet writ.

Nor was thy worth to public scenes confin'd,
 Thou knew'st the noblest feelings of the mind.
 Thy ears were ever open to distress;
 Thy ready hand was ever stretch'd to bless.

¹ Lady Jane Grey, A& V.

Thy breast humane for each unhappy felt ;
 Thy heart for other's sorrows prone to melt.
 In vain did Envy point her scorpion sting ;
 In vain did Malice shake her blasting wing :
 Each generous breast disdain'd th' unpleasing tale,
 And cast o'er every fault Oblivion's veil :
 Confess'd, thro' every cloud, thy deeds to shine,
 And own'd the virtues of Compassion thine !
 Saw mild benevolence her wand disclose,
 And touch thy heart at every sufferer's woes :
 Saw meek-ey'd Charity thy steps attend,
 And guide thy hand the wretched to befriend :
 Go, ask the breast that teems with mournful sighs,
 Who wip'd the sorrows from Affliction's eyes :
 Go, ask the wretch, in want and sickness laid,
 Whose goodness brighten'd once Misfortune's shade.

O ! snatch me hence to lone sequester'd scenes,
 To arching grottos and embowering greens !
 Where scarce a ray can pierce the dusky shade,
 Where scarce a footstep marks the dewy glade :
 Where pale-hu'd Grief her secret dwelling keeps ;
 Where the chill blood with lazy horror creeps :
 Where awful Silence spreads her noiseless wing ;
 And Sorrow's harp may tune the dismal string. —
 Or rather lead my steps to distant plains,
 Where closing earth enfolds her last remains ;
 What time the moon displays her silver beam,
 And groves and floods reflect the milder gleam :

When

Thy

When Contemplation broods with thought profound,
And fairy visions haunt the sylvan ground.

Lò! Fancy now, on airy pinions spread,
With scenes ideal hovers o'er my head.

I see! I see! more pleasing themes arise:

What mystic shadows flit before my eyes!

Imagination paints the sacred grove,

The place devote to poesy and love.

Here grateful poets hail the actors' name,

And pay the rightful tribute to their fame:

Around their tomb in generous sorrow mourn,

And twine the laurels o'er the favour'd urn.

Methinks I view the last sepulchral frame,

That bears inscrib'd her much lamented name,

See! to my view the Drama's sons display'd:

What laurel'd phantoms crowd the awful shade!

First of the choir immortal Shakespear stands,

Whose searching eye all Nature's scene commands;

Bright in his look celestial spirit blooms,

And Genius o'er him waves his eagle plumes!

Next tender Southern, skill'd the soul to move;

And gentle Rowe, who tunes the breast to love.

The witty Congreve near with sprightly mein;

And easy Farquhar with his lighter scene.

A numerous train of bards the shrine surround,

In tragic strains and comic lore renown'd.

See! on the tomb yon pensive form appear,

Heave the full sigh, and drop the frequent tear:

The

The garments loose her throbbing bosom show ;
 Dispers'd in air her careless tresses flow :
 Round her pale brows a myrtle wreath is spread,
 A gloomy cypress nods above her head.
 See ! while her hand a solemn lyre sustains,
 Her trembling fingers wake the languid strains :
 Soft to the touch the vocal strings reply,
 And tune the notes to answer every sigh.
 She, (child of Grief !) at human misery weeps ;
 At every death her dismal vigil keeps.
 But chief she mourns, when Fate's relentless doom
 Gives Wit and Beauty victims to the tomb,
 Her lays their merits and their loss proclaim,
 (A mournful task !) and Elegy her name !
 Now bending o'er the pile she vents her moan,
 And pours these sorrows o'er the senseless stone.

Ah ! lost, for ever lost ! the breath that warm'd,
 The wit that ravish'd, and the mein that charm'd !
 Here sleeps beneath, the fairest of the fair,
 The Graces' darling, and the Muses' care !
 Who once could fix a thousand gazers eyes,
 Now cold and lifeless unregarded lies !
 Who once the soul in bonds of love detain'd,
 Now lies, alas ! in stronger bonds restrain'd.
 Pale Death has rifled all her pleasing store,
 And Nature loaths a form so lov'd before !
 Is there a fair whose features point the dart,
 Charm the fix'd-eye, and fascinate the heart ?

Behold

Behold what soon disarms the childish sting,
 And plucks the wanton plume from Cupid's wing!
 Then boast no longer Wit's fallacious store :
 The sweets of sprightly Converse boast no more :
 Those lips so fram'd to each persuasive art,
 No more shall touch the ear, and win the heart !
 Let Beauty here her transient blessing weigh,
 Let humbled Wit her pitying tribute pay :
 Let Female Grace vouchsafe the kindly tear :
 Wit, Grace, and Beauty, once were center'd here !
 Ye sacred Bards, who tun'd the drama's lays,
 Here pay your incense of distinguish'd praise !
 She gave your scenes with every grace to shine :
 She gave new feeling to the nervous line ;
 Her beauties well supply'd each tragic lore,
 And shew'd those charms your Muse but feign'd before !
 Here round her shrine your votive wreaths bestow,
 Around her shrine eternal greens shall grow.
 The listning groves shall learn her name to sing,
 And zephyrs waft it on their downy wing ;
 Till every shade these doleful sounds return,
 And every gale in fullen dirges mourn !

The mourner ends with sighs ; her hand she rears,
 And with her vesture dries the gushing tears ;
 Behold each Bard the soft contagion feels ;
 From every eye the trickling sorrow steals.
 See ! Nature's son lament her hapless doom,
 See ! Shakespear bending o'er his favourite's tomb.

Each

Each shadowy form declines his awful head,
 And scatters roses on the funeral bed.
 In slow procession round the shrine they move,
 And chant her praises thro' the tuneful grove.

Farewel the glory of a wondering age,
 The second Oldfield of a sinking stage!
 Farewel the boast and envy of thy kind,
 A female softness, and a manly mind!
 Long as the Muses can record thy praise,
 Thy fame shall last to far succeeding days:
 While wit survives, thy name shall ever bloom,
 And wreaths unfading flourish round thy tomb!

While thus I tune the plaintive notes in vain,
 For her, whose worth demands a nobler strain;
 Lo! to my thought some warning Genius cries:
 Attempt not, swain, beyond thy flight to rise.
 Shall thy weak skill attempt to raise our woes,
 Or paint a loss that every bosom knows?
 'Tis not thy lays can teach us tears to shed;
 What eye refrains!—for Woffington is dead!



SPRING. A PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY MR. THO. BREREWOOD.

WHEN approach'd by the fair dewy fingers of Spring,
Swelling buds open first, and look gay,
When the birds on the boughs by their mates fit and sing,
And are danc'd by the breeze on each spray :

When gently descending, the rain in soft showers,
With its moisture refreshes the ground,
And the drops, as they hang on the plants and the flowers,
Like rich gems beam a lustre around :

When the wood-pigeons sit on the branches and cooe,
And the cuckow proclaims with his voice,
That Nature marks this for the season to wooe,
And for all that can love to rejoice :

In a cottage at night may I spend all my time,
In the fields and the meadows all day,
With a maiden whose charms are as yet in their prime,
Young as April, and blooming as May :

When

When the lark with shrill notes sings aloft in the morn,
 May my fairest and I sweetly wake,
 View the far distant hills, which the sun beams adorn,
 Then arise, and our cottage forsake.

When the sun shines so warm, that my charmer and I
 May recline on the turf without fear,
 Let us there all vain thoughts and ambition defy,
 While we breathe the first sweets of the year.

Be this spot on a hill, and a spring from its side
 Bubble out and transparently flow,
 Creep gently along in meanders, and glide
 Thro' the vale strow'd with daisies below.

While the bee flies from blossom to blossom and sips,
 And the violets their sweetness impart,
 Let me hang on her neck, and so taste from her lips
 The rich cordial that thrills to the heart.

While the dove sits lamenting the loss of its mate,
 Which the fowler has caught in his snares,
 May we think ourselves blest that it is not our fate,
 To endure such an absence as theirs.

May I listen to all her soft, tender, sweet notes
 When she sings, and no sounds interfere,
 But the warbling of birds, which in stretching their throats
 Are at strife to be louder than her.

When

When the daifies, and cowslips, and primroses blow,
 And checquer the meads, and the lawns,
 May we see bounding there the swift light-footed doe,
 And pursue with our eye the young fawns.

When the lapwings just fledg'd o'er the turf take their run,
 And the firstlings are all at their play,
 And the harmless young lambs skip about in the fun,
 Let us then be as frolic as they.

When I talk of my love, should I chance to espy,
 That she seems to mistrust what I say,
 By a tear that is ready to fall from her eye,
 With my lips let me wipe it away.

If we sit, or we walk, may I cast round my eyes,
 And let no single beauty escape,
 But see none to create so much love, and surprize,
 As her eyes, and her face, and her shape.

Thus each day let us pass, till the buds turn to leaves,
 And the meadows around us are mown,
 When the lass on the sweet-smelling haycock receives,
 What she afterwards blushes to own.

When evenings grow cool, and the flowers hang their heads
 With the dew, then no longer we'll roam,
 With my arm round her waist, in a path thro' the meads,
 Let us hasten to find our way home.

When

When the birds are at roost, with their heads in their wings,
 Each one by the side of its mate ;
 When a mist that arises a drowsiness brings
 Upon all but the owl and the bat :

When soft rest is requir'd, and the stars lend their light,
 And all Nature lies quiet and still ;
 When no sound breaks the sacred repose of the night,
 But, at distance, the clack of a mill :

With peace for our pillow, and free from all noise,
 So that voices in whispers are known,
 Let us give and receive all the nameless soft joys,
 That are mus'd on by lovers alone.



S U M M E R.

B Y T H E S A M E.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees,
 With my fair one as blooming as May,
 Undisturb'd by all sound, but the sighs of the breeze,
 Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

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When

When the sun less intense to the westward inclines,
 For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
 And see the rays dance as inverted he shines,
 On the face of some river or lake.

Where my fairest and I, on its verge as we pass,
 For 'tis she that must still be my theme,
 Our two shadows may view on the watery glass,
 While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to lowe, and the lambkins to bleat,
 When she sings me some amorous strain ;
 All be silent, and hush'd, unless Echo repeat
 The kind words, and sweet sounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
 Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
 Let the moon's silver beams thro' the leaves give us light,
 Just direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the Nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
 As thus gently and slowly we move ;
 And let no single thought be express'd in our talk,
 But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
 And secure from Ambition's alarms,
 Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
 And each morning shall rise with new charms.

AUTUMN.



A U T U M N.

BY THE SAME.

THO' the seasons must alter, ah! yet let me find,
 What all must confess to be rare,
 A female still chearful, and faithful and kind,
 The blessings of Autumn to share.

Let one side of our cottage, a flourishing vine
 Overspread with its branches, and shade;
 Whose clusters appear more transparent and fine,
 As its leaves are beginning to fade.

When the fruit makes the branches bend down with its load,
 In our orchard surrounded with pales;
 In a bed of clean straw let our apples be stow'd,
 For a tart that in Winter regales.

When the vapours that rise from the earth in the morn
 Seem to hang on its surface like smoak,
 Till dispers'd by the sun that gilds over the corn,
 Within doors let us prattle and joke.

But when we see clear all the hues of the leaves,
And at work in the fields are all hands,
Some in reaping the wheat, others binding the sheaves,
Let us carelessly stroll o'er the lands.

How pleasing the sight of the toiling they make,
To collect what kind Nature has sent !
Heaven grant we may not of their labour partake ;
But, oh ! give us their happy content.

And sometimes on a bank, under shade, by a brook,
Let us silently sit at our ease,
And there gaze on the stream, till the fish on the hook
Struggles hard to procure its release.

And now when the husbandman sings harvest home,
And the corn's all got into the house ;
When the long wish'd-for time of their meeting is come,
To frolic, and feast, and carouse ;

When the leaves from the trees are begun to be shed,
And are leaving the branches all bare,
Either strew'd at the roots, shrivel'd, wither'd, and dead,
Or else blown to and fro in the air ;

When the ways are so miry, that bogs they might seem,
And the axle-tree's ready to break,
While the waggoner whistles in stopping his team,
And then claps the poor jades on the neck ;

In the morning let's follow the cry of the hounds,
Or the fearful young covey beset;
Which tho' skulking in stubble, and weeds on the grounds,
Are becoming a prey to the net.

Let's enjoy all the pleasure retirement affords,
Still amus'd with these innocent sports,
Nor once envy the pomp of fine ladies and lords,
With their grand entertainments in courts.

In the evening when lovers are leaning on stiles,
Deep engag'd in some amorous chat,
And 'tis very well known by his grin and her smiles,
What they both have a mind to be at:

To our dwelling, tho' homely, well-pleas'd to repair,
Let our mutual endearments revive,
And let no single action or look but declare,
How contented and happy we live.

Should ideas arise that may ruffle the soul,
Let soft music the phantoms remove,
For 'tis harmony only has force to controul,
And unite all the passions in love.

With her eyes but half open, her cap all awry,
When the lass is preparing for bed,
And the sleepy dull clown, who sits nodding just by,
Sometimes rouses and scratches his head.

In the night when 'tis cloudy, and rainy, and dark,
And the labourers snore as they lie,
Not a noise to disturb us, unless a dog bark
In the farm, or the village hard by.

At the time of sweet rest, and of quiet like this,
Ere our eyes are clos'd up in their lids,
Let us welcome the season, and taste of that bliss,
Which the sun-shine and daylight forbids.



W I N T E R.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
And the meadows their beauty have lost;
When Nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the streams are fast bound with the frost.

While the peasant inactive stands shivering with cold,
As bleak the winds northernly blow;
And the innocent flocks run for warmth to the fold,
With their fleeces besprinkled with snow.

In the yard, when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
 And they send forth their breath like a steam :
 And the neat looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw
 Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream.

When the sweet country-maiden, as fresh as a rose,
 As she carelessly trips often slides,
 And the rustics laugh loud, if by falling she shews
 All the charms that her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,
 In a croud round the embers are met ;
 Talk of fairies, and witches, that ride on the wind,
 And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat,

Heaven grant in this season it may be my lot,
 With the nymph whom I love and admire ;
 While the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,
 I may thither in safety retire :

Where in neatness and quiet—and free from surprize,
 We may live and no hardships endure ;
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
 But such as each other may cure.



THE CURE OF SAUL.

A SACRED ODE.

BY DR. BROWN.

“ VENGANCE, arise from thy infernal bed ;
“ And pour thy tempest on his guilty head !
Thus heaven’s decree, in thunder’s sound,
Shook the dark abyfs profound.—
The unchain’d Furies come !
Pale melancholy stalks from hell :
Th’ abortive offspring of her womb,
Despair and anguish round her yell.
By sleepless terror Saul possels’d,
Deep feels the fiend within his tortur’d breast.
Midnight spectres round him howl :
Before his eyes
In troops they rise ;
And seas of horror overwhelm his soul,

Haste ! to Jesse’s son repair ;
He best can sweep the lyre,
Wake the solemn-sounding air,
And lead the vocal choir :

On every string soft-breathing raptures dwell,
To sooth the throbbings of the troubled breast ;
Whose magic voice can bid the tides of passion swell,
Or lull the raging storm to rest.

Sunk on his couch, and loathing day,
The heaven-forfaken monarch lay :
To the sad couch the shepherd now drew near ;
And, while th' obedient choir stood round,
Prepar'd to catch the soul-commanding sound,
He dropp'd a generous tear.—
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart !
For lo, thy poison'd arrows drink his heart !

The mighty song from chaos rose.—
Around his throne the formless atoms sleep,
And drowzy darkness broods upon the deep.—
Confusion, wake !

Bid the realms of Chaos shake !
Rouse him from his dread repose !
Hark ! loud Discord breaks her chain :
The hostile atoms clash with deafning roar :
Her hoarse voice thunders thro' the drear domain ;
And kindles every element to war.—

“ Tumult cease !
“ Sink to peace !
“ Let there be light !”—th' Almighty said :
And lo, the radiant Sun,
Flaming from his orient bed,
His endless course begun.

See,

See, the twinkling Pleiads rise :
 Thy star, Orion, reddens in the skies :
 While flow around the northern plain,
 Arcturus wheels his nightly wane.

Thy glories, too, refulgent moon, he sung ;
 Thy mystic mazes, and thy changeful ray :
 O fairest of the starry throng !
 Thy solemn orb of light
 Guides the triumphant car of Night
 O'er silver clouds, and sheds a softer day !

Ye planets, and each circling constellation,
 In songs harmonious tell your generation !
 Oh, while yon radiant Seraph turns the spheres,
 And on the steadfast pole-star stands sublime ;
 Wheel your rounds
 To heavenly sounds ;
 And footh his song-enchanted ears
 With your celestial chime.

In dumb surprize the listning monarch lay ;
 (His woe suspended by sweet Music's sway ;)
 And awe struck, with uplifted eye
 Mus'd on the new-born wonders of the sky.

Lead the soothing verse along ;
 He feels, he feels the power of song —
 Ocean hastens to his bed :
 The lab'ring mountain rears his rock-encumber'd head :

Down

Down his steep and shaggy side
The torrent rolls his thundering tide ;
Then smooth and clear, along the fertile plain
Winds his majestic waters to the distant main.

Flocks and herds the hills adorn :
The lark, high-soaring, hails the morn.
And while along yon crimson-clouded steep
The slow sun steals into the golden deep,
Hark ! the solemn Nightingale
Warbles to the woodland dale.

See, descending angels shower
Heaven's own bliss on Eden's bower :
Peace on Nature's lap reposes ;
Pleasure strews her guiltless roses :
Joys divine in circles move,
Link'd with Innocence and Love.
Hail, happy Love, with Innocence combin'd !
All hail, ye sinless parents of mankind !

They paus'd :—the monarch, prostrate on his bed,
Submissive, bow'd his head ;
Ador'd the works of boundless power divine :
Then, anguish-struck, he cry'd (and smote his breast,)
Why, why is peace the welcome guest
Of every heart but mine !

Now let the solemn numbers flow,
'Till he feel that guilt is woe.

Heavenly

Heavenly harp, in mournful strain
 O'er yon weeping bower complain :
 What sounds of bitter pangs I hear !
 What lamentations wound mine ear !
 In vain, devoted pair, these tears ye shed :
 Peace with Innocence is fled.
 The messengers of Grace depart :
 Death glares, and shakes the dreadful dart !
 Ah, whither fly ye, by yourselves abhorr'd,
 To shun that frowning cherub's fiery sword !—
 Lo !
 Hapless, hapless pair,
 Goaded by despair,
 Forlorn, thro' desert climes they go !
 Wake, my lyre ! can Pity sleep,
 When heaven is mov'd, and angels weep !
 Flow, ye melting numbers, flow ;
 Till he feel, that guilt is woe.—

The king, with pride, and shame, and anguish torn,
 Shot fury from his eyes, and scorn.
 The glowing youth,
 Bold in truth,
 (So still should Virtue guilty power engage)
 With brow undaunted met his rage.
 See, his cheek kindles into generous fire :
 Stern, he bends him o'er his lyre ;
 And, while the doom of guilt he sings,
 Shakes horror from the tortur'd strings,

What:

What sounds of terror and distress

Rend yon howling wilderness !

The dreadful thunders sound ;

The forked lightnings flash along the ground.

Why yawns that deep'ning gulph below ?—

'Tis for heaven's rebellious foe :—

Fly, ye sons of Israel, fly,

Who dwells in Korah's guilty tents must die !—

They sink !—Have mercy, Lord !—Their cries

In dreadful tumult rise !

Hark, from the deep their loud laments I hear !

They lessen now, and lessen on the ear !

Now, destruction's strife is o'er !

The countless host

For ever lost !

The gulph is clos'd !—Their cries are heard no more !—

But oh, my lyre, what accents can relate

Sinful man's appointed fate !

He comes, he comes ! th' avenging God !

Clouds and darkness round him roll :

Tremble, earth ! Ye mountains, nod !

He bows the skies, and shakes the pole.

The gloomy banners of his wrath unfurl'd,

He calls the floods, to drown a guilty world :

“ Ruin, lift thy baleful head ;

“ Rouze the guilty world from sleep :

“ Lead up thy billows from their cavern'd bed,

“ And burst the rocks that chain thee in the deep.—

Now,

Now, th' impetuous torrents rise ;
 The hoarse-ascending deluge roars :
 Down rush the cataracts from the skies ;
 The swelling waves o'erwhelm the shores.
 Just, O God, is thy decree !
 Shall guilty man contend with thee !
 Lo, Hate and Envy, sea-entomb'd,
 And Rage with Lust in ruin sleep ;
 And scoffing Luxury is doom'd
 To glut the vast and ravenous deep !—
 In vain from Fate th' astonish'd remnant flies :—
 “ Shrink, ye rocks ! Ye oceans, rise ! ”—
 The tottering cliffs no more the floods controul ;
 Sea following sea ingulphs the ball :
 O'er the sunk hills the watry mountains roll,
 And wide Destruction swallows all :
 Now fiercer let th' empassion'd numbers glow :
 Swell the song, ye mighty choir !
 Wing your dreadful darts with fire !
 Hear me, monarch !—Guilt is woe !

 Thus while the frowning shepherd pour'd along
 The deep impetuous torrent of his song ;
 Saul, stung by dire despair,
 Gnash'd his teeth, and tore his hair :
 From his blood, by horror chill'd,
 A cold and agonizing sweat distill'd :
 Then, foaming with unutterable smart.
 He aim'd a dagger at his heart.
 His watchful train prevent the blow ;
 And call each lenient balm to sooth his frantic woe :

But pleas'd, the shepherd now beheld
His pride by heaven's own terrors quell'd :
Then bade his potent lyre controul
The mighty storm that rent his foul.

Cease your cares : the body's pain
A sweet relief may find :

But gums and lenient balms are vain,
To heal the wounded mind.

Come, fair Repentance, from the skies,
O fainted maid, with upcast eyes !
Descend, in thy celestial shroud,
Vested in a weeping cloud !
Holy guide, descend, and bring
Mercy from th' Eternal King !
To his soul your beams impart,
And whisper comfort to his heart !—

They come : O King, thine ear incline !
Listen to their voice divine :
Their voice shall every pang compose,
To gentle sorrow sooth thy woes ;
Till each pure wish to heaven shall soar,
And Peace return, to part no more !

Behold, obedient to their great command,
The lifted dagger quits his trembling hand :
Smooth'd is his brow, where fullen Care
And furrow'd Horror couch'd with fell Despair :

No

No more his eyes with fury glow ;
But heavenly grief succeeds to hell-born woe.—
See, the signs of grace appear :
See the soft relenting tear,
Trickling at sweet Mercy's call !
Catch it, angels, ere it fall !
And let the heart-sent offering rise,
Heaven's best-accepted sacrifice !—

Yet, yet again ?— Ah see, the pang returns !
Again with inward fire his heaving bosom burns !
Now, shepherd, wake a mightier strain ;
Search the deep, heart-rending pain ;
Till the large floods of sorrow roll,
And quench the tortures of his soul.
Almighty Lord, accept his pang sincere !
Let heavenly hope dispel each dark temptation !
And, while he pours the penitential tear,
O visit him with thy salvation.—

Stoop from heaven, ye raptur'd throng :
Sink, ye swelling tides of song !
For lo ! dissolv'd by Music's melting power,
Celestial Sorrow rolls her plenteous shower,
O'er his wan cheek the colours rise ;
And beams of comfort brighten in his eyes.
Happy king, thy woes are o'er !
Thy God shall wound thy soul no more :
The pitying Father of mankind
Meets the pure-returning mind.

No more shall black Despair afflict his soul :
 Each gentler sound, ye shepherds, now combine :
 Sweetly let the numbers roll :
 Sooth him into hope divine.

Now lowly let the rustic measure glide,
 To quell the dark remains of self-consuming Pride ;
 Till Nature's home-sprung blessings he confess,
 And own that calm content is happiness.——
 Ye woods and lakes, ye cliffs and mountains !
 Haunted grotts, and living fountains !

 Listen to your shepherd's lay,
 Whose artless carols close the day.
 Bounding kids around him throng ;
 The steep rock echoes back his song :
 While all unseen to mortal eye,
 Sliding down the evening sky,
 Holy Peace, tho' born above,
 Daughter of Innocence and love,
 Quits her throne and mansion bright,
 Her crown of stars, and robe of light,
 Serene, in gentle smiles array'd,
 To dwell beneath his palm-tree shade.
 Hail, meek angel ! awful guest !
 Still pour thy radiance o'er my breast !
 Pride and Hate in courts may shine ;
 The shepherd's calm and blameless tent is thine !—

Softly, softly breathe your numbers ;
 And wrap his weary'd soul in slumbers !

Vol. II,

I

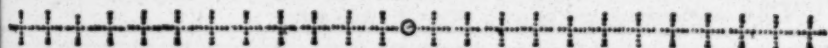
Gentle

Gentle Sleep, becalm his breast,
 And close his eyes in healing rest!
 Descend, celestial visions, ye who wait,
 God's ministring powers, at heaven's eternal gate!
 Ye, who nightly vigils keep,
 And rule the silent realms of Sleep,
 Exalt the just to joys refin'd,
 And plunge in woe the guilty mind;
 Descend!—Oh, waft him to the skies,
 And open all heaven's glories to his eyes!
 Beyond yon starry roof, by seraphs trod,
 Where Light's unclouded fountains blaze;
 Where choirs immortal hymn their God,
 Intranc'd in extasy of ceaseless praise.
 Angels, heal his anguish!
 Your harps and voices join!
 His grief to bliss shall languish,
 When sooth'd by sounds divine.

Behold, with dawning joy each feature glows!
 See, the blissful tear o'erflows!—
 The fiend is fled!—Let music's rapture rise:
 Now Harmony, thy every nerve employ:
 Shake the dome, and pierce the skies:
 Wake him, wake him into joy.—

What power can every Passion's throne controul?
 What power can boast the charm divine,
 To still the tempest of the soul?
 Celestial Harmony, that mighty charm is thine!

She, heavenly-born, came down to visit earth,
 When from God's eternal throne
 The beam of all-creative Wisdom shone,
 And spake fair Order into birth.
 At Wisdom's call she robed yon glittering skies,
 Attun'd the spheres, and taught consenting orbs to rise.
 Angels wrapt in wonder stood,
 And saw that all was fair, and all was good.
 'Twas then, ye sons of God, in bright array
 Ye shouted o'er creation's day;
 Then kindling into joy,
 The morning stars together sung;
 And thro' the vast ethereal sky
 Seraphic hymns and loud hofannahs rung.



AN INSCRIPTION WRITTEN AT A FAVOURITE
 RETIREMENT IN MAY MDCCLVIII.

BY THE SAME,

WHAT tho' nor glittering turret rise,
 Nor Splendor gild these mild retreats?
 Yet Nature here, in modest guise,
 Displays her unambitious sweets:

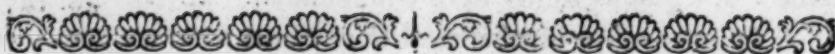
Along each gentle swelling lawn
 She strays, with rustic garlands crown'd ;
 And wakes the flowers at early dawn,
 To fling their bosom'd fragrance round.

Here teach thy votary, blameless guide,
 To trace thy step serene and free ;
 To shun the toilsome heights of Pride,
 Thro' these calm scenes to follow thee.

His silent walk do thou adorn,
 O'er these green slopes, from tumult far ;
 Whether he greet the blushing morn,
 Or welcome up yon evening star :

Intent, while thro' these tufted bowers
 Thy generous whispers charm his ear,
 To hail from heaven thy kindred powers,
 And meet fair Peace and Freedom here.

Yet prompt to stay his country's fall,
 The stormy city's war he'll join,
 When thou, and Truth, and Freedom call :
 For Freedom's voice, and Truth's, are thine.



A N E L E G Y

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF AN ABBEY.

BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

WHERE sighs the zephyr to yon lonely tree,
A solemn grove its leafy mantle spread :
Where bend yon mouldering turrets o'er the sea,
A venerable dome once rear'd its head.

The solemn grove, the venerable dome,
Were erst frequented by a numerous train,
Ev'n chaste as they who Dian's mountain roam,
But not subjected to her gentle reign :

Far other Goddes did this train obey,
Far other temples, other altars rais'd,
Far other meaning breath'd their choral lay,
Far other incense on their altars blaz'd :

Veil'd Superstition wak'd her magic sound,
Bad Albion's sons forsake the splendid court,
Forsake Amusement's variegated round,
And to her fable standard here resort :

Alas! obsequious to her stern command,
 A fullen-pensive brotherhood they came,
 Refus'd to trace the paths by Nature plann'd,
 And raz'd from Glory's page their ancient name.

Nor these alone were found incloister'd here,
 Here also dwelt the simple-minded swain,
 Who, wrapt in sloth, dream'd out the lazy year,
 While Industry sat weeping on the plain!

The many temples rising fair to view,
 Which towering Superstition call'd her own,
 With hand unerring radiant Truth o'erthrew,
 And snatch'd th' impostor from her tinsel'd throne.

On yon dust-level'd spire the crafty maid,
 With indignation brooding in her breast,
 Sits gloomily—Her votaries all are fled,
 Her lamps extinguish'd, and her rites suppress'd :

Within her hand a vacant string she holds,
 That once connected many a hallow'd bead :
 The blotted scroll the other hand unfolds,
 Contain'd the maxims of her slighted creed.

Couch'd at her feet, behold a mouldering shrine,
 (Of various relics once the dread abode)
 Where runs the spider o'er his treacherous line,
 Where lurks the beetle, and the loathsome toad

On Darknefs' wing now sails the midnight hour,
 When for the grateful sound of choral prayer,
 The shrieking owl from yon disparted tower,
 With notes of horror wakes her trembling ear.

Of human grandeur mark the fleeting day,
 How frail each purpose, and each wish how vain!
 The strong-built domes, the cloister'd fanes decay,
 And ruin hovers round the desert scene.

The path that leads to yonder shatter'd pile
 Is now perplex'd with many a fordid brier:
 No crowd is seen within the sacred isle,
 The Sabbath mourns its long-deserted choir.

The golden crozier blended with the dust
 In horrid folds the serpent clasps around:
 The powerful image, and the faintest bust,
 Defam'd, unhallow'd, press the weedy ground.

Not distant far, her gold encircled tower
 Th' inviolable dame majestic rear'd,
 On whose dread altar breath'd some hidden power,
 By Terror guarded, and by kings rever'd:

To which asylum ev'n th' assassin came,
 (His hand audacious still embro'd with gore)
 The boon of full impunity to claim,
 While feeble Justice wept her baffled lore.

So Truth at once dissolv'd the mental chain,
 And banish'd Error from th' enlighten'd shore ;
 So clos'd at length the busy-acted scene,
 The curtain dropp'd, and Folly's mask was o'er.

The gladsome Ceres rais'd her drooping head,
 (While yellow harvests gilt the smiling plain)
 Beheld a youthful band around her spread,
 With sickles arm'd to reap the bearded grain.

The warrior then beneath the trailing vest,
 The peaceful cassock, or the drowsy cowl,
 No longer quench'd the flame within his breast,
 Or lull'd the purpose of his daring soul :

But rush'd undaunted to the doubtful war,
 Pursu'd where Glory led the radiant way,
 Till Neptune rising on his coral car,
 Resign'd his watry world to Britain's sway.

The virgin fair by venal guardians doom'd,
 By error prompted, or subdu'd by force,
 No more in cloisters drear their days consum'd :
 Like flow'rets strew'd around the senseless corse.

Triumphant Hymen hail'd the blissful hour,
 And saw a white-rob'd social train approach,
 For whom the Pleasures dress'd the happy bower,
 And scatter'd roses o'er the destin'd couch.

Still

Still other blessings from this change appear'd ;
No injur'd family did then behold
On loitering monks its native wealth conferr'd,
Nor spacious altars cover'd with its gold.

Full many trod that crooked path to Fame,
Yet from her hand receiv'd no lasting meed,
She from her annals rends their fading name,
And gives to Infamy the worthless deed.

But Vengeance some pursu'd with dire disgrace,
Pursu'd beyond the circle of its sphere,
Even to the cemetery's dark recess,
Nor spar'd them sleeping on the peaceful bier.

Beside the spreading of that sombrous yew,
Where yawns with hideous chasm the vaulted cave,
Presenting to the fix'd astonish'd view
The profanation of a rifled grave :

The large endowing Rufus lay inurn'd,
With many a sculptur'd image on his shrine,
That smit with sorrow o'er his ashes mourn'd,
The Sister-Graces, and the tuneful Nine.

Imprinted on Tradition's storied leaf
Is found (to this sepulchral spot confin'd)
A terror-breathing tale that wins belief,
And oft repeated by the neighb'ring hind !

From

From where yon mountain shades the dreary plain,
 Attracted by the scent of human blood,
 A troop of wolves voracious scour'd amain,
 And at this charnel-vault requir'd their food.

When, horrid to relate? they burst the tomb,
 And swift descending to the deepest shade,
 Up-tore the shrouded tenant from its womb,
 And o'er the mangled corse relentless prey'd.

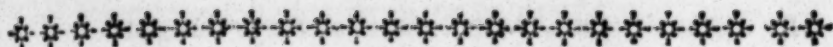
The paly stars with dim reluctant light,
 Like tapers glimmer'd on their orgies foul,
 While gliding spectres scream'd with wild affright,
 Re-echo'd loud by their tremendous howl!

Ah! what avail'd the solemn-moving hearse?
 The sable mantled cars, the funeral throng?
 Grav'd on his monument the soothing verse?
 The priests, the torches, and the choral song?

Misjudging wretch! while thou with hand profuse,
 Thy treasures on this mansion didst entail,
 And pour down riches on the vow'd recluse,
 Thine orphan babes partook a scanty meal.

Thy widow'd fair, her cheek bedew'd with tears,
 Approach'd with suppliant knee the cloister-gate,
 There oft disclos'd in vain her poignant cares,
 Returning still to weep her hapless fate.

AMABELLA.



A M A B E L L A^m.

WRITTEN BY THE DESIRE OF MRS. MONTAGU.

BY THE SAME.

HARMODIUS breath'd the rural air, nor found
His ruddy health with length of years decrease :
By duty prompted, Amabella crown'd
His silver forehead with the wreath of peace :

By partial nature fram'd in beauty's mould,
Adorn'd with every grace, unspoil'd by art,
To friendship's circle still did she unfold
The lovelier beauties of a feeling heart.

^m The subject of this poem is founded on a circumstance that happened during the late war.—A young lady, not meeting with the concurrence of her relations in favour of an officer for whom she expressed her regard, was prevailed upon, by his solicitations, to consent to a clandestine marriage ; which took place on the day he sat out to join his regiment abroad, where he was unfortunately killed in an engagement.

Endear'd

Endear'd to all she met, each welcome day,
 By fortune's hand, with various blessings fraught:
 When, lo! her gaiety's accusom'd ray
 Was quench'd, untimely, with the gloom of thought,

What fix'd the bosom-thorn, affliction knows,
 Where peace sat brooding as the gentle dove:
 What blasted on her cheek the summer rose,
 Or slow disease, or unsuccessful love,

Remain'd unknown.—'Twas by the many guess'd,
 That love to her soft vows had prov'd unkind:
 Beyond the power of her weak frame oppress'd,
 Insanity o'erthrew her lovely mind.

At length recovering, yet to grief devote,
 To solitude she gave th' unsocial day;
 Like a pale vot'ry from the world remote,
 Unhear'd, unvisited of pleasure's ray.

Oft did Harmodius (at her state dismay'd)
 Solicit from his child her secret pain:
 Her vague reply still from his question stray'd,
 And each repeated effort prov'd in vain.

To speed the moments of the loitering hour,
 And by their plaintive strains perchance allur'd,
 Within a spacious myrtle-woven bower,
 Two turtle doves the pensive fair secur'd.

" Ye little captives, would she often say,
" Tho' here secluded from the fields of air,
" Thro' yonder vernal grove forbid to stray,
" And join the kindred train that wanton there ;

" 'Gainst you the gunner never lifts his arm,
" Nor o'er this mansion does the falcon fail ;
" You live unconscious of the storm's alarm,
" The rain impetuous, and the beating hail.

" Nor here, by kind compassion unimpress'd,
" The school-boy ever rears his impious hand,
" To fill with agony the feather'd breast,
" And raze the little domes that love had plann'd."

Their harmless joys disease too soon effac'd :

One fatal morn, her Turturella's mate
She found, with flagging wing subdued, oppress'd,
And just, just sinking at the blow of fate :

While down her cheek compassion's shower distill'd,
She gently rais'd it to her anxious breast ;
But death's cold blast life's crimson current chill'd,
And thus the fair her breathless bird address'd :

" Ill-fated turtle, round whose peaceful bower
" The jocund loves so lately wont to play :
" How sunk, alas ! in youth's exulting hour,
" To fell disease, to death th' untimely prey :

" How

“ How silent is the voice, which, void of art,
“ Along the tender day was heard to coo !
“ How still, how frozen is the constant heart,
“ Which to its dear companion beat so true !

“ That dear companion, that now widow'd dove,
“ To screen from every harm be mine the care ;
“ And, while she mourns her ne'er-reviving love,
“ Her grief to me the mourner will endear :

“ Like thee, a widow too, condemn'd to mourn :
“ No more to me does life unfold its charms,
“ Death, death forbids him ever to return !”
She said—and sunk into th' attendant's arms.

Her swift relapsing to her former state,
With boding fears, approach'd the serving train :
This scene's dread period tremblingly they wait,
Nor were their boding fears indulg'd in vain :

Awakening from her trance, around she threw,
Distressful fair, her much disorder'd eyes ;
And wildering said—“ repeat that kind adieu :
“ Ah no ! from love to war, to death he flies.

“ Did ye not hear the clash of hostile spears ?
“ Ah ! mark ye not that breast-plate stain'd with gore ?
“ What groan was that which pierc'd these fearful ears ?
“ He falls, he falls—my warrior is no more ;

„ Nor

“ Nor was, O Heaven ! his Amabella near
“ To soothe his pain, and echo sigh to sigh,
“ Drop on the gaping ground a balmy tear,
“ Kiss his cold lip, and close his fading eye.”

Of her distress th’ alarm’d Harmodius taught,
With trembling steps approach’d th’ unconscious fair :
“ Give me, he cried, with grief paternal fraught,
“ Give me, O Amabel ! to soothe thy care :

“ Say, what affliction has thy soul impress’d ?
“ Reveal what storm thy bosom’d calmness breaks ;
“ Reveal—and thus relieve this anguish’d breast ;
“ The tender father to his daughter speaks.”

AMABELLA.

“ Ah ! what avails the praise the brave obtain !
“ Thro’ his white bosom rush’d the hostile steel :
“ ’Twas his to swell the number of the slain,
“ And mine affliction’s keenest point to feel.”

HARMODIUS,

“ Her roving thought no trace of reason bears :
“ To her rack’d mind, O Heaven ! thy peace impart :
“ A loving parent bathes thy cheek with tears ;
“ Harmodius holds thee to his breaking heart.”

AMABELLA.

AMABELLA.

- " To thee, I grateful kneel, O generous seer!
" Who dost, to one unknown, thy care extend!
" Along thy path may Peace her olives rear,
" And Heaven, in battle, shield thy dearest friend:

" For me, who droop beneath misfortune's shower,
" I had a father,—now, alas! a foe,—
" 'Thou'lt blush to hear,—in sorrow's darkest hour,
" He leaves his child abandon'd to her woe;

" But to thy heart, that's fram'd of softer mould,
" What can to thee, a wretch like me endear!
" The spring, the motive of thy love unfold:
" Say, say, for me why flows that friendly tear!

" Yet soft awhile,—methinks that hoary brow—
" That plaintive voice—Ah, bear with my distress!
" Or much remembrance is effac'd, or now,
" A tender father's tear-dew'd cheek I press."

HARMODIUS.

- " On knees of gratitude, I bless the skies,
" That Amabella to herself restore."

AMABELLA.

- " Ah, wherefore dost thou joy! thy daughter dies:
" Support me to yon couch—I can no more—

I feel,

" I feel, I feel the pulse of life retire !

" Ah, deign to hear thy dying child reveal,

" What, in rebellion to thy just desire,

" Lock'd in her breast, she dar'd so long conceal.

" By thee, unsanction'd, did I plight my love,

" And, all to thee unknown, a bride became."

H A R M O D I U S.

" Harmodius will to both a father prove."

A M A B E L L A.

" To him thy pardon thou canst ne'er proclaim :

" Three fleeting hours had scarcely call'd me bride,

" When he was summon'd to the martial plain :

" And there,—forgive these tears,—in beauty's pride,

" The much-lamented valiant youth was slain.

" What tho' unworthy of thy care I prove,

" To thy remembrance let thy child be dear ;

" Thy kind compassion let the daughter move,

" When this weak frame shall press the untimely bier."

More would she say,—her voice began to fail,

From her faint eye life's lingering spark retir'd,

The ripening cherry on her lip grew pale,

She heav'd a sigh, and in that sigh expir'd.



IL LATTE: AN ELEGY.

BY THE SAME.

YE fair, for whom the hands of Hymen weave
The nuptial wreath to deck your virgin brow,
While pleasing pains the conscious bosom heave,
And on the kindling cheeks the blushes glow:

Whose spotless soul contains the better dower,
Whose life unstain'd full many virtues vouch,
For whom now Venus frames the fragrant bower,
And scatters roses o'er th' expecting couch:

To you I sing.—Ah! ere the raptur'd youth
With trembling hand removes the jealous veil,
Where, long regardless of the vows of truth,
Unsocial coyness stamp'd th' ungrateful seal,

Allow the Poet round your flowing hair,
Cull'd from an humble vale, a wreath to twine,
To Beauty's altar with the Loves repair,
And wake the lute beside that living shrine:

That

That sacred shrine ! where female virtue glows,
Where ev'n the Graces all their treasures bring,
And where the lilly, temper'd with the rose,
Harmonious contrast ! breathes an Eden spring :

That shrine ! where Nature with presaging aim,
What time her friendly aid Lucina brings,
The snowy nectar pours, delightful stream !
Where fluttering Cupids dip their purple wings :

For you who bear a Mother's sacred name,
Whose cradled offspring, in lamenting strain,
With artless eloquence asserts his claim,
The boon of Nature, but asserts in vain.

Say why, illustrious daughters of the great,
Lives not the nursling at your tender breast ?
By you protected in his frail estate ?
By you attended, and by you carefs'd ?

To foreign hands, alas ! can you resign
The parent's task, the mother's pleasing care ?
To foreign hands the smiling babe consign ?
While Nature starts, and Hymen sheds a tear.

When, 'mid the polish'd circle ye rejoice,
Or roving join fantastic Pleasure's train,
Unheard perchance the nursling lifts his voice,
His tears unnotic'd, and unsooth'd his pain.

Ah! what avails the coral crown'd with gold?
 In heedless infancy the title vain?
 The colours gay the purpled scarfs unfold?
 The splendid nursery, and th' attendant train?

Far better hadst thou first beheld the light,
 Beneath the rafter of some roof obscure!
 There in a mother's eye to read delight,
 And in her cradling arm repos'd secure.—

No wonder, should Hygeia, blissful Queen!
 Her wonted salutary gifts recall,
 While haggard Pain applies his dagger keen,
 And o'er the cradle Death unfolds his pall.

The flowret ravish'd from its native air,
 And bid to flourish in a foreign vale,
 Does it not oft elude the planter's care,
 And breathe its dying odours on the gale?

For you, ye plighted fair, when Hymen crowns
 With tender offspring your unshaken love,
 Behold them not with rigour's chilling frowns,
 Nor from your sight unfeeling remove.

Unsway'd by Fashion's dull unseemly jest,
 Still to the bosom let your infant cling,
 There banquet oft, an ever-welcome guest,
 Unblam'd inebriate at that healthful spring.

With fond solicitude each pain assuage,
 Explain the look, awake the ready smile,
 Unfeign'd attachment so shall you engage,
 To crown with gratitude maternal toil :

So shall your daughters in affliction's day,
 When o'er your form the gloom of age shall spread,
 With lenient converse chase the hours away,
 And sooth with duty's hand the widow'd bed :

Approach, compassionate, the voice of Grief,
 And whisper patience to the closing ear ;
 From Comfort's chalice minister relief,
 And in the potion drop a filial tear.

So shall your sons, when beauty is no more,
 When fades the languid lustre in your eye,
 When Flattery shuns her dulcet notes to pour,
 The want of beauty, and of praise, supply.

Ev'n from the wreath that decks the warrior's brow,
 Some choïen leaves your peaceful walks shall strew.
 And ev'n the flowers on classic ground that blow,
 Shall all unfold their choicest sweets for you.

When to th' embattled host the trumpet blows,
 While at the call fair Albion's gallant train
 Dare to the field their triple-number'd foes,
 And chase them speeding o'er the frighten'd plain :

The mother kindles at the glorious thought,
 And to her son's renown adjoins her name ;
 For, at the nurturing breast, the hero caught
 The love of virtue, and the love of fame.

Or in the senate when Britannia's cause
 With generous themes inspires the glowing mind,
 While listening Freedom grateful looks applause,
 Pale Slavery drops her chain, and sculks behind :

With conscious joy the tender parent fraught,
 Still to her son's renown adjoins her name ;
 For, at the nurturing breast, the patriot caught
 The love of virtue, and the love fame.





A N E L E G Y,

WRITTEN AMONG THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

HAIL, hallow'd Fane ! amid whose mould'ring shrines,
Her vigils musing melancholy keeps,
Upon her arm her harrow'd cheek reclines,
And o'er the spoils of human grandeur weeps.

Hail, awful edifice ! thine isles along,
In contemplation wrapt, O let me stray !
And stealing from the idly busy throng,
Serenely meditate the moral lay.

Far hence be banish'd every note profane,
Where heav'n-inspir'd Devotion loves to raise
Her voice seraphic to each lofty strain,
Attun'd to celebrate Jehovah's praise.

Come, heav'nly muse, awake the plaintive string,
Each vagrant motion of the mind controul ;
Exalt my fancy on thy soaring wing,
And with thy pathos pure possess my soul.

What pleasing sadness fills my thoughtful breast,
 When'er my steps these vaulted mansions trace;
 Where in their silent tombs for ever rest
 The honour'd ashes of the British race.

What eye can read without a starting tear,
 What heart reflect without a pensive sigh,
 On the same story, every marble here
 Relates of wretched man's mortality.

Here terminate Ambition's airy schemes,
 The syren Pleasure here allures no more;
 Here grov'ling Av'rice drops her golden dreams,
 And Life's fantastic trifles all are o'er.

No furious passions here the bosom rend,
 Here the true mourner's poignant sorrows cease;
 Here hopeless love and cruel hatred end,
 And the world-weary trav'ler rests in peace.

Approach, vain child of fortune, pow'r and fame,
 Here learn a lesson from each speaking bust:
 Lo! on each tomb engrav'd the empty name
 Of worldly greatness level'd in the dust!

How high each pers'nage once, how honour'd! read;
 How low! how little now, look down and see!
 Then scan thyself—and know it is decreed,
 That thou as little and as low shalt be.

Behold!

Behold! above yon monumental piles,
 The king of terrors reigns in awful state!
 And from his throne surveys with ghastly smiles
 His triumphs over all the world calls great:

Surveys of British chivalry the flow'r,
 Each mighty monarch, and each champion brave;
 Illustrious victims of his envious pow'r,
 Sunk in the dust, and crumbling in the grave:

Surveys the wrecks of genius, beauty, birth,
 Whate'er might charm the eye, or win the heart;
 Dissolv'd and blended with the common earth,
 Or fest'ring recent from his vengeful dart.

Ah! what avails all sublunary state!
 The transient pomp and pageant of a day;
 Since kings and peasants, fellow slaves of fate,
 When the dread summons comes must all obey,

^a Nor Edward's piety, nor Henry's might,
 Could ward the all-subduing conqu'ror's blow;
 Brave Henry fell in the unequal fight,
 And Edward's pious breast soon ceas'd to glow.

Nor lifts dull death to the melodious lyre,
 Nor heeds the raptur'd poet's heav'nly song;
 Quench'd in the dust is Milton's muse of fire,
 And mute is Dryden's once harmonious tongue.

^a Edward VI. and Henry V. both buried in Westminster Abbey.

Nor Attic elegance, nor sprightly strains,
 Cou'd e'er the tyrant's lifted jav'lin stay,
 Lo! here repose chaste Addison's remains,
 Here jocund Prior sleeps, and here lies Gay.

Here too sweet Shakespear, Fancy's fav'rite child,
 The marble emulates thy pow'r to please;
 With graceful attitude, and aspect mild,
 Expressing native dignity and ease.

Nor thy unrivall'd magic's potent charm,
 Nor tender stories of ill-fated love;
 Nor scenes of horror could his rage disarm,
 Or the insensate spectre's pity move.

Where were ye Graces, where ye tuneful Nine,
 When Shakéspear's active spirit soar'd away?
 Where were ye virtues when the spark divine,
 Forsook its trembling tenement of clay?

Alas! around his couch attendant all,
 Ye saw the stroke the ruthless monster gave;
 Beheld (sad scene!) your darling vot'ry fall,
 And wept your inability to save.

Vain are all notes, how high foe'er they rise,
 All numbers vain, however smooth they flow;
 Beneath this letter'd pavement Cowley lies,
 And here thy reliques rest, pathetic Rowe!

Nor sage Philosophy, that scans the spheres,
Nor soft Persuasion's soothing art avails,
O'er Newton's tomb Urania pours her tears,
And her lov'd ° Campbell sad Suadela wails.

Cropt as a flow'r in blooming beauty's prime,
Lo! noble P Cart'ret's urn! illustrious youth!
From age to age the hoary herald Time
Proclaims thy genius, innocence, and truth.

Alas! nor genius, innocence, nor truth,
Can in the bosom stay the fleeting breath,
Nor all the winning charms of blooming youth
Subdue thy flinty heart, obdurate Death!

Ah me! full many a victim yet unborn,
Relentless tyrant, at thy feet must fall,
Before the dawning of that joyful Morn
When thou shalt yield, and "God be All in All."

Know, then shall come the period of thy sway,
And this reanimated dust shall rise
To hail thy victor on that glorious day,
When the shrill trump shall rend the vaulted skies.

° Duke of Argyle.

P The monument of this young nobleman is distinguished by a fine figure of Time, standing on an altar, with a scroll in his hand, containing an elegant copy of saphic verses, well known and greatly admired.

Then

Then from the yawning grave and op'ning tomb
Shall each reviving tenant lift his head,
And this time-honour'd temple's lab'ring womb
Resign its myriads of illustrious dead.

Ev'n now methinks by Faith's pervading eye,
I see his banner in the clouds display'd,
And the world's Saviour from his throne on high
Descend in robes of purest light array'd.

O day of gladness to the good and just !
When they shall taste the wonders of his love,
And springing vig'rous from the lowly dust,
Ascend triumphant to the realms above.

Then shall the substance of this fabrick fair,
These trophied pillars, and these piles decay,
Mix as a vapour with the empty air,
Or like a fleeting vision fade away.

Then shall the breathing bust, the sculptur'd vase,
And all the labours of the artist's hand,
Dissolve ; and virtue's adamantinè base
Alone amid the wreck of matter stand.

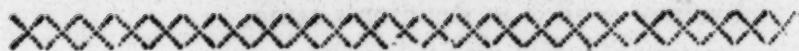
Yea, tho' creation founder in the storm,
And whelming perish in the gen'ral doom,
Yet shall celestial virtue's angel form
Survive and flourish in immortal bloom.

Then

Then shall the brave resolve, the gen'rous deed,
And valiant conflict in Religion's cause,
Alone be crown'd with merit's genuine meed,
And meet with righteous heav'n's deserv'd applause.

O! be it then our wisdom to secure
Those radiant crowns that beam for ever bright,
Crowns that shall deck the merciful and pure
Amid the mansions of eternal light.





THE TRANSFORMATION OF LYCON
AND EUPHORMIUS.

BY WILLIAM MELMOTH, ESQ.

DEEM not, ye plaintive crew, that suffer wrong,
Ne thou, O man! who deal'st the tort, misween
The equal gods, who heaven's sky-mansions throng,
(Though viewless to the eyne they distant sheen)
Spectators reckless of our actions been,
Turning the volumes of grave fages old,
Where auncient saws in fable may be seen,
This truth I fond in paynim tale enroll'd;
Which for ensample drad my muse shall here unfold.

What time Arcadia's flowret vallies fam'd,
Pelasgus, first of monarchs old, obey'd,
There wonn'd a wight, and Lycon was he nam'd,
Unaw'd by conscience, of no gods afraid,
Ne justice rul'd his heart, ne mercy sway'd.
Some held him kin to that abhorred race,
Which heaven's high towers with mad emprise assay'd;
And some his cruel lynage did ytrace
From fell Erynnis join'd in Pluto's dire embrace.

But

But he, perdy, far other tale did feign,
 And claim'd alliaunce with the Sisters nine;
 And deem'd himself (what deems not pride so vain?)
 The peerless paragon of wit divine.
 Vaunting that every foe should rue its tine.
 Right doughty wight! yet, footh, withouten smart,
 All powerless fell the losel's shafts malign:
 'Tis Vertue's arm to weild Wit's heavenly dart,
 Point its keen barb with force, and send it to the heart.

One only impe he had, Pastora hight,
 Whose sweet amenaunce pleas'd each shepherd's eye:
 Yet pleas'd she not base Lycon's evil spright,
 Tho blame in her not Malice moten spy,
 Clear, without spot, as summer's cloudless sky.
 Hence poets feign'd, Lycean Pan array'd
 In Lycon's form, inflam'd with passion high,
 Deceiv'd her mother in the covert glade,
 And from the stoln embrace ysprong the heavenly maid.

Thus fabling they: mean while the damsel fair
 A shepherd youth remark'd, as o'er the plain
 She deffly pac'd along so debonair,
 Seem'd she as one of Dian's chosen train.
 Full many a fond excuse he knew to feign,
 In sweet converse to while with her the day,
 'Till love unwares his heedless heart did gain.
 Nor dempt he, simple wight, no mortal may
 The blinded god once harbour'd, when he list, forefay.

Now

Now much he meditates if yet to speak,
 And now resolves his passion to conceal :
 But sure, quoth he, my feely heart will break;
 If aye I smother what I aye must feel.
 At length by hope embolden'd to reveal,
 The labouring secret dropped from his tong:
 Whiles frequent singults check'd his faltring tale;
 In modest wise her head Pastora hong:
 For never maid more chaste inspired shepherd's song.

What needs me to recount in long detail
 The tender parley which these lemans held :
 How oft he vowed his love her ne'er should fail ;
 How oft the stream from forth her eyne outwell'd,
 Doubting if constancy yet ever dwell'd
 In heart of youthful wight : suffice to know,
 Each rising doubt he in her bosom quell'd.
 So parted they, more blithsome both, I trow :
 For rankling love conceal'd, me seems, is deadly woe.

Eftsoons to Lycon swift the youth did fare,
 (Lagg'd ever youth when Cupid urg'd his way ?)
 And straight his gentle purpose did declare,
 And sooth the mount'naunce of his herds display.
 Ne Lycon meant his suiten to foresay :
 " Be thine, Pastora (quoth the masker fly)
 " And twice two thousand sheep her dower shall pay."
 Beat then the lover's heart with joyaunce high ;
 Ne dempt that aught his blifs could now betray,
 Ne gues'd that foul deceit in Lycon's bosome lay.

So forth he yode to seek his reverend fire ;
 (The good Euphormius shepherds him did call)
 How sweet Pastora did his bosome fire,

Her worth, her promis'd flocks, he tolden all.

Ah ! nere, my son, let Lycon thee enthrall,

(Reply'd the sage, in wise experience old)

" Smooth is his tongue, but full of guile withal,

" In promise faithless, and in vaunting bold :

" Ne ever lamb of his will bleat within thy fold."

With words prophetick thus Euphormius spake :

And fact confirm'd what wisdom thus foretold :

Full many a mean devise did Lycon make,

The hoped day of spousal to with-hold,

Framing new trains when nought mote serve his old.

Nath'less he vow'd, Cyllene, cloud-topt hill,

Should sooner down the lowly delve be roll'd,

Than he his plighted promise nould fulfil :

But when, perdy, or where, the caitive sayen nill.

Whiles thus the tedious suns had journey'd round,

Ne ought mote now the lovers hearts divide,

Ne trust was there, ne truth in Lycon found ;

The maid with matron Juno for her guide,

The youth by Concord led, in secret hy'd

To Hymen's sacred fane : the honest deed

Each god approv'd, and close the bands were ty'd,

Certes, till happier moments should succeed,

No prying eyne they ween'd their emprise mote areed.

Vol. II.

L

But

ty."

So

But prying eyne of Lycon 'twas in vain
 (Right practick in disguise) to hope beware.
 He trac'd their covert steps to Hymen's fane,
 And joy'd to find them in his long-laid snare.
 Al gates, in semblaunt ire, he 'gan to swear,
 And roaren loud as in displeasaunce high;
 Then out he hurlen forth his daughter fair,
 Forelore, the houseless child of Misery,
 Expos'd to killing cold, and pinching penury.

Ah! whither now shall sad Pastora wend,
 To want abandon'd and by wrongs oppress?
 Who shall the wretched out-cast's teen befriend?
 Live's mercy then, if not in parent's breast?
 Yes, MERCY lives, the gentle goddess blest,
 At Jove's right hand, to Jove for ever dear,
 Aye at his feet she pleads the cause distressed,
 To Sorrow's plaints she turns his equal ear,
 And wafts to heaven's star-throne fair Vertue's silent tear.

'Twas SHE that bade Euphormius quell each thought
 That well mote rise to check his generous aid.
 Tho high the torts which Lycon him had wrought,
 Tho few the flocks his humble pastures fed,
 When as he learn'd Pastora's hapless sted,
 His breast humane with wonted pity flows.
 He op'd his gates, the naked exile led
 Beneath his roof: a decent drapet throws
 O'er her cold limbs, and sooths her undeserved woes.

Now

Now loud-tongu'd Rumor bruited round the tale :

Th' astonied swains uneath could credence give,
That in Arcadia's unambitious vale

A faytor false as Lycon e'er did live.

But Jove (who in high heaven does mortals prive,
And every deed in golden ballance weighs)

To earth his flaming charret baden drive,

And down descends, enwrapt in peerless blaze,

To deal forth guerdon meet to good and evil ways.

Where Eurymanthus, crown'd with many a wood,

His silver stream through dasy'd vales does lead.

Stretch'd on the flowery marge, in reckless mood,

Proud Lycon fought by charm of jocund reed

To lull the dire remorse of tortious deed.

Him Jove accosts, in reverend semblaunce dight

Of good Euphormius, and 'gan mild areed

Of compact oft confirm'd, of fay yplight,

Of nature's tender tye, of sacred rule of right.

With lofty eyne, half loth to look so low,

Him Lycon view'd, and with swol'n surquedry

'Gan rudely treat his sacred eld : When now

Forth stood the God confest that rules the sky,

In sudden sheen of drad divinity :

" And know, false man," the lord of thunders said,

" Not unobserv'd by heaven's all-perfent eye

" Thy cruel deeds : nor shall be unappay'd :

" Go! be in form that best beseems thy thews, array'd."

Whiles yet he spake th' affrayed trembling wight
 Transmew'd to blatant beast, with hideous howl
 Rush'd headlong forth, in well-deserved plight,
 Mid'st dragons, minotaurs, and fiends to prowl,
 A wolf in form, as erst a wolf in soul!
 To Pholoë, forest wild, he hy'd away,
 The horrid haunt of savage monsters foul.
 There helpless innocence is still his prey,
 Thief of the bleating fold, and shepherd's dire dismay.

Tho Jove to good Euphormius' cot did wend,
 Where peaceful dwelt the man of virtue high,
 Each shepherd's praise, and eke each shepherd's friend,
 In every act of sweet humanity,
 Him Jove approaching in mild majesty,
 Greeted all hail! then bade him join the throng
 Of glit'rand lights that gild the glowing sky.
 There shepherd's nightly view his orb ylong,
 Where bright he shines eterne, the brightest stars among.



A T A L E.

BY THE SAME.

ERE Saturn's sons were yet disgrac'd,
And heathen gods were all the taste,
Full oft (we read) 'twas Jove's high will
To take the air on Ida's hill.

It chanc'd, as once with serious ken
He view'd from thence the ways of men,
He saw (and pity touch'd his breast)
The world by three foul fiends possess'd.
Pale Discord there, and Folly vain,
With haggard Vice, upheld their reign.
Then forth he sent his summons high,
And call'd a senate of the sky.

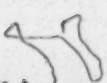
Round as the winged orders prest,
Jove thus his sacred mind express'd:

" Say, which of all this shining train
" Will Virtue's conflict hard sustain?
" For see! she drooping takes her flight,
" While not a God supports her right."

He paus'd—when from amidst the sky,
Wit, Innocence, and Harmony,

L 3

With


 With one united zeal arose,
 The triple tyrants to oppose.
 That instant from the realms of day,
 With generous speed they took their way;
 To Britain's isle direct their car,
 And enter'd with the evening star.

Beside the road a mansion stood,
 Defended by a circling wood.
 Hither, disguis'd, their steps they bend,
 In hopes, perchance, to find a friend.
 Nor vain their hope; for records say,
 Worth ne'er from thence was turn'd away.
 They urge the traveller's common chance,
 And every piteous plea advance:
 The artful tale that Wit had feign'd,
 Admittance easy soon obtain'd.

The dame who own'd, adorn'd the place:
 Three blooming daughters added grace.
 The first, with gentlest manners blest
 And temper sweet, each heart possess'd;
 Who view'd her, catch'd the tender flame;
 And soft Amasia was her name.
 In sprightly sense and polish'd air,
 What maid with Mira might compare?
 While Lucia's eyes, and Lucia's lyre,
 Did unresisted love inspire.

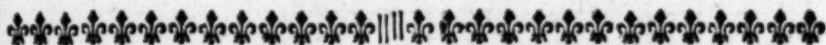
Imagine now the table clear,
 And mirth in every face appear:

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The song, the tale, the jest went round,
 The riddle dark, the trick profound.
 Thus each admiring and admir'd,
 The hosts and guests at length retir'd ;
 When Wit thus spake her sister train :
 " Faith, friends, our errand is but vain—
 " Quick let us measure back the sky ;
 " These nymphs alone may well supply
 " Wit, Innocence, and Harmony."

}

EPISTLE TO SAPPHO^q.

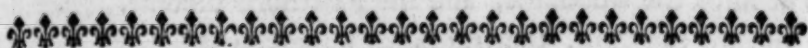
BY THE SAME.

WHILE yet no amorous youths around thee bow,
 Nor flattering verse conveys the faithless vow ;
 To graver notes will Sappho's soul attend,
 And ere she hears the lover, hear the friend ?
 Let maids less blest'd employ their meaner arts
 To reign proud tyrants o'er unnumber'd hearts ;
 May Sappho learn (for nobler triumphs born)
 Those little conquests of her sex to scorn.
 To form thy bosom to each generous deed ;
 To plant thy mind with every useful seed ;

^q A young lady of thirteen years of age.

Be these thy arts : nor spare the grateful toil,
 Where Nature's hand has bless'd the happy foil.
 So shalt thou know, with pleasing skill, to blend
 The lovely mistress, and instructive friend :
 So shalt thou know, when unrelenting Time
 Shall spoil those charms yet opening to their prime,
 To ease the loss of Beauty's transient flower,
 While reason keeps what rapture gave before.
 And oh ! while Wit, fair dawning, spreads it ray,
 Serenely rising to a glorious day,
 To hail the growing lustre oft be mine,
 Thou early favourite of the sacred Nine !

And shall the Muse with blameless boast pretend,
 In Youth's gay bloom that Sappho call'd me friend :
 'That urg'd by me she shunn'd the dangerous way,
 Where heedless maids in endless error stray ;
 That scorning soon her sex's idler art,
 Fair Praise inspir'd and Virtue warm'd her heart ;
 That fond to reach the distant paths of Fame,
 I taught her infant genius where to aim ?
 'Thus when the feather'd choir first tempt the sky,
 And all unskill'd their feeble pinions try,
 'Th' experienc'd fire prescribes th' adventurous height,
 Guides the young wing, and pleas'd attends the flight.



VERSES WRITTEN IN LONDON ON THE
APPROACH OF SPRING.

EARLY the sun his radiant axle guides,
 Slooping his steep course with the Pleiades :
 On every fragrant briar the flowret blooms,
 And the wild woodlark chaunts his early song
 In heedless carol, to the smiling hours,
 Young Maia's festive train ; their wavy dance
 She jocund leads, and from her horn profuse
 Pours roses, violets, woodbines, eglantine,
 Fair Flora's dower, what time the youthful Spring
 Clasp'd her all-blushing in a secret bower :
 Thou the mild offspring of their warm embrace,
 Oh lovely May, and these thine heritage,
 Which bounteous thou with an unsparing hand
 Scatterest to all, tho' chief thou lov'st to deck
 The village Phæbe's brow, and fairer far
 Is thy adorning, than the sunny glow
 Of eastern ruby, ill assorted grace
 That decks not but deforms the faded cheek
 Of the wan courtier.—Far more raptur'd greets
 Fancy's fond ear, where'er she musing roves,
 Thy minstrelsy untutor'd, than the trill
 And languid descant of Italian art.

Yet

Yet sings the woodlark, and the hawthorn blooms,
 Unheard the song, the fragrance unperceiv'd
 By me ; tho' not among the sons of men
 There lives, who listens with more raptur'd ear,
 Or feels more lively, Nature's varied boon.
 For tho' confined in the city walls
 To dwell with busy Care, and with him watch
 The call of Interest, is my lot affix'd,
 For happier seems to me the peasant's life,
 Who treads the furrow labouring, yet his mind
 Vacant of thought can muse of what around
 Strikes his rapt eye with beauty, or his ear
 With pleasing song, than if a golden mine
 Disclos'd its boundless treasures, but condemn'd
 My carking thought, to watch the gilded mischief,
 And cunningly devise t' increase the store.

Bereav'd of every pleasure Nature gives
 Each plain but heart-felt rapture, what is wealth ?
 In artful mazes we but toil for bliss ;
 True Pleasure dwells not in the arched roof,
 She sings no carol to the midnight ball ;
 The loaded board and Bacchus' fluttering draughts
 In vain are tryed, for ah she dwells not there !
 She dwells not with such rude ill-manner'd mirth,
 But seeks with her mild sister Chearfulness
 The russet plain ; there prompts the virgin's song,
 Breathes the brisk carol from the cottage reed,
 Strikes the quick tabor glad with echoing pulse,

And

And animates the village holiday.

Nor then alone but when his honest labour
 Calls the good swain, she early joins his step ;
 For the mild radiance of the opening dawn
 Gives to her sight the wide extended view
 Of hill and dale, hoar forest, flowering heath,
 Rich harvest, verdant meadow, where the stream
 Rolls far its plenteous wave, and all around
 To Pleasure's ear most grateful, thousand birds,
 Lark, linnet, thrush, and thou of all the grove
 The sweetest songster, witching Philomel,
 Art rising to hymn out thy morning song.

Thou too at eve, when all his labour o'er,
 He at the furrow's end unyokes the steer,
 And seeks with weary step his rest at home,
 Dost with thy tranquil warble sooth his soul ;
 Best prelude to the peace his cottage gives.

There at the door his numerous offspring watch
 Their fire's return, and eager run to tell
 The tyding of his coming, while his dame
 Plys her glad evening care, to deck the board
 With food uncater'd by the baleful hand
 Of Luxury, and fittest to refresh
 His toil-worn spirit, and her smiling welcome
 Gives its due relish to the simple fare.

What are to this the proud luxurious feasts,
 The City's boast, where distant colonies
 Of East and Western worlds must be explor'd

To

To strike the sickly palate's feeble sense
 With faint delight ? Oh what are all our joys,
 E'en those of monarchs, to the thousand beauties
 That strike the rapt soul of the rudest hind ?

Can Art's best mimicry their form express ?
 Can rich Loraine mix up the glowing tint
 Bright as Aurora ? Can he form a shade
 To strike the fancy with a gloom so solemn
 As every thicket, copse, or secret grove
 At twilight hour affords ? Can savage Rosa
 With aught so wildly noble fill the mind,
 As where the ancient oak in the wood's depth
 Has shed his leafy honours, and around
 The woodman with fell axe has lower'd the pride
 Of many a tall tree, he deserted stands
 A barren trunk, while rude winds howl around,
 And dreary torrents lash his naked limbs ?
 Mean time the rising thunder dreadful roars,
 The livid lightnings flash, and elements
 Conjoin'd pour out their wrath, as if to rend
 The lone, defenceless, aged, feeble oak.
 Such scenes awake Imagination's powers
 To sacred thought ; such Rosa cannot paint :
 'Tis his alone to show the shatter'd trunk :
 The wind's keen howl, the thunder's awful sound,
 The dreary rain, these mock the pencil's power.

Can aught of artful music sooth the soul
 To so serene a temper, as the flight

Of songsters in the grove? or can thy strain,
 (Tho' there Enchantment strike the magic chord)
 Oh matchless Purcell! with so wild a charm
 Transport the mind, as when at dusk of eve
 From the hoar battlement the lone owl's cry
 Pierces the awful silence, and the fall'n
 And time-worn hollow towers convey the sound
 To the near wood, where in the devious path
 Retired Fancy wanders, on her ear
 The faint sound murmurs, strait the distant low
 Of unyok'd heifer, strait the cuckow's note
 She hears, while oft the roving Zephyr's tread
 Rustling alarms her, and the measur'd step
 Of the slow steer, who brushes thro' the thicket
 To seek his food, beats duly regular.
 As on he wanders, thro' the opening bower
 He sees the pale moon rising; clouds on clouds
 Pil'd mountainous awhile obstruct her beam,
 Till labouring thence she lifts her silver brow,
 And pours her full ray on the ivy'd steeple.
 And hark its bell now tolls the minute knell,
 And thro' the churchway path the surplic'd priest
 Walks slowly forward, while the snowy pall
 Covering the relicks of some love-lorn virgin,
 Passes with awful pace along the glade.

Wrapt harmonist! what tho' thy studied chord
 Can sound the slow knell, echo to the note
 The lone owl utters, breathe the heifer's low,

And

And mark the funeral step with pausing cadence;
 And music can no more, where is the tower
 O'er-hung with ivy, seen by the pale moon,
 Whose faint beam glimmers on the snowy pall?
 Where are the rocky clouds from whence she breaks?
 Yet do not these, does not the rustling breeze
 And the slow-treading heifer add delight?
 Do not accordant senses join to fill
 The musing mind with calm and holy rapture?
 And can the city by the utmost force
 Of mimic art, with labour'd imitation
 So soothe the soul, or give such mild delight?

Ye gay and sportive votaries of Joy,
 Forgive the thoughtless Muse, for she has led me
 To talk of pleasing horror, and the bliss
 Which melancholy gives; ye cannot form
 Amid the circling follies, which urge on
 Your laughing hours, perhaps ye cannot form
 A notion of these joys, and with a taunt
 Of high contempt, despise the wild enthusiasm.
 Yet on the well-trod stage have ye not seen
 Your Roscius fired by the natural bard,
 Immortal Shakespear, wander the bleak heath
 A poor and outcast king, nor blame the winds
 Whose keen tooth seiz'd his age, nor chide the elements
 For their unkindness, while the rustling storm
 Tore the proud garments from his shivering trunk,
 And the fierce lightnings fir'd his maddening brain?

Have

Have you not then felt horror ? Would ye not
 Change your rich pomp for Edgar's naked hovel,
 And be the poor king's host ?—Have ye not wish'd
 To range with Rosaline the forest wild,
 Or live beneath the shelter of some oak
 With melancholy Jaques ? Tell me, why then
 Ye look'd on wealth and greatness with a scorn ?
 Why but because the Muse with native strength
 Pour'd truth on Fancy's eye ; and yet the Muse
 Can only boast in the most warm description,
 A faint resemblance, nor has she such force
 To strike as Nature has. Alas ! her voice
 But wakes remembrance of our absent bliss ;
 And when she sings of incense-breathing Spring,
 She wafts no odours to the longing sense,
 But only prompts our sigh, that we must dwell
 Confin'd in the full city, distant far
 From every scene of rural innocence,
 Whose woods, whose shades, whose storms, or funerals,
 Ev'n raise a sense of pleasure. What can then
 The brighter views, what can the happy hour
 That gives the blushing bride to the true arms
 Of faithful Damon ? Thenot pleas'd revives
 To former youth, and gayest of the day
 Provokes the village mirth, and from his soul
 Enjoys the spousal of his boy, who scarce
 (O'ercome with rapture) can himself conduct
 His festival ; and but for busy Thenot,

Each

Each due right were neglected, and the guests
 Unbidden by the tabor's sprightly sound
 To seek the green, and in the jocund dance
 Each maiden with her youth breathe sport and joy,
 Save the still happier pair: their greater bliss
 Fills the whole breast, nor leaves a vacant place
 For lighter mirth. Unnotic'd speaks the pipe:
 They hear no sound but the endearing voice
 Of mutual love: they do not mark the joy
 In every face around; for their attention,
 Fix'd on each other, watches every glance
 Diffused by the lovely languid eye.
 Well may all else be unperceiv'd; for who
 Observes bright Hesper dart his pointed ray,
 When riding high mild Cynthia pours serene
 Her steady beam. Oh tell me, when compar'd
 To these true raptures, what's the shadowy pomp
 And artful splendour, when the golden shackles
 Fetter two venal souls, by interest call'd
 To prostitute the ever-hallow'd rites
 Of holy Hymen?—On the village plain
 Nought joins but mutual love; no fardid motive
 Promotes unnatural union: but the flame
 That first united glows throughout their life
 A steady fire, whose unabating light
 Gilds Youth with rapture, and with fostering warmth
 Cheers drooping Age, who smiling sees his offspring
 Step forth to claim the joys he celebrates

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With annual hospitality, what time
 The circling year brings round the happy day
 That shower'd down blessings on him, when it gave
 To his fond vow the winning Sylvia's charms,
 Then blooming young, now hoary, but her heart
 Unchang'd by time; for still the same desire
 To add to every joy, or fondly soothe
 Each woe he feels, reigns unabated there.
 His social roof receives each welcome guest,
 His open heart diffuses round his pleasure,
 And each plain neighbour with unfeigning tongue
 Congratulates his bliss. Who would not leave
 For these sincere delights, the pageant pomp,
 The rich array, the courtly formal speech
 Unutter'd by the heart, the birth-day wish
 Of venal hirelings, who for interest croud
 The glittering levee? Happier (Reason deems
 View'd in each light) the simple village life,
 Than all that courtiers wish, or kings bestow.
 Kings cannot give a boon of so rich price
 As are thy smiles, O lovely Health! and thou
 Shunning the tumult, to the rural green
 Retirest. There, not built by mortal hand,
 Stands on the southern slope of the fresh hill
 Thy temple, from whose roof the eglantine
 And vagrant woodbine hang; and at the porch
 Sits thy good priestess Ease, administering
 To Exercise (who up the gentle slope

By moderate footing moves) the holy cup
 Of Temperance, nymph of the chrystal spring
 That dwells beneath thy altar; and from thence
 Warbling with gentle lapse joins the full stream,
 That winding wild delays its silver course
 In the rich mead, whose bank the peasant oft
 Approaches to allay his thirst, and quaffs
 The simple beverage from the limpid fount.
 Bright virgin, thee of all the Powers who range
 The rural plain, I woo with constant vow
 Most ardent! Deign around my temples bind
 Thy fragrant wreath, and deck my purple cheek
 With thy rich glow. Then undisturb'd the mind
 Musing pursues its holy meditation,
 And rapt in trance, can trace a thousand gifts
 Shower'd by the gracious hand of Nature's King
 To deck the various field. The wondering eye
 Roams o'er the fair creation; then to heaven
 Unbidden soars; for the full soul imprest
 With holy transport, there directs its view
 From whence its blessings flow, and the rapt voice
 Accordant hymns the grateful song of praise.
 The rapid gusts of passion, which or pride,
 Or folly, or the thousand varying forms
 Of courtly affectation ever raise,
 Here all subside, and the composed breast
 Expands with love, and to its utmost power
 Diffuses blessings to mankind, nor fears

Ingratitude

Ingratitude should check, or pride should spurn
The offer'd bounties of the generous heart.

Bless'd be the day, and doubly bless'd the hour,
When my Fidele with unfeigned vow
Gave her fond hand, and own'd her constant love :
Tho' since that hour already thrice the sun
From every sign has seen our growing blifs ;
And tho' thy smile of unaffected love
Adds joy to every joy, and charms to ease
The brow of Care ; tho' thou art all that heaven
Could give in woman, tendernefs, and truth,
And all my heart e'er wish'd, when warmest Fancy
Form'd the fond future view of household blifs ;
Yet happier still perhaps our lot had been,
Hadst thou beneath the rural thatch receiv'd
My faithful vow, and we had never heard
Of town or city life ; a Marian thou,
And rustic Corin I. Then on the plain
Contented we had pass'd Life's little day.
While Youth with sprightly beam illum'd her hours.
They would move on with joy ; and when at noon
Firm Manhood call'd us forth to till the soil,
And with our labouring hand direct the plough,
We would be ready, nor refuse the task,
Due tribute to the public ; till at eve
Our vigour lost, when Age came creeping on,
We would unyoke our heifers, and retire
To welcome ease, our best skill then employ'd

At our own home ; attentive there to thatch
 The chinks which Time had made, and to root up
 Each foul weed that deform'd our little plot.
 This business over, calm we should attend
 Th' approaching hour of our eternal rest ;
 And when it came, borne to our peaceful grave
 By the plain villager ; what tho' no tomb
 Of sculptur'd marble call'd the passing eye
 To read our story, yet the cottage tear
 Should on our ashes fall, and the good heart
 O'erflow sincerely for a neighbour lost :
 Upon our bier the virgin troop would hang
 Fresh-woven chaplets of the sweetest flowers :
 Green turf should deck our grave ; and every year
 In spring-time would some friendly hand with care
 Bind the fresh briar around, to guard the place
 From the rude insult of the careless step ;
 And faithful Memory to late time record,
 We were the happiest pair of human kind.





WOODSTOCK. AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLIX.

AH me! what is this mortal life? (I cry'd)
What changes croud the page of fitting Time!
What dire reverse of Fate have numbers try'd!
What youth, what beauty, wither'd in the prime!

Inexorable Destiny pursues,
And levels in the chace with rapid wing:
Pity in vain, or Mirth, or Merit sues,
Equally vain the beggar and the king!

Ah! what is Fame, the idol of the great?
No solid Pleasure can she e'er bestow;
If just to Worth, that justice comes too late:
Prompt is her malice, but her mercy slow!—

Thus on the winding Isis' willowed bank,
The varying scenes of Fortune I deplore;
Wasting in fruitless sighs the evening dank,
Tears adding water to the river's store.

A gloomy mansion open to the view,
 Disclosing horror heighten'd by the shade;
 Where round the nodding walls the mournful yew
 Points to the vault where Rosamond was laid:

Where with her birds of night, haggard and foul,
 In fullen fellowship together dwell,
 The bat ambiguous, and ill-omen'd owl,
 Screaming to nighted swains a dreadful knell!

Intent I gaz'd, till Terror, ruling sight,
 Rear'd a pale spectre from the yawning tomb,
 A faint delusion of the murky night,
 Begot and bred in Fancy's fruitful womb!

Semblance of virgin elegance and grace,
 The mimic shape in every part adorn'd;
 But wan and languid seem'd the beauteous face,
 Which Elen envy'd, and which Henry mourn'd.

Now gently gliding o'er the hallow'd ground,
 Close by my side the phantom made a stand,
 Piercing the night-still'd air. An awful sound!
 And claim'd attention with uplifted hand.

“ I once was blest with Love's deluding joy,
 “ I also felt the worst extreme of hate!
 “ And can no length of time (she cry'd) destroy
 “ Remembrance of my love, and of my fate?

“ O had

" O had Oblivion in her peaceful cell,
" Shrouded from every eye my mouldering dust !
" That on the chissel'd stone no verse might tell,
" My crime how great ! my punishment how just !

" But Woodstock's blooming bowers still remain,
" The scenes, to me, of pleasure and of woe ;
" And Godstow's walls perpetuate the stain
" My name reproaching, whilst my grave they shew.

" O Woodstock, fated long to be the seat
" Of all the charms that Wit and Beauty boast,
" The hero's guerdon, and his soft retreat,
" Yielding content, in fields and senates lost.

" Thy glories now are level'd low in earth ;
" No longer Beauty doth thy bowers adorn ;
" No more thy woods resound the voice of Mirth ;
" The laurel from thy victor brow is torn !

" But thou whose bosom foreign sorrow heaves,
" Whose eyes can stream for anguish not thine own ;
" Whose heart the white-rob'd fugitive receives,
" When forc'd by awful Rigour from her throne ;

" The scourge of vice, the good man's destiny,
" The wreck of fortune, and the waste of years ;
" The miseries thou mournest thou shalt see,
" Sad consolation granted to thy tears."

Now on the summit of a cloud-built height
 Methought I stood : and from an opening glade
 With faltering ray gleam'd forth a magic light,
 And round the plain in lambent circles play'd.

Sudden the ground with inbred motion shook,
 A solemn murmur rustled thro' the trees ;
 And on the pebbled shore the furling brook
 Dash'd angry waves, unconscious of a breeze !

Dædalian mystery ! from the parted soil,
 A labyrinth 'rose to sounds of melting note ;
 A moment's labour mocking all the toil
 Of nations old, and monarchs long forgot.

High over-arch'd in Summer's gayest weed,
 Meandering alleys form the wonderous maze,
 And puzzle most when best they seem to lead
 The untaught foot, that in their precincts strays.

Deep in a vale impervious to all tread,
 Save by a flower-hid path, a grotto stood !
 And ancient oaks their foliage round it spread,
 O'er shading with their tops the neighbouring wood,

And Nature sporting, with a lavish hand
 This little spot in gay profusion grac'd,
 With every wanton variation plann'd,
 Luxuriant Fancy yielding but to Taste.

Here on the brink of a pellucid stream,
Circling in eddies o'er its moss-grown bed,
Where ever and anon a quivering beam,
Piercing the covert on the surface play'd:

A Beauty lay, surpassing all the train
Of virgin Delia, or Idalia's queen:
Or what of dryads poets sweetly feign,
On Ida, or Theffalian Oeta seen.

And by her side a form imperial lay,
With roses, and with myrtle garlands crown'd;
The wither'd laurel cast in scorn away,
The pomp of war in Lydian measures drown'd.

The little Loves that flutter'd on the boughs,
In grateful bondage did their limbs entwine,
And strove to join them closer than their vows,
With woodbine sweet, and twisted eglantine.

But weak all bonds when those of beauty fail;
The monarch fated left the flowery bed,
Nor griev'd to see the maid his loss bewail,
Nor mingled parting tears with those she shed,

Now swift advancing to the guilty bower,
With frantic step the injur'd queen drew nigh:
And arm'd for vengeance seiz'd the fatal hour,
When all things slept but rage and jealousy.

Each eager hand a deadly weapon fill'd,
 A pointed dagger, and a poison'd bowl ;
 My ebbing blood her mad demeanor chill'd,
 And anguish unallay'd possess'd my soul.

Ah stop, inhuman ! with a faltering tongue
 And inarticulate voice, as in a dream,
 I cry'd ; and strait the rattling thunder rung,
 And livid lightnings in the welkin gleam !

No more the mazy grove or bower appear'd,
 But all around a waste and barren plain ;
 The scatter'd trees of leaves and branches bar'd,
 And blanch'd by frowning winds and beating rain.

And Murder shrieking hideous wander'd there ;
 And ruthless Envy, and relentless Hate,
 With snaky locks, and shrivell'd bosoms bare,
 Whilst lurking felons on their motions wait,

And soon the landscape shifting like a cloud,
 To less'ning distance bore the hellish crew ;
 Now twang in fainter sounds their yellings loud,
 Now vanish'd quite ; a milder scene I view.

Of chequer'd light and shade, a sober dawn,
 Faint thro' a lingering vapour did disclose,
 A hamlet seated on an open lawn,
 And from each roof the pillar'd smoke arose.

For now with frequent challenge, had the cock
 His rivals menacing, awak'd the swain;
 Now in the pen impatient bleats the flock,
 And ruddy streaks the horizon distain.

The crouching dog the moon no longer bays,
 But stretch'd supine upon the social hearth
 He lies, rejoicing in the crackling blaze,
 Whilst flaunting sun-beams dry the moisten'd earth.

Whilst to the strain of rural minstrelsy,
 A band forth issuing to a neighbouring hill
 Welcom'd the morn with decent jollity,
 And all the air their youthful carols fill.

With unskill'd hands a simple crown they wove
 Of vervain, and the never-fading bay;
 And rais'd a throne within a rude alcove:
 To grace the parent of the British lay:

Old Chaucer, who in rough, unequal verse,
 Sung quaint allusion and facetious tale;
 And ever as his jests he would rehearse,
 Loud peals of laughter echo'd thro' the vale:

And eager gap'd the rustic listening throng,
 And still their joy and laughter they renew;
 And warlike barons, soften'd by the song,
 From loud alarms to mute attention drew.

But

But short-liv'd pleasure soon to sorrow chang'd,
 For melody a sigh, for mirth a tear ;
 And now the swains in solemn order rang'd,
 Surround the bard extended on his bier.

What tho' succeeding poets, as their fire,
 Revere his memory, and approve his wit :
 Tho' Spenser's elegance and Dryden's fire
 His name to ages far remote transmit ;

His tuneless numbers hardly now survive,
 As ruins of a dark and Gothic age ;
 And all his blithsome tales their praise derive
 From Pope's immortal song, and Prior's page !

Again, quick rising thro' the tufted green,
 Turrets and lofty battlements ascend ;
 Trees half obscuring columns, intervene,
 And real boughs with sculpur'd fruitage blend.

And arched windows shine with torches clear,
 Soothing the wanderer. A delusive home !
 And busy crowds of ministers appear,
 Decking with jocund haste a festive room.

And now of sprightly youths and damsels gay,
 A wanton bevy at the board was set,
 And all intent they seem'd on amorous play,
 For kindling glances, kindling glances met,

Their volant fingers o'er the chorded lyre,
 With modulating touch the artists ply;
 Pursuing still to animate desire,
 Strains that in thrilling undulations die.

And every cheek with deep suffusion glow'd,
 Denoting thought inflam'd, and troubled breast,
 And passion in seducing sighs avow'd
 Mutual, yet still by decency repress.

But soon excess to madding riot led,
 Ensuing meaning jest, and licence bold;
 Till comely Order from the banquet fled,
 Afham'd the lustful orgies to behold.

A youth exalted high above the rest,
 In bad pre-eminence conspicuous shone!
 And blind submission to his lewd behest,
 Unrivall'd lewdness from them all had won.

And deeply was he skill'd in wanton lore,
 With fertile thought suggesting every art,
 To make impurer, fires impure before,
 Tainting at once the manners and the heart

Pleasing proportion, youthful Beauty's aid,
 And bland complacency and winning smile,
 And wit diffusive tempting to persuade,
 Maintain'd his power, and held him in the toil.

Ah !

Ah! why should Nature in an angel dress,
 To lure with seeming worth unwary eyes,
 Conceal rank thoughts and gross voluptuousness,
 Too apt to poison without Virtue's guise?

Pride of thy country, Wilmot, and her shame!
 By every grace adorn'd, and Muse inspir'd!
 Thy early fall how pitied! and thy name
 How much detested, and how much admir'd!

Yet must unbias'd posterity admit,
 For all thou wrot'st and acted'st to atone,
 Thy failings were the age's, but thy wit,
 Thy parts and dying penitence, thine own.

But now prevailing o'er the hubbub wild,
 The clanging trumpet kindles great acclaim;
 And all around are warlike trophies pil'd,
 And crouds triumphant echo Churchill's fame.

And thronging senates in the glorious cause,
 Repell'd oppression, liberty maintain'd,
 Accord with gratulant vote the loud applause:
 The fairest prize by British valour gain'd.

Who erst implor'd, and soon obtain'd relief,
 High-fated monarchs grateful homage pay,
 And fulgent honours crown the matchless chief,
 And 'verse harmonious, never to decay:

And

And humbled Gallia kneels with distant awe,
 Her generals baffled, and her warriors slain :
 No more to dictate but receive the law,
 No longer to impose but wear the chain.

But venom'd Faction spreading o'er the land,
 Too soon forgets the mighty debt to owe ;
 And Envy stretches out her lurid hand,
 The victor's meed to blast and overthrow.

And yet unfinish'd stands the votive dome,
 By all his toil and all his danger bought :
 When just resentment calls him far from home,
 Revisiting the fields where late he fought.

In vain auspicious Brunswick's happy reign,
 Blunting the rancorous point of party strife,
 Restores the hero to his friends again :
 Too late to cheer the dregs of lengthen'd life !

The lofty column and the voice of praise
 In vain proclaim him great, and just, and brave :
 Tardy repentance merit ill repays,
 Unheard, unheeded, in the silent grave !

In conquest equal, and alike in fate,
 Rome's mounting genius, godlike Scipio stood ;
 And propp'd by worth and dignity innate,
 Contemn'd the venal censure of the croud.

Yet

Yet once again the visionary scene,
 Ductile, for sorrow social beauty yields ;
 A temperate sunshine and an air serene,
 Fostering the upland downs and level fields.

And tepid showers bedew the frolic herd,
 Bounding in gamefome measure o'er the lea,
 With daisies crimson tipt, and green parterr'd,
 And shadowing fragrance drops from every tree.

The wide expanded prospect gently clos'd,
 On vistor'd walks leading to high arcades :
 Each waving copse in symmetry dispos'd,
 Points to the terras cap't with colonnades.

And more remote the cloyster'd wings confine,
 In architecture elegant and just,
 A portal'd front where niches deep enshrine
 The marble statue, and the gilded bust.

Unfolding wide the hospitable port
 On ready hinges, to the searching eye
 Reveals unblemish'd Childhood's harmless sport,
 And placid parents stand delighted by.

For here unmindful of the call of State,
 The smile of Favour, or the voice of Power ;
 In tranquil pleasure, even and sedate,
 Great Churchill's heir enjoy'd the wasting hour,

And

And beaming rapture glisten'd on his brow,
 And glad dependants share their patron's joy,
 No frowns their heart-bred transports disallow,
 Debasing worth in Servitude's alloy.

Such charms hath Innocence! such virtues Pride!
 From starry height her sacred powers descend,
 The garish pomp of Grandeur to deride, .
 And giddy Fortune's rash decrees amend.

A day he flourish'd in the peaceful soil,
 Another saw him on the hostile strand,
 Guiding the thunders of the white-cliff'd isle,
 Ambition's wasteful rapine to withstand.

To match his great progenitor in war,
 Elate with hope his generous bosom burns;
 But un auspicious twinkled every star,
 And heaven averted all his wishes spurns.

Too high request in every sphere to shine,
 In peace a pattern, and a chief in blood;
 The gods to each a separate path assign.
 But he alone is great who's truly good.



MARRIAGE. AN ODE.

I.

RANG'D by all-ruling heaven's design
Low sinks this ball, a mass supine ;
The stars high-blazing roll.
Nor lives a wretch of frantic brain,
Who dares with impious Rage maintain,
That Chance directs the whole.

II.

Yet nations wide-adopt this plan :
Chance classes all degrees of man,
Unknown in Nature's state ;
And the mere accident of birth
Marks who shall rule or till the earth,
Th' ignoble or the great.

III.

While such the consecrated springs,
Whence proudly issue lords and kings,
Why sleeps the parent's care ?
Anxious to match the gen'rous steed,
Where Strength and Beauty stamp the breed,
Regardless of his heir.

VI. But

IV.

But to no favour'd race confin'd,
The virtues of our nobler kind
All ranks alike may claim;
Issue as fair, and brave, and wise,
As the high lineage of the skies,
May bless an humble dame.

V.

The charm that softens manly grace,
The ray that beams in woman's face,
The sympathy of mind,
Denote (whate'er their various lot,
Whether a palace or a cot)
The mates by heaven design'd.

VI.

But peevish Age, and gloomy Pride,
And churlish Av'rice dare divide
Those links, which powerful draw,
To union dear, congenial loves:
The fire condemns what God approves,
And Tyranny is law.

VII.

Far other maxims form'd our state:
All orders mixt of low and great
Compose th' harmonious rame.
Firm hath the mighty fabrick stood,
And Britain boasts her mingl'd blood,
In many a deathless name.

VIII.

Free shou'd the sons of Freedom wed
The maid by equal fondness led,
Nor, heaping wealth on wealth,
Youth pine in Age's wither'd arms,
Deformity polluting charms,
And Sickness blasting Health.

IX.

But house for house, and grounds for grounds,
And mutual bliss in balanc'd pounds
Each parent's thought employ :
These summ'd by Windgate's solid rules,
Let fools, and all the sons of fools
Count less substantial joy !

X.

And yet no niggard care confines
The child indulg'd—Lo ! India's mines
Flame in the daughter's dress :
As gorgeous shines the lavish son ;
No luxury refus'd but one—
Domestic happiness.

XI.

The victim comes in rich attire,
Dragg'd trembling by her ruthless fire.
Thy child, O monster save !
Better the sacrificing knife,
Plung'd in her bosom, end that life
Thy fatal passion gave.

XII. With

XII.

With torch inverted Hymen stands.
The furies wave their livid brands,
Wild Horror, pale Dismay.
Soft Pity drops the melting tear ;
And lustful satyrs grinning leer,
Sure of their destin'd prey.

XIII.

Compell'd the falt'ring priest slow-ties
The knot of plighted perjuries,
For spotless truth ordain'd.
More fitly had some dæmon fell,
Some minister of sin and hell,
The sacred rites profan'd.

XIV.

Go, wedded pair ! all blithe and gay
Young virgins strew the flowry way,
And crown your festal gate.
Invok'd the genial powers attend :
So shall a hapless line descend,
Heir to your wretched fate.

XV.

Unheir'd, a mass of barren earth,
No monster of amphibious birth
Transmits a future race.
Shall then an angel's form, conjoin'd
With all that sinks the brutal kind,
Perpetuate man's disgrace ?

XVI.

Yet Nature will assert her claim :
Thine, rigid Father ! thine the blame,
If injur'd Beauty stray :
Thou shoud'st have heard the Lover's voice,
Approv'd and sanctify'd the choice,
Nor curs'd the bridal day.

XVII.

Welcom'd by thee chaste Love had shed
His blessings o'er that dismal bed,
Now wrapt in guilt and fear.
The lisping babe had blest'd thy age,
Now taught, with more than infant-rage,
To chide thy loit'ring bier.

XVIII.

Hence all those baleful evils flow,
Which swell the tide of human woe,
And blot th' Almighty's plan ;
Taint ev'ry source of pure delight,
Break ev'ry Band that shou'd unite
The soul of man to man.

XIX.

Blank bastardy with blazon'd crest,
And harlots in patrician vest,
Triumphant Vice proclaim.
The high-born virgin, mimic, tries
Those arts which taught the low to rise,
From Poverty thro' shame.

XX. Behold

XX.

Behold a various motley Race !
Th' unwelcome son, with alien face,
His mother's crime betrays.
No kindred Love's instinctive fire,
No social charities conspire
To light the patriot's blaze.

XXI.

Hence sage Authority despis'd,
And savage Licence, ill disguis'd
In Freedom's injur'd name ;
Bold Orat'ry with brazen din,
While skulking Selfishness within
Directs Ambition's aim.

XXII.

In barter vile each parent sold,
The fordid progeny of gold
Will own no other sway ;
To wealth the virgin yields her charms ;
For pay the soldier flies to arms,
P——s v——e and P——s pray.

XXIII.

Not such those lights (which pierc'd the gloom
Thick cast o'er earth by barb'rous Rome)
Pure as the faith they own'd.
Nor such th' unpension'd noble's zeal :
In bosoms warm for public weal,
Their country sat enthron'd.

XXIV.

The statesman plann'd, the hero fought,
Their service like their love unbought ;
Yet both were well repaid :
Their country's glory, then, was wealth ;
Youth, Beauty, Innocence and Health
Endow'd the wedded maid

XXV.

No hireling friends did Britain drain,
No base Contractor's* pilfering train
Aveng'd the vanquish'd foe :
While the land groans beneath her debt,
And hard-tax'd peasants murmur sweat,
In victory and woe.

XXVI.

Yet blest the hind whose shelter'd head,
Secure beneath his lowly shed,
Forgets the flow-worn day ;
His darling child and faithful wife,
Best comforts of the happiest life,
His sufferings all repay.

XXVII.

But see ! th' unpeopl'd village falls :
Drear devastation raz'd the walls.
Say, if some tyrant reigns !
Or dar'd the bold invader's hand,
In vengeance, hurl the flaming brand
O'er Britain's ravag'd plains ?

* This is not meant to include all Contractors : some have acquired great Fortunes by fair and honourable means, uncensur'd, and even unenvy'd.

XXVIII.

Our coast no bold invader dares ;
And GEORGE benign, with lib'ral cares
Each cherish'd art improves.
Yet Britain views a houseless band ;
Sad out-cast in his native land,
The wand'ring exile roves.

XXIX.

Shall Luxury, diffusive spread.
Envy the wretch his pain-earn'd bread,
His cot and homely joys ?
Are those the means that must replace
The strength of an exhausted race,
Decrepid fires and boys !

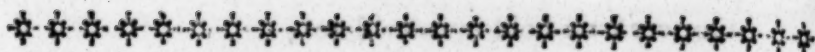
XXX.

Tho' borne on Glory's tow'ring wings,
Fame her triumphant pæan sings
Far as the billows foam :
Yet dearly were our triumphs bought ;
And hardly paid the victors fought,
Whom Misery waits at home.

XXXI.

But, lo ! the nations from afar
Crowd to repair the waste of war,
With numbers, skill and toil.
Myriads, alas ! wou'd crowd in vain,
Whilst laws the marriage-rite restrain,
And lordlings thin the soil.

THE



THE PARISH CLERK.

BY W. VERNON.

I.

LET courtly bards in polish'd phrase endite
Soft madrigals, to celebrate the Fair;
Or paint the splendor of a Birth-day night,
Where Peers and Dames in shining robes appear:
The task be mine neglected Worth to praise,
Alas! too often found in these degen'rate days.

II.

O gentle Shenstone! could the self-taught muse,
Who joys, like thine, in rural shades to stray,
Could she, like thine, while she her theme pursues,
With native beauties deck the pleasing lay;
Then should the humble Clerk of Barton-Dean
An equal meed of praise with thy School-mistress gain.

III.

Ent'ring the village in a deep-worn way,
Hard by an aged oak, his dwelling stands;
The lowly roof is thatch, the walls are clay:
All rudely rais'd by his forefathers' hands:
Observe the homely hut as you pass by,
And pity the good man that lives so wretchedly.

IV. Vulca-

IV.

Vulcanian artist here, with oily brow
And naked arm, he at his anvil plies,
What time Aurora in the east does glow,
And eke when Vesper gilds the western skies;
The bellows roar, the hammers loud resound,
And from the tortur'd mass the sparks fly around.

V.

Hither the truant school-boy frequent wends,
And slyly peeping o'er the hatch is seen
To note the bick'ring workman, while he bends
The steed's strong shoe, or forms the fickle keen.
Unthinking, little elf, what ills betide,
Of breech begalled fore, and cruel task beside.

VI.

A deep historian, well I wot, is he,
And many tomes of ancient lore has read,
Of England's George, the flow'r of chivalry,
Of Merlin's Mirror, and the Brazen Head;
With hundred legends more, which to recite
Would tire the wisest nurse, and spend the longest night.

VII.

To Nature's Book he studiously applies,
And oft, consulted by the anxious swain,
With wistful gaze reviews the vaulted skies,
And shews the signs of sure impending rain.
Or thunder gather'd in the fervid air,
Or if the harvest-month will be serene and fair.

VIII. The

VIII.

The various phases of the moon he knows,
 And whence her orb derives its silver sheen,
 From what strange cause the madding Heygre flows,
 By which the peasants oft endanger'd been,
 As in their freighted barks they careless glide,
 And view th' inverted trees in Severn's chrystal tide.

IX.

Returning late at eve from wake or fair,
 Among a sort of poor unletter'd swains,
 He teaches them to name each brighter star;
 And of the northern lights the cause explains;
 Recounts what comets have appear'd of old,
 Pertending dearth, and war, and mis'ries manifold.

X.

Around his bending shoulders graceful flow
 His curling silver locks, the growth of years;
 Supported by a staff he walketh slow,
 And simple neatness in his mein appears:
 And every neighbour that perchance he meets,
 Or young or old be they, with courtesy he greets.

XI.

A goodly sight, I wot, it were to view
 The decent Parish Clerk on Sabbath-day,
 Seated, beneath the Curate, in his pew,
 Or, kneeling down with lifted hands to pray,
 And ever and anon, with close of prayer,
 He answereth, Amen! with sober solemn air,

XII. Such

XII.

Such times an ancient suit of black he wears,
Which from the Curate's wardrobe did descend ;
Love to his Clerk the pious Curate bears,
Pities his wants, and wisheth to befriend :
But what, alas ! can slender sal'ry do,
Encumber'd by a wife, and children not a few ?

XIII.

Thro' ev'ry season of the changing year,
His strict regard for Christian rites is seen,
The holy church he decks with garlands fair,
Or birchen boughs, or yew for ever green ;
On ev'ry pew a formal sprig is plac'd,
And with a spacious branch the pulpit's top is grac'd.

XIV.

At Christmas tide, when ev'ry yeoman's hall
With ancient hospitality is blest,
Kind invitations he accepts from all,
To share the plenteous, mirth-abounding feast ;
The Christmas feast imperfect would appear,
Except their good old guest the Parish Clerk was there.

XV.

Then, when the mellow beer goes gaily round,
And curls of smoke from lighted pipes aspire,
When chearful carols thro' the room resound,
And crackling logs augment the blazing fire,
His honest heart with social joy o'erflows,
And many a merry tale he on his friends bestows.

XVI. When,

XVI.

When, smit with mutual love, the youth and maid
 To weave the sacred nuptial knot agree,
 Pleas'd he attends to lend his useful aid :
 And see the rites perform'd with decency :
 He gives the bride, and joins their trembling hands,
 While with the service-book the Curate gravely stands.

XVII.

Then, while the merry bells the steeple shake,
 Ringing in honour of the happy pair,
 To notes of gladness while the minstrels wake,
 And lads and lasses the rich bride-cake share ;
 O may the youthful bard a portion gain,
 To whom the rural sage its virtues did explain.

XVIII.

When from the church returns the blithsome train,
 A spicy cake two gentle maidens bring :
 Which, holding o'er the bride, they break in twain,
 And all conjoin'd this nuptial ditty sing :
 " Joy to the wedded pair ! health, length of days,
 " And may they, blest by heav'n, a goodly household raise."

XIX.

At eve the lovely condescending bride,
 Will take the ring which on her finger shines,
 And thro' the sacred circlet nine times slide
 The fragrant gift, repeating mystic lines,
 ('The mystic lines we may not here make known,
 Them shall the muse reveal to virgins chaste alone.)

XX. The

XX.

The stocking thrown, as ancient rules require,
Leave the glad lovers to complete their joy,
And to thy pillow silently retire,

Where close beneath thy head the charm must lie;
Rais'd by the pow'r of Love, in vision gay,
Thy future spouse shall come in holiday array.

XXI.

And, soft approaching, with the mildest air,
Thy yielding lips shall modestly embrace,
O, sweet illusion! wilt thou disappear?

Alas, it flies! the morning springs apace!
The blushing lover sees the light with pain,
And longs to recompose, and woo his dream again.

XXII.

O, time relentless! foe to ev'ry joy!
How all declines beneath thy iron reign!
Once could our Clerk to sweetest melody

Attune the harp, and charm the list'ning plain:
Or with his mellow voice the Psalm could raise,
And fill the echoing choir with notes of sacred praise.

XXIII.

But now, alas! his every power decays,

His voice grows hoarse, long toil has cramp'd his hands,
No more he fills the echoing choir with praise,

No more to melody the harp commands;
Sadly he mourns the dulness of his ear,
And when a master plays he presses close to hear.

XXIV. Late

XXIV.

Late o'er the plain, by chance or fortune led,
The pensive swain who does his annals write,
Him in his humble cottage visited,
And learn'd his story, with sincere delight ;
For chiefly of himself his converse ran,
As mem'ry well supply'd the narrative old man.

XXV.

His youthful feats with guiltless pride he told,
In rural games what honours erst he won ;
How on the Green he threw the wrestlers bold ;
How light he leap'd, and O ! how swift he run.
Then, with a sigh, he fondly turn'd his praise
To rivals now no more, and friends of former days.

XXVI.

At length concluding with reflections deep ;
“ Alas, of life few comforts now remain !
“ Of what I was I but the vestige keep,
“ Impair'd by grief, by penury, and pain.
“ Yet let me not arraign just Heav'n's decree :
“ The lot of human-kind, as man, belongs to me.

XXVII.

“ Beneath yon aged yew-tree's solemn shade,
“ Whose twisted roots above the green-sward creep ;
“ There, freed from toils, my pious father laid,
“ Enjoys a silent unmolested sleep :
“ And there my only son,—with HIM I gave
“ All comfort of my age untimely to the grave.

XXVIII. “ In

XXVIII.

“ In that sweet earth, when nature’s debt is paid,
“ And leaving life, I leave its load of woes,
“ My neighbours kind, I trust, will see me laid,
“ In humble hope of mercy, to repose :
“ Evil and few, the patriarch mourn’d his days,
“ Nor shall a man presume to vindicate his ways.



THE WISH: AN ELEGY.

T O U R A N I A.

BY THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D.D.

LET others travel, with incessant pain,
The wealth of earth and ocean to secure ;
Then with fond hopes caress the precious bane ;
In grandeur abject, and in affluence poor.

But soon, too soon, in Fancy’s timid eyes
Wild waves shall roll, and conflagrations spread ;
While bright in arms, and of gigantic size,
The fear-form’d robber haunts the thorny bed.

Let me, in dreadful poverty retir'd,
 The real joys of life, unenvied, share:
 Favour'd by Love, and by the Muse inspir'd,
 I'll yield to Wealth its jealousy and care.

On rising ground, the prospect to command,
 Unting'd with smoke, where vernal breezes blow,
 In rural neatness let my cottage stand;
 Here wave a wood, and there a river flow.

Oft from the neighbouring hills and pastures round,
 Let sheep with tender bleat salute my ear;
 Nor fox insidious haunt the guiltless ground,
 Nor man pursue the trade of murder near:

Far hence, kind heaven! expel the savage train,
 Inur'd to blood, and eager to destroy;
 Who pointed steel with recent slaughter stain,
 And place in groans and death their cruel joy.

Ye Powers of social life and tender song!
 To you devoted shall my fields remain;
 Here undisturb'd the peaceful day prolong,
 Nor own a smart but Love's delightful pain.

For you, my trees shall wave their leafy shade;
 For you, my gardens tinge the lenient air;
 For you, be Autumn's blushing gifts display'd,
 And all that Nature yields of sweet or fair.

But, O! if plaints which love and grief inspire,
 In heavenly breasts could e'er compassion find,
 Grant me, ah! grant my heart's supreme desire,
 And teach my dear Urania to be kind.

For her, black Sadness clouds my brightest day;
 For her, in tears the midnight vigils roll;
 For her, cold horrors melt my powers away,
 And chill the living vigour of my soul.

Beneath her scorn each youthful ardor dies,
 Its joys, its wishes, and its hopes, expire!
 In vain the fields of Science tempt my eyes;
 In vain for me the Muses string the lyre.

O! let her oft my humble dwelling grace,
 Humble no more, if there she deign to shine;
 For heaven, unlimited by time or place,
 Still waits on god-like worth and charms divine.

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn,
 How sweet with her thro' lonely fields to stray!
 Her charms the loveliest landscape shall adorn,
 And add new glories to the rising day.

With her, all Nature shines in heighten'd bloom;
 The silver stream in sweeter music flows;
 Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume;
 And deeper tinctures paint the spreading rose.

With her, the shades of night their horrors lose,
 Its deepest silence charms if she be by;
 Her voice the music of the dawn renews,
 Its lambent radiance sparkles in her eye.

How sweet, with her, in Wisdom's calm recess,
 To brighten soft desire with wit refin'd!
 Kind Nature's laws with sacred Ashley trace,
 And view the fairest features of the mind!

Or borne on Milton's flight, as heaven sublime,
 View its full blaze in open prospect glow;
 Else the first pair in Eden's happy clime,
 Or drop the human tear for endless woe.

And when, in virtue, and in peace grown old,
 No arts the languid lamp of life restore;
 Her let me grasp with hands convuls'd and cold,
 Till every nerve relax'd can hold no more.

Long, long on her my dying eyes suspend,
 Till the last beam shall vibrate on my sight;
 Then soar where only greater joys attend,
 And bear her image to eternal light.

Fond man, ah! whither would thy fancy rove?
 'Tis thine to languish in unpitied smart;
 'Tis thine, alas! eternal scorn to prove,
 Nor feel one gleam of comfort warm thy heart.

But, if my fair this cruel law impose,
 Pleas'd, to her will I all my soul resign;
 To walk beneath the burden of my woes,
 Or sink in death, nor at my fate repine.

Yet when, with woes unmingled and sincere,
 To Earth's cold womb in silence I descend;
 Let her, to grace my obsequies, appear,
 And with the weeping throng her sorrows blend.

Ah! no, be all her hours with pleasure crown'd,
 And all her soul from every anguish free:
 Should my sad fate that gentle bosom wound,
 The joys of heaven would be no joys to me.



AN HYMN TO FORTITUDE.

BY THE SAME.

NIGHT, brooding o'er her mute domain,
 In awful silence wraps her reign;
 Clouds press on clouds, and, as they rise,
 Condense to solid gloom the skies,
 Portentous, thro' the foggy air,
 To wake the Dæmon of Despair,

O 3

The

The raven hoarse, and boding owl,
To Hecate curst anthems howl.

Intent with execrable art,
To burn the veins, and tear the heart,
The witch, unhallowed bones to raise,
Through funeral vaults and charnels strays;
Calls the damn'd shade from every cell,
And adds new labours to their hell.

And, shield me, heaven! what hollow sound,
Like Fate's dread knell, runs echoing round?
The bell strikes one, that magic hour,
When rising fiends exert their power.
And now, sure now, some cause unblest
Breathes more than horror thro' my breast:
How deep the breeze! how dim the light!
What spectres swim before my sight!
My frozen limbs pale Terror chains,
And in wild eddies wheels my brains:
My icy blood forgets to roll,
And Death e'en seems to seize my soul.
What sacred power, what healing art,
Shall bid my soul herself assert;
Shall rouse th' immortal active flame,
And teach her whence her being came?
O Fortitude! divinely bright,
O Virtue's child, and man's delight!
Descend, an amicable guest,
And with thy firmness steel my breast:

Descend,

Descend, propitious to my lays,
 And, while my lyre resounds thy praise,
 With energy divinely strong,
 Exalt my soul, and warm my song.

When raving in eternal pains,
 And loaded with ten thousand chains,
 Vice, deep in Phlegeton, yet lay,
 Nor with her visage blasted day;
 No fear to guiltless man was known,
 For God and Virtue reign'd alone.

But, when from native flames and night,
 The curst monster wing'd her flight,
 Pale Fear, among her hideous train,
 Chas'd sweet Contentment from her reign;
 Plac'd Death and Hell before each eye,
 And wrapt in mist the golden sky;
 Banish'd from day each dear delight,
 And shook with conscious starts the night.

When, from th' imperial seats on high,
 The Lord of Nature turn'd his eye,
 To view the state of things below;
 Still blest to make his creatures so;
 From earth he saw Astræa fly,
 And seek her mansions in the sky;
 Peace, crown'd with olives, left her throne,
 And white-rob'd Innocence was gone:
 While Vice, reveal'd in open day,
 Sole tyrant rul'd with iron sway;

And Virtue veil'd her weeping charms,
 And fled for refuge to his arms,
 Her altars scorn'd, her shrines defac'd—
 Whom thus th' Essential Good address'd.

“ Thou, whom my soul adores alone,
 “ Effulgent sharer of my throne,
 “ Fair Empress of Eternity !
 “ Who uncreated reign’st like me ;
 “ Whom I, who sole and boundless sway,
 “ With pleasure infinite obey :
 “ To yon diurnal scenes below,
 “ Who feel their folly in their woe,
 “ Again propitious turn thy flight ;
 “ Again oppose yon tyrant’s might ;
 “ To earth thy cloudless charms disclose,
 “ Revive thy friends, and blast thy foes :
 “ Thy triumphs man shall raptur’d see,
 “ Act, suffer, live, and die for thee.
 “ But since all crimes their hell contain,
 “ Since all must feel who merit pain,
 “ Let Fortitude thy steps attend,
 “ And be, like thee, to man a friend ;
 “ To urge him on the arduous road,
 “ That leads to virtue, bliss, and God.
 “ To blunt the sting of every grief,
 “ And be to all a near relief.”

He said ; and she with smiles divine,
 Which made all heaven more brightly shine.

To earth return'd with all her train,
 And brought the golden age again.
 Since erring mortals, unconstrain'd,
 The God, that warms their breast, profan'd,
 She, guardian of their joys no more,
 Could only leave them, and deplore :
 They, now the easy prey of pain,
 Curst in their wish, their choice obtain !
 Till arm'd with heaven and fate, she came
 Her destin'd honours to reclaim.
 Vice and her slaves beheld her flight,
 And fled like birds obscene from light,
 Back to th' abode of plagues return,
 To sin and smart, blaspheme and burn.

Thou, Goddess ! since, with sacred aid,
 Hast every grief and pain allay'd,
 To joy converted every smart,
 And plac'd a heaven in every heart :
 By thee we act, by thee sustain,
 Thou sacred antidote of Pain !
 At thy great nod the ^s Alps subside,
 Reluctant rivers turn their tide ;
 With all thy force Alcides warm'd,
 His hand against oppression arm'd :
 By thee his mighty nerves were strung,
 By thee his strength for ever young ;

^s Alluding to the history of Hannibal.

And

And whilst on brutal force he press'd,
 His vigour with his foes increas'd.
 By thee, like Jove's almighty hand,
 Ambition's havock to withstand,
 † Timoleon rose, the scourge of fate,
 And hurl'd a tyrant from his state;
 The brother in his soul subdu'd,
 And warm'd the poniard in his blood;
 A soul by so much virtue fir'd,
 Not Greece alone, but heaven admir'd.

But in these dregs of human kind,
 These days to guilt and fear resign'd,
 How rare such views the heart elate!
 To brave the last extremes of fate;
 Like heaven's almighty power, serene,
 With fix'd regard to view the scene,
 When Nature quakes beneath the storm,
 And Horror wears its direst form.
 Tho' future worlds are now descry'd,
 Tho' Paul has writ, and Jesus dy'd,
 Dispell'd the dark infernal shade,
 And all the heaven of heavens display'd:
 Curst with unnumber'd groundless fears,
 How pale yon shivering wretch appears!

† Timoleon, having long in vain importuned his brother to resign the despotism of Corinth, at last restored the liberty of the people by stabbing him. Vid. Plut.

For him the day-light shines in vain.
 For him the fields no joys contain ;
 Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
 No more the woods their music boast ;
 No more the meads their vernal bloom,
 No more the gales their rich perfume :
 Impending mists deform the sky,
 And beauty withers in his eye.
 In hopes his terror to elude,
 By day he mingles with the croud ;
 Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
 In busy crouds, and open day.
 If night his lonely walk surprize,
 What horrid visions round him rise !
 That blasted oak, which meets his way,
 Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,
 The midnight murderer's know retreat,
 Felt heaven's avengeful bolt of late ;
 The clashing chain, the groan profound,
 Loud from yon ruin'd tower resound ;
 And now the spot he seems to tread,
 Where some self-slaughter'd corse was laid :
 He feels fixt Earth beneath him bend,
 Deep murmurs from her caves ascend ;
 Till all his soul, by fancy sway'd,
 Sees lurid phantoms croud the shade ;
 While shrouded manes palely stare,
 And beckoning wish to breathe their care :

Thus

Thus real woes from false he bears,
And feels the death, the hell he fears.

O thou! whose spirit warms my song,
With energy divinely strong,
Erect his soul, confirm his breast,
And let him know the sweets of rest;
Till every human pain and care,
All that may be, and all that are,
But false imagin'd ills appear,
Beneath our hope, our grief, or fear.
And, if I right invoke thy aid,
By thee be all my woes allay'd;
With scorn instruct me to defy
Imposing fear, and lawless joy:
To struggle thro' this scene of strife,
The pains of death, the pangs of life,
With constant brow to meet my fate,
And meet still more, Euanthe's hate.
And when some swain her charms shall claim,
Who feels not half my generous flame,
Whose cares her angel-voice beguiles,
On whom she bends her heavenly smiles;
For whom she weeps, for whom she glows,
On whom her treasur'd soul bestows;
When perfect mutual joy they share,
Ah! joy enhanc'd by my despair!
Mix beings in each flaming kiss,
And blest, still rise to higher bliss:

Then,

Then, then, exert my utmost power,
 And teach me being to endure :
 Lest reason from the helm should start,
 And lawless fury rule my heart ;
 Lest madness all my soul subdue.
 To ask her Maker, What dost thou ?
 Yet, couldst thou, in that dreadful hour,
 On my rack'd soul all Lethe pour,
 Or fan me with the gelib breeze,
 That chains in ice th' indignant seas ;
 Or wrap my heart in ten-fold steel,
 I still am man, and still must feel,



ODE AGAINST ILL-NATURE.

BY CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

I.

OFFSPRING of Folly and of Pride,
 To all that's odious, all that's base allied ;
 Nurs'd up by Vice, by Pravity misled,
 By pedant Affectation taught and bred :
 Away, thou hideous hell-born spright,
 Go, with thy looks of dark design,
 Sullen, sour, and saturnine ;
 Fly to some gloomy shade, nor blot the goodly light.

Thy

Thy planet was remote, when I was born ;
 'Twas Mercury that rul'd thy natal morn,
 What time the sun exerts his genial ray,
 And ripens for enjoyment every growing day ;
 When to exist is but to love and sing,
 And sprightly Aries smiles upon the spring.

II.

There in yon lonesome heath;
 Which Flora, or Sylvanus never knew,
 Where never vegetable drank the dew,
 Or beast, or fowl attempts to breathe :
 Where Nature's pencil has no colours laid ;
 But all is blank, and universal shade :
 Contrast to figure, motion, life and light,
 There may'st thou vent thy spight,
 For ever cursing, and for ever curs'd,
 Of all th' infernal crew the worst ;
 The worst in genius, measure and degree ;
 For envy, hatred, malice, are but parts of thee.

III.

Or would'st thou change the scene, and quit thy den,
 Behold the heaven-deserted fen,
 Where spleen, by vapours dense begot and bred,
 Hardness of heart, and heaviness of head,
 Have rais'd their darksome walls, and plac'd their thorny bed ;
 There may'st thou all thy bitterness unload,
 There may'st thou creak, in concert with the toad,

With

With thee the hollow howling winds shall join,
 Nor shall the bittern her base throat deny,
 The querulous frogs shall mix their dirge with thine,
 Th' ear-piercing hern, and plover screaming high,
 While million humming gnats fit æstrum shall supply.

IV.

Away—away—behold an hideous band,
 And herd of all thy minions are at hand :
 Suspicion first with jealous caution stalks,
 And ever looks around her as she walks,
 With bibulous ear imperfect sounds to catch,
 And prompt to listen at her neighbour's latch.
 Next Scandal's meagre shade,
 Foe to the virgins, and the Poet's fame,
 A wither'd, time-deflower'd old maid,
 That ne'er enjoy'd Love's ever sacred flame.
 Hypocrisy succeeds with faint-like look,
 And elevates her hands, and plods upon her book.
 Next comes illiberal scrambling Avarice,
 Then Vanity and Affectation nice—
 See, she salutes her shadow with a bow,
 As in short Gallic trips she minces by,
 Starting Antipathy is in her eye,
 And squeamishly she knits her scornful brow.
 To thee, Ill-nature, all the numerous group
 With lowly reverence stoop—
 They wait thy call, and mourn thy long delay,
 Away—thou art infectious—haste away,

O D E



ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY THE SAME.

I.

FROM your lyre-enchanted towers,
Ye musically mystic Powers,
Ye, that inform the tuneful spheres,
Inaudible to mortal ears,
While each orb in ether swims
Accordant to th' inspiring hymns ;
Hither Paradise remove,
Spirits of Harmony and Love !
Thou too, divine Urania, deign to appear,
And with thy sweetly solemn lute
To the grand argument the numbers suit ;
Such as sublime and clear,
Replete with heavenly love,
Charm th' enraptur'd souls above.
Disdainful of fantastic play,
Mix on your ambrosial tongue
Weight of sense with sound of song,
And be angelically gay.

II. And

II.

And you, ye sons of Harmony below,
 How little less than angels, when ye sing!
 With Emulation's kindling warmth shall glow,
 And from your mellow-modulating throats
 The tribute of your grateful notes
 In union of piety shall bring.

Shall Echo from her vocal cave
 Repay each note the shepherd gave,
 And shall not we our mistress praise,
 And give her back the borrow'd lays?
 But farther still our praises we pursue;
 For ev'n Cecilia, mighty maid,
 Confess'd she had superior aid—
 She did—and other rites to greater powers are due:
 Higher swell the sound and higher:
 Let the winged numbers climb:
 To the heaven of heavens aspire,
 Solemn, sacred, and sublime:
 From heaven Music took its rise,
 Return it to its native skies.

III.

Music's a celestial art;
 Cease to wonder at its power,
 Tho' lifeless rocks to motion start,
 Tho' trees dance lightly from the bower,
 Tho' rolling floods in sweet suspense
 Are held, and listen into sense.

In Penshurst's plains, when Waller, sick with love,
 Has found some silent, solitary grove,
 Where the vague moon-beams pour a silver flood
 Of tremulous light athwart th' unshaven wood,
 Within an hoary moss-grown cell,
 He lays his careless limbs without reserve,
 And strikes, impetuous strikes each querulous nerve
 Of his resounding shell.

In all the woods, in all the plains,
 Around a lively stillness reigns;
 The deer approach the secret scene,
 And weave their way thro' labyrinths green;
 While Philomela learns the lay,
 And answers from the neighbouring bay.

But Medway, melancholy mute,
 Gently on his urn reclines,
 And all-attentive to the lute,
 In uncomplaining anguish pines;
 The crystal waters weep away,
 And bear the tidings to the sea:

 Neptune in the boisterous seas
 Spreads the placid bed of peace,
 While each blast,
 Or breathes its last,

Or just does sigh a symphony and cease.

IV.

Behold Arion—on the stern he stands,
 Pall'd in theatrical attire,

To the mute strings he moves th' enlivening hands,

Great in distress, and wakes the golden lyre :

While in a tender Orthian strain

He thus accosts the mistresses of the main :

By the bright beams of Cynthia's eyes,

Thro' which your waves attracted rise,

And actuate the hoary deep ;

By the secret coral cell,

Where Love, and Joy, and Neptune dwell,

And peaceful floods in silence sleep ;

By the sea-flowers, that immerge

Their heads around the grotto's verge,

Dependent from the stooping stem ;

By each roof-suspended drop,

That lightly lingers on the top,

And hesitates into a gem ;

By thy kindred watery gods,

The lakes, the rivulets, founts and floods,

And all the Powers that live unseen

Underneath the liquid green ;

Great Amphitrite (for thou canst bind

The storm, and regulate the wind)

Hence waft me, fair Goddess, oh waft me away,

Secure from the men, and the monsters of prey !

V.

He sung—The winds are charm'd to sleep,

Soft stillness steals along the deep,

The Tritons and the Nereids sigh
 In soul-reflecting sympathy,
 And all the audience of waters weep.
 But Amphitrite her dolphin sends—the same,
 Which erst to Neptune brought the nobly perjur'd dame.—
 Pleas'd to obey the beauteous monster flies,
 And on his scales as the gilt sun-beams play,
 Ten thousand variegated dies
 In copious streams of lustre rise,
 Rise o'er the level main, and signify his way.—
 And now the joyous Bard, in triumph bore,
 Rides the voluminous wave, and makes the wish'd-for shore.
 Come, ye festive, social throng,
 Who sweep the lyre, or pour the song,
 Your noblest melody employ,
 Such as becomes the mouth of Joy;
 Bring the sky-aspiring thought,
 With bright expression richly wrought;
 And hail the Muse ascending on her throne,
 The main at length subdu'd, and all the world her own.

VI.

But o'er th' affections too she claims the sway,
 Pierces the human heart, and steals the soul away:
 And as attractive sounds move high or low,
 Th' obedient ductile passions ebb and flow.
 Has any nymph her faithful lover lost,
 And in the visions of the night,
 And all the day-dreams of the light,
 In Sorrow's tempest turbulently tost—

From

From her cheeks the roses die,
 The radiations vanish from her sun-bright eye,
 And her breast, the throne of love,
 Can hardly, hardly, hardly move,
 To send th' ambrosial sigh.

But let the skilful Bard appear,
 And pour the sounds medicinal in her ear:
 Sing some sad, some plaintive ditty,
 Steept in tears that endless flow,
 Melancholy notes of pity,
 Notes that mean a world of woe;
 She too shall sympathize, she too shall moan,
 And pitying others sorrows sigh away her own.

VII.

Wake, wake the kettle-drum, prolong
 The swelling trumpet's silver song,
 And let the kindred accents pass
 Thro' the horn's meandering brass.
 Arise—The patriot Muse invites to war,
 And mounts Bellona's brazen car;
 While Harmony, terrific maid!
 Appears in martial pomp array'd:
 The sword, the target, and the lance
 She wields, and as she moves, exalts the Pyrrhic dance.
 Trembles the earth, resound the skies—
 Swift o'er the fleet, the camp she flies
 With thunder in her voice, and lightning in her eyes.

The gallant warriors engage
 With inextinguishable rage,
 And hearts unchill'd with fear :
 Fame numbers all the chosen bands,
 Full in the front fair Victory stands,
 And triumph crowns the war.

VIII.

But hark the temple's hollow'd roof resounds,
 And Purcell lives along the solemn sounds.—

Mellifluous, yet manly too,

He pours his strains along,
 As from the lion Sampson flew,

Comes sweetness from the strong.

Not like the soft Italian swains,

He trills the weak enervate strains,

Where Sense and Music are at strife ;

His vigorous notes with meaning teem,

With fire, with force explain the theme,

And sing the subject into life.

Attend—he sings Cecilia—matchless dame !

'Tis she—'tis she—fond to extend her fame,

On the loud chords the notes conspire to stay,

And sweetly swell into a long delay,

And well delighted on her name.

Blow on, ye sacred organs, blow,

In tones magnificently flow ;

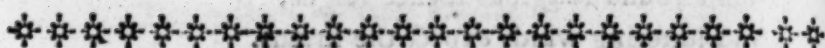
Such is the music, such the lays

Which suit your fair inventress' praise :

While

While round religious silence reigns,
 And loitering winds expect the strains.
 Hail majestic mournful measure,
 Source of many a pensive pleasure !
 Blest pledge of love to mortals given,
 As pattern of the rest of heaven !
 And thou, chief honour of the veil,
 Hail, harmonious virgin, hail !
 When Death shall blot out every name,
 And Time shall break the trump of Fame,
 Angels may listen to thy lute :
 Thy power shall last, thy bays shall bloom,
 When tongues shall cease, and worlds consume,
 And all the tuneful spheres be mute.





T H E S E A S O N S.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

BY MOSES MENDEZ, ESQ.

S P R I N G.

ERE yet I sing the round revolving year,
And show the toils and pastime of the swain,
At Alcon's grave I drop a pious tear;
Right well he knew to raise his learned strain,
And, like his Milton, scorn'd the rhiming chain.
Ah! cruel Fate, to tear him from our eyes;
Receive this wreath, albe the tribute's vain;
From the green sod may flowers immortal rise,
To mark the sacred spot where the sweet Poet lies!

It is the Cuckow that announceth Spring,
And with his ^w wreakful tale the spouse doth fray;
Mean while the Finches harmless ditties sing,
And hop, in buxom youth, from spray to spray,

^u Mr. Thomson, author of the Seasons.

^w Revengeful.

Proud

Proud as Sir Paridel of rich array.
 The little wantons that draw Venus team,
 Chirp amorous thro' the grove in beavies gay;
 And he, who erst gain'd Leda's fond-esteem,
 Now fails on Themis' tide, the glory of the stream!

Proud as the Turkish foldan, chaunticleer
 Sees, with delight, his numerous race around:
 He grants fresh favours to each female near;
 For love as well as cherifaunce renown'd,
 The waddling dame that did the Gauls confound,
 Her tawny sons doth lead to rivers cold;
 While Juno's * dearling, with majestic bound,
 To charm his y leman doth his train unfold,
 That glows with vivid green, that flames with burning gold.

The balmy cowslip gilds the smiling plain,
 The virgin snow-drop boasts her silver hue,
 An hundred tints the gaudy daisy stain,
 And the meek violet, in amis blue
 Creeps low to earth, and hides from public view:
 But the rank nettle rears her crest on high;
 So ribaulds loose their front unblushing shew,
 While modest merit doth neglected lie,
 And pines in lonely shade unseen of vulgar eye.

* Darling.

y Lover.

See!

See ! all around the gall-lefs ^z culvers bill,
 Mean while the nightingale's becalming lays
 Mix with the plaintive music of the rill,
 The which in various ^a gyres the meadow ^b bays.
 Behold ! the welkin bursts into a blaze !
 Fast by the car of light the nimble Hours,
 In songs of triumph, hail his genial rays,
 And, as they ^c wend to Thetis cooling bowers,
 They bound along the sky, and strew the heavens with flowers.

And now the human bosom melts to love ;
 The raptur'd Bard awakes his skilful lyre,
 By running streams, or in the laurel grove,
 He tunes to amorous notes his sounding wire :
 All, all is harmony, and all desire.
 The happy numbers charm the blooming maid ;
 Her blushing cheeks pronounce her heart on fire,
 She now consents, then shuns th' embowering shade,
 With faint reluctance yields ; desirous, yet afraid.

Now rustic Cuddy, with untutor'd throat,
 ('Tho' much admir'd, I ween, of nymph and swain)
 By various songs would various ends promote.
 Seeks he to prove that woman's vows are vain !
 He Bateman's fortune tells, a baleful strain !

^z Doves. ^a Circles, or windings. ^b Bathes. ^c Go.

And if to honour Britain he be led,

He sings a 'prentice bold, in londs profane,
Who, all unarm'd, did strike two lions dead,
Tore forth their savage hearts, and did a princess wed.

But hark! the bag-pipe summons to the green,

The jocund bag-pipe, that awaketh sport:

The blithesome lasses, as the morning sheen,

ers. Around the flower-crown'd may-pole quick resort;

The gods of pleasure here have fix'd their court.

Quick on the wing the flying moment seize,

Nor build up ample schemes, for life is short,

Short as the whisper of the passing breeze,

Yet, ah! in vain I preach—mine heart is ill at ease.



S U M M E R.

BENEATH yon^d snubby oak's extended shade

Safe let me hide me from the eye of day;

Nor shall the dog-star this retreat invade,

As thro' the heavens he speeds his burning way:

The sultry lion rages for his prey.

Ah Phœbus, quench thy wild destroying fire,

Each flower, each shrub doth sink beneath thy ray,

Save the fresh laurel, that shall ne'er expire.

The leaves that crown a bard may brave celestial ire.

And

‡ Knotty.

Or

Or shall I hie to mine own hermitage,
 Round which the wanton vine her arms doth wind,
 There may I lonely turn the sacred page,
 Improve my reason, and amend my mind;
 Here 'gainst Life's ills a remedy I find.
 An hundred flowers emboss the verdant ground;
 A little brook doth my sweet cottage bind,
 Its waters yield a melancholy sound,
 And sooth to study deep, or lull to sleep profound.

The playful insect hopping in the grass
 Doth tire the hearer with his sonnet shrill;
 The pool-sprung gnat on sounding wing doth pass,
 And on the ^e ramping steed doth suck his fill:
 Ah me, can little creatures work such ill!
 The patient cow doth, to eschew the heat,
 Her body steep within the neighbouring rill;
 And while the lambs in fainter voices bleat,
 Their mothers hang their head, in doleful plight I weet.

^f Reckless of seasons, see the lusty swains
 Along the meadow spread the tawny hay:
 The maidens too undaunted seek the plains,
 No fear to show their faces to the ray;
 But all the honest badge of toil display.

^e Starting, flying-out.

^f Careless.

See how they mould the haycock's rising head ;
 While wanton Colin, full of amorous play,
 Down throweth Susan, who doth shriek for dread.
 Fear not—thou canst be hurt upon so soft a bed.

At length the sun doth hasten to repose,
 And all the vault of heaven is streak'd with light ;
 In flaming gold the ruddy welkin glows,
 And, for the noon-day heat, our pains doth ^s quite,
 For all is calm, serene, and passing bright :
 Favonius gentle skims along the grove,
 And sheds sweet odours from his pennons light.
 The little bat in giddy orbs doth rove,
 And loud the screech-owl shrieks, to rouse her blue-ey'd love.

Menalcas came to taste the evening gale,
 His cheeks impurpled with the rose of youth :
 He won each damsel with his piteous tale,
 They thought they listen'd to the words of truth,
 Yet their belief did work them muchel ^h ruth.
 His oaths were light as gossamer, or air,
 His tongue was poisonous as an aspic's tooth.
 Ah ! cease to promise joy, and give despair :
 'Tis brave to smite the foe ; 'tis base to wrong the fair.

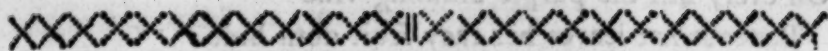
^s Requite.

^h Sorrow.

The gentle Thyrsis, mild as opening morn,
 Came to the lawn, and Marian there was found :
 Marian, whom many hufwife arts adorn :
 Right well she knew the apple to furround
 With dulcet crust : and Thomalin renown'd
 For prowⁱ atchievements in the wrestling ring ;
 He held at nought the vantage of the ground,
 But prone to earth the hardiest wight would fling ;
 Such was Alcides erst, if poets^k sooth do sing.

From tree-crown'd hill, from flower-enamel'd vale,
 The mild inhabitants in crouds appear
 To tread a measure ; while Night's regent pale
 Doth thro' the sky her silver chariot steer,
 Whose lucid wheels were deck'd with dew-drops clear ;
 The which, like pearls, descended on the plain.
 Now every youth doth clasp his mistress dear,
 And every nymph rewards her constant swain.
 Thrice happy he who loves and is belov'd again.

ⁱ Hardy, valiant.^k Truth.



A : U T U M N.

SEE jolly Autumn, clad in hunter's green,
 In wholesome ¹ lusty-hed doth mount the sphere ;
 A leafy girlond binds her temples sheen,
 Instudded richly with the spiky ear,
 Her right hand bears a vine-incircled spear ;
 Such as the crew did weild whom Bacchus lad,
 When to the Ganges he his course did steer ;
 And in her left a bugle-horn she had,
 On which she ^m oft did blow, and made the heart right glad.

In slow procession moves the tottering wain,
 The sun-burnt hinds their finish'd toil ⁿ ensue ;
 Now in the barn they house the glittering grain,
 And there the cries of " harvest home " renew.
 The honest farmer does his friends ^o salew ;
 And them with jugs of ale his wife doth treat,
 Which for that purpose she at home did brew ;
 They laugh, they sport, and homely jests repeat,
 Then smack their lasses lips, their lips as honey sweet,

¹ Vigour.^m Often.ⁿ Follow.^o Salute.

On every hill the purple blushing vine
 Beneath her leaves her racy fruit doth hide :
 P Albe she pour not floods of foaming wine,
 Yet are we not potations bland denied ;
 See where the pear-tree doth in earth abide !
 Bruise her rich fruitage, and the grape disdain ;
 The apple too will grant a generous tide,
 To sing whose honours Thenot rais'd his strain,
 Whose soul-inchanting lays still charm the listening plain.

Thro' greyish mists behold Aurora dawns,
 And to his sport the wary fowler hies ;
 Crouching to earth his guileful pointer fawns,
 Now the thick stubble, now the clover tries,
 To find where, with his race, the partridge lies.
 Ah ! luckless fire, ah ! luckless race I ween,
 Whom force compels or subtle arts surprise ;
 More ^q uncles wait to cause thee dolorous ^r teen,
 Doom'd to escape the deep, and perish on the green.

The full-mouth'd hounds pursue the timorous hare,
 And the hills echo to the joyful cry ;
 Ah ! borrow the light pennons of the air,
 If you're ^s arraught, you die, poor wretch, you die.

P Although.

q Dædalus, envying Perdix his nephew's skill in mechanics, threw him into the sea. He escaped death by being changed into a partridge.

r Anguish, pain.

s Reach'd, overtaken.

Nought will avail the pity-pleading eye,
 For our good squire doth much against you rail,
 And faith you often magic arts do try ;
 At times you wave Grimalkin's footy tail,
 Or on a beefom vild you thro' the welkin sail.

The stag is rous'd ; he stems the threatening flood,
 That shall ere long his matchless swiftneſs quell ;
 And, to avoid the tumult of the wood,
 Amongſt his well-known ^t pheers attempts to ^u mell :
 With horn and hoof his purpoſe they repell.
 Thus, ſhould a maid from Virtue's lore yſtray,
 Your ſex, my Daphne, ſhow their vengeance fell ;
 Your cruel ſelves with gall the ſhaft ^w embay,
 And laſh from Pardon's ſhrine the penitent away.

Now ſilence charms the ſages of the gown,
 To purer air doth ſpeed each crafty wight ;
 The well-ſqueez'd client quits the duſty town,
 Grown grey in the aſſerting of his right,
 With head yfraught with law, and pockets light,
 Well pleas'd he wanders o'er the fallow lea,
 And views each rural object with delight.
 Ne'er be my lot the brawling courts to ſee ;
 Who truſts to lawyer's tongue doth much ^x miſween, perdy.

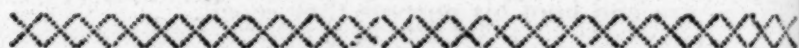
^t Companions.

^u Mix.

^w Bathe.

^x Judges ill.

Right blest'd the man who free from bitter y bale,
 Doth in the little peaceful hamlet dwell,
 No loud contention doth his ears assail,
 Save when the tempest whistles o'er his cell :
 The fruitful down, the flower-depainted dell,
 To please his eyne are variously array'd ;
 And when in roundelay his flame he'd tell,
 He gains a smile from his beloved maid ;
 By such a gentle smile an age of pain's repaid.



W I N T E R.

THE little brook that erst my cot did lave,
 And o'er its flinty pavement sweetly sung,
 Doth now forget to roll her wanton wave,
 For Winter hoar her icy chain has slung,
 And still'd the babbling music of her tongue.
 The lonely woodcock seeks the splashy glen,
 Each mountain head with fleecy snow is hung ;
 The snipe and duck enjoy the moorish fen,
 Like ^z Eremites they live, and shun the sight of men.

y Sorrow.

z Hermits.

The

The ^a wareless sheep no longer bite the mead,
 No more the plough-boy turns the stubborn ground,
 At the full crib the horned labourers feed,
 Their nostrils cast black clouds of smoak around;
 A squalid coat doth the lean steed surround.
 The wily fox doth prowle abroad for prey,
 Rechless of snares, or of th' avenging hound;
 And trusty Lightfoot, now no longer gay,
 Sleeps at the kitchen hearth his cheerless hours away.

Where erst the boat, and slowly moving barge,
 Did with delight cut thro' the dimpling plain,
 Now wanton boys and men do roam at large;
 The river-gods quit their usurp'd domain,
 And of the wrong at Neptune's court complain.
 There mote you see mild Avon crown'd with flowers,
 And milky Wey withouten spot or stain;
 There the fair stream that washes Hampton's bowers,
 And Isis who with pride beholds her learned towers.

Intent on sport, the ever jocund throng
 Quit their warm cots, and for the game prepare;
 Behold the restless foot-ball whirls along,
 Now near the earth, now mounted high in air.
 Thus often men, in life's wild lottery fare,
 Who quit true blifs to grasp an empty toy.
 Our honest swains for wealth nor titles care,
 But lusty health in exercise employ.
 The distant village hears the rude tumultuous joy.

^a Stupified.

The careful hedger looks the fields around,
 To see what labour may his skill demand;
 He mends the fence, repairs the sinking mound,
 Or in long drains he cuts the lower land,
 That shall henceforth all sudden floods withstand.
 Mean while at home his dame, with silver hair,
 Doth sit incircled by a goodly band
 Of lovely maids, who various works prepare,
 All chaste as Jove's wife child, as Cupid's mother fair.

She them discourfes not of fashions nice,
 Nor of the trilling notes which eunuchs fing;
 Allurements vain, that prompt the foul to vice!
 Ne tells she them of Kesar or of king;
 Too great the subject for so mean a ring.
 Her lessons teach to swell the capon's size;
 To make the hen a numerous offspring bring;
 Or how the way-ward mother to chastise,
 When from her vetchy nest the weetles vagrant hies.

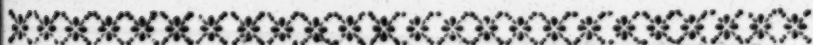
When glistering spangles deck the robe of night,
 And all their kine in pens avoid the cold,
 The buxom troops, still eager of delight,
 Round Damon's eyne a ^b drapet white infold,
 He darkling gropes till he some one can hold.

A linen cloth.

Next

Next Corin hides his head, and must impart
 What wanton fair-one smote his hand so bold.
 He Delia names, nor did from truth depart;
 For well he knew her touch, who long had fir'd his heart.

Stay, I conjure you by your hopes of bliss,
 Trust not, my Daphne, the rough-biting air,
 Let not rude winds those lips of softness kiss;
 Will Eurus stern the charms of beauty spare?
 No, he will hurt my rosy-featur'd fair,
 If aught so bright dares rugged carl invade,
 Too tender thou such rough assaults to bear;
 The mountain ash may stand tho' stripp'd of shade,
 But at the slightest wound the filken flowers will fade.



O D E T O L I B E R T Y.

BY DR. JOSEPH WARTON.

O Goddess, on whose steps attend
 Pleasure and laughter-loving Health,
 White-mantled Peace with olive wand,
 Young Joy, and diamond-scepter'd Wealth,
 Blithe Plenty, with her loaded horn,
 With Science bright-ey'd as the morn,

Q 3

In

In Britain, which for ages past
Has been thy choicest darling care,
Who mad'st her wise, and strong, and fair,
May thy best blessings ever last.

For thee, the pining prisoner mourns,
Depriv'd of food, of mirth, of light ;
For thee pale slaves to galleys chain'd,
That ply tough oars from morn to night ;
Thee the proud Sultan's beauteous train,
By eunuchs guarded, weep in vain,
Tearing the roses from their locks ;
And Guinea's captive kings lament,
By Christian lords to labour sent,
Whipt like the dull, unfeeling ox.

Inspir'd by thee, deaf to fond Nature's cries,
Stern Brutus, when Rome's Genius loudly spoke,
Gave her the matchless filial sacrifice,
Nor turn'd, nor trembled at the deathful stroke !
And he of later age, but equal fame,
Dar'd stab the tyrant, tho' he lov'd the friend.
How burn the ^c Spartan with warm patriot flame,
In thy great cause his valorous life to end !
How burst Gustavus from the Swedish mine !
Like light from chaos dark, eternally to shine.

^c Leonidas.

When

When heaven to all thy joys bestows,
 And graves upon our hearts—Be free—
 Shall coward man those joys resign,
 And dare reverse this great decree?
 Submit him to some idol-king,
 Some selfish, passion-guided thing,
 Abhorring man, by man abhor'd,
 Around whose throne stands trembling Doubt,
 Whose jealous eyes still rowl about,
 And Murder with his reeking sword?

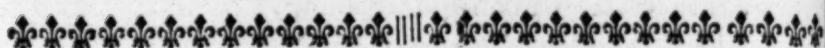
Where trampling Tyranny with Fate
 And black Revenge gigantic goes:
 Hark, how the dying infants shriek,
 How hopeless Age is sunk in woes!
 Fly, mortals, from that fated land,
 Tho' rivers roll o'er golden sand:
 Tho' birds in shades of Cassia sing,
 Harvests and fruits spontaneous rise,
 No storms disturb the smiling skies,
 And each soft breeze rich odours bring.

Britannia, watch!—remember peerless Rome,
 Her high-tower'd head dash'd meanly to the ground;
 Remember, Freedom's guardian, Grecia's doom,
 Whom weeping the despotic Turk has bound:
 May ne'er thy oak-crown'd hills, rich meads and downs,
 (Fame, Virtue, Courage, Poverty, forgot)

Q4

Thy

Thy peaceful villages, and busy towns,
Be doom'd some death-dispensing tyrant's lot;
On deep foundations may thy freedom stand,
Long as the surge shall lash thy sea-encircled land.



O D E T O H E A L T H.

WRITTEN ON A RECOVERY FROM THE SMALL-POX.

BY THE SAME.

O Whether with laborious clowns
In meads and woods thou lov'st to dwell,
In noisy merchant-crouded towns,
Or in the temperate Brachman's cell;
Who from the meads of Ganges' fruitful flood,
Wet with sweet dews collects his flowery food;

In Bath, or in Montpellier's plains,
Or rich Bermudas' balmy isle,
Or the cold North, whose fur-clad swains
Ne'er saw the purple Autumn smile,
Who over Alps of snow, and desarts drear,
By twinkling star-light drive the flying-deer;

O lovely

O lovely queen of mirth and ease,
 Whom absent, beauty, banquets, wine,
 Wit, music, pomp, nor science please,
 And kings on ivory couches pine ;
 Nature's kind nurse, to whom by gracious heaven
 To sooth the pangs of toilsome life 'tis given ;

To aid a languid wretch repair,
 Let pale-ey'd Grief thy presence fly,
 The restless demon gloomy Care,
 And meagre Melancholy die ;
 Drive to some lonely rock the giant Pain,
 And bind him howling with a triple chain !

O come, restore my aking fight,
 Yet let me not on Laura gaze,
 Soon must I quit that dear delight,
 O'erpower'd by Beauty's piercing rays ;
 Support my feeble feet, and largely shed
 The oil of gladness on my fainting head.

How nearly had my spirit past,
 Till stopt by Metcalf's skilful hand,
 To Death's dark regions wide and vast,
 And the black river's mournful strand ;
 Or to those vales of joy and meadows blest,
 Where sages, heroes, patriots, poets rest ;

Where

Where Maro and Musæus sit
 Listening to Milton's loftier song,
 With sacred silent wonder smit;
 While, monarch of the tuneful throng,
 Homer in rapture throws his trumpet down,
 And to the Briton gives his amaranthine crown.



ODE TO SUPERSTITION.

BY THE SAME.

HENCE to some convent's gloomy isles,
 Where chearful day-light never smiles,
 Tyrant, from Albion haste to slavish Rome;
 'There by dim tapers livid light,
 At the still solemn hours of night,
 In pensive musings walk o'er many a sounding tomb,

'Thy clanking chains, thy crimson steel,
 Thy venom'd darts, and barbarous wheel,
 Malignant fiend, bear from this isle away,
 Nor dare in Error's fetters bind
 One active, freeborn, British mind,
 That strongly strives to spring indignant from thy sway.

Thou

Thou bad'st grim Moloch's frowning priest
 Snatch screaming infants from the breast,
 Regardless of the frantic mother's woes ;
 Thou led'st the ruthless sons of Spain
 To wondering India's golden plain,
 From deluges of blood where tenfold harvests rose.

But lo ! how swiftly art thou fled,
 Where Reason lifts his radiant head ;
 When his resounding, awful voice they hear,
 Blind Ignorance, thy doating fire,
 Thy daughter, trembling Fear, retire ;
 And all thy ghastly train of terrors disappear.

So by the Magi hail'd from far,
 When Phœbus mounts his early car,
 The shrieking ghosts to their dark charnels flock ;
 The full-gorg'd wolves retreat, no more
 The prowling lionesses roar,
 But hasten with their prey to some deep-cavern'd rock.

Hail then, ye friends of Reason hail,
 Ye foes to Mystery's odious veil,
 To Truth's high temple guide my steps aright,
 Where Clarke and Wollaston reside,
 With Locke and Newton by their side,
 While Plato sits above enthron'd in endless light.

ODE TO A GENTLEMAN UPON HIS TRAVELS
THROUGH ITALY.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE I with fond officious care
For you my chorded shell prepare,
And not unmindful frame an humble lay;
Where shall this verse my Cynthia find?
What scene of art now charms your mind?
Say, on what sacred spot of Roman ground you stray?

Perhaps you cull each valley's bloom,
To strew o'er Virgil's laurell'd tomb,
Whence oft at midnight echoing voices sound;
For at that hour of silence, there
The shades of ancient Bards repair,
To join in choral song his hallow'd urn around:

Or wander in the cooling shade
Of Sabine bowers, where Horace stray'd,
And oft repeat in eager thought elate,
(As round in classic search you trace
With curious eye the pleasing place)
"That fount he lov'd, and there beneath that hill he fate."
How

How longs my raptur'd breast with you
 Great Raphael's magic strokes to view,
 To whose blest hand each charm the Graces gave !
 Whence each fair form with beauty glows,
 Like that of Venus, when she rose
 Naked in blushing charms from Ocean's hoary wave.

As oft by roving fancy led
 To smooth Clitumnus' banks you tread,
 What awful thoughts his fabled waters raise !
 While the low-thoughted swain, whose flock
 Grazes around, from some steep rock
 With vulgar disregard his mazy course surveys.

Now thro' the ruin'd domes my Muse
 Your steps with eager flight pursues,
 That their cleft piles on Tyber's plains present,
 Among whose hollow-winding cells
 Forlorn and wild Rome's Genius dwells,
 His golden sceptre broke, and purple mantle rent.

Oft to those mossy mouldering walls,
 Those caverns dark, and silent halls,
 Let me repair by midnight's paly fires ;
 There muse on Empire's fallen state,
 And frail Ambition's hapless fate,
 While more than mortal thoughts the solemn scene inspires.

What

What lust of power from the cold North
 Could tempt those Vandal-robbers forth,
 Fair Italy, thy vine-clad vales to waft!
 Whose hands profane with hostile blade,
 Thy story'd temples dar'd invade,
 And all thy Parian seats of Attic art defac'd.

They, weeping Art in fetters bound,
 And gor'd her breast with many a wound,
 And veil'd her charms in clouds of thickest night;
 Sad Poesy, much-injur'd maid,
 They drove to some dim convent's shade,
 And quench'd in gloomy mist her lamp's resplendent light.

There long she wept, to darkness doom'd,
 'Till Cosmo's hand her light relum'd,
 That once again in lofty Tasso shone;
 Since has sweet Spencer caught her fire,
 She breath'd once more in Milton's lyre,
 And warm'd the soul divine of Shakespear, Fancy's son.

Nor she, mild queen, will cease to smile
 On her Britannia's much-lov'd isle,
 Where these her best, her favourite three were born,
 While ^d Theron warbles Græcian strains,
 Or polish'd Dodington remains,
 The drooping train of Arts to cherish and adorn,

^d The author of the Pleasures of Imagination.



ODE AGAINST DESPAIR.

BY THE SAME.

Farewell thou dimpled cherub Joy,
 'Thou rose-crown'd, ever-smiling boy,
 Wont thy sister Hope to lead
 To dance along the primrose mead!
 No more, bereft of happy hours
 I seek thy lute-resounding bowers,
 But to yon ruin'd tower repair,
 To meet the God of groans, Despair;
 Who on that ivy-darken'd ground,
 Still takes at eve his silent round,
 Or sits yon new-made grave beside,
 Where lies a frantic Suicide:
 While labouring sighs my heart-strings break,
 Thus to the fullen power I speak:

" Haste, with thy poison'd dagger, haste,
 " To pierce this sorrow-laden breast;
 " Or lead me at the dead of night,
 " To some sea-beat mountain's height,
 " Whence with headlong haste I'll leap
 " To the dark bosom of the deep:

Or

" Or shew me far from human eye,
 " Some cave to muse in, starve, and die;
 " No weeping friend or brother near,
 " My last fond, faltering words to hear?"

'Twas thus with weight of woes oppress'd,
 I sought to ease my bruised breast :
 When straight more gloomy grew the shade,
 And lo ! a tall majestic maid !
 Her limbs not delicately fair,
 Robust, and of a martial air ;
 She bore of steel a polish'd shield,
 Where highly-sculptur'd I beheld
 Th' Athenian * martyr smiling stand,
 The baleful goblet in his hand ;
 Sparkled her eyes with lively flame,
 And Patience was the seraph's name :
 Sternly she look'd, and stern began——
 " Thy sorrows cease, complaining man,
 " Rouse thy weak soul, appease thy moan,
 " Soon are the clouds of sadness gone :
 " Tho' now in Grief's dark groves you walk,
 " Where griesly fiends around you stalk,
 " Beyond, a blissful city lies,
 " Far from whose gates each anguish flies :
 " Take thou this shield, which once of yore
 " Ulysses and Alcides wore,

* Socrates.

" And

Vol.

“ And which in later days I gave
 “ To Regulus and Raleigh brave ;
 “ In exile or in dungeon drear
 “ Their mighty minds could banish fear ;
 “ Thy heart no tenfold woes shall feel,
 “ ’Twas Virtue temper’d the rough steel,
 “ And, by her heavenly fingers wrought,
 “ To me the precious present brought.”



ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY THE SAME.

O Thou, that to the moon-light vale
 Warblest oft thy plaintive tale,
 What time the village murmurs cease,
 And the still eye is hush’d to peace,
 When now no busy sound is heard,
 Contemplation’s favourite bird !

Chauntrefs of Night, whose amorous song
 First heard the tufted groves among,
 Warns wanton Mabba to begin
 Her revels on the circled green,
 Whene’er by meditation led,
 I nightly seek some distant mead,

Vol. II.

R

A short

A short repose of cares to find,
 And soothe my love-distracted mind,
 O fail not then, sweet Philomel,
 Thy sadly-warbled woes to tell;
 In sympathetic numbers join
 Thy pangs of luckless love with mine!

So may no swain's rude hand infect
 Thy tender young, and rob thy nest;
 Nor ruthless fowler's guileful snare
 Lure thee to leave the fields of air,
 No more to visit vale or shade,
 Some barbarous virgin's captive made.



ODE TO A LADY WHO HATES THE COUNTRY.

BY THE SAME.

NOW Summer, daughter of the Sun,
 O'er the gay fields comes dancing on,
 And earth o'erflows with joys;
 Too long in routs and drawing-rooms,
 The tasteless hours my fair consumes
 'Midst folly, flattery, noise.

Come hear mild Zephyr bid the rose
Her balmy-breathing buds disclose,
Come hear the falling rill ;
Observe the honey-loaded Bee,
The beech-embower'd cottage see,
Beside yon sloping hill.

By Health awoke at early morn,
We'll brush sweet dew from every thorn,
And help unpen the fold ;
Hence to yon hollow oak we'll stray,
Where dwelt, as village-fables say,
An holy Druid old.

Come wildly rove thro' desert dales
To listen how lone Nightingales
In liquid lays complain ;
Adieu, the tender thrilling note,
That pants in Monticelli's throat,
And Handel's stronger strain.

“ Infipid pleasures these ! you cry,
“ Must I from dear assemblies fly,
“ To see rude peasants toil ?
“ For operas listen to a bird ?
“ Shall f Sydney's fables be preferr'd
“ To my sagacious Hoyle ?”

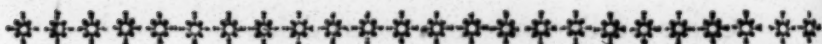
f Arcadia,

R 2

O fallily

O falſly fond of what ſeems great,
 Of purple pomp and robes of ſtate,
 And all life's tinfel glare !
 Rather with humble violets bind,
 Or give to wanton in the wind
 Your length of fable hair.

Soon as you reach the rural ſhade,
 Will Mirth, the ſprightly mountain maid,
 Your days and nights attend ;
 She'll bring fantaſtic Sport and Song,
 Nor Cupid will be abſent long,
 Your true ally and friend.



ODE TO SOLITUDE.

BY THE SAME.

THOU, that at deep dead of night
 Walk'ſt forth beneath the pale moon's light,
 In robe of flowing black array'd,
 While cypreſs-leaves thy brows o'erſhade ;
 Liſtning to the crowing cock,
 And the diſtant ſounding clock ;
 Or fitting in thy cavern low,
 Do'ſt hear the bleak winds loudly blow,

Or

TH
 Have ye
 " Marf
 : A ſea

Or the hoarse death-boding owl,
 Or village mastiff's wakeful howl,
 While through thy melancholy room,
 A dim lamp casts an awful gloom ;
 Thou, that on the meadow green,
 Or daisy'd upland art not seen,
 But wandering by the dusky nooks,
 And the pensive falling brooks,
 Or near some rugged, herbleſs rock,
 Where no ſhepherd keeps his flock !
 Muſing maid, to thee I come,
 Hating the tradeſul city's hum ;
 O let me calmly dwell with thee,
 From noiſy mirth and buſineſs free,
 With meditation ſeek the ſkies,
 This folly-fetter'd world deſpiſe !



HOLKHAM^s. A POEM.

BY MR. POTTER.

THE lofty beeches, and their ſacred ſhade
 O'er Penſhurſt's flower embroider'd vale display'd,
 Have yet their glory : not that Sidney's hand
 "Marſhall'd in even ranks th' obſequious band ;"

^s A feat belonging to the earl of Leiceſter in the county of Norfolk.

Or his fresh garlands in these bowers entwin'd,
 Whilst all Arcadia open'd on his mind :
 But here sweet Waller breath'd his amorous flame,
 And taught the groves his Sacharissa's name ;
 Here met the Muse, " while gentle Love was by,
 " That tun'd his lute, and wound the strings so high :"
 Still with th' enraptur'd strains the valleys ring,
 And the groves flourish in eternal Spring.

Eternal Spring smiles in those green retreats,
 " No more the Monarch's, still the Muse's seats,"
 Where crown'd with towers majestic Windsor stands,
 And the wide world beneath her feet commands :
 Not that her regal rampires boast the fame
 Of each great Edward's, each great Henry's name ;
 Not that, in days of high-atchiev'd renown,
 There Britain's Genius fix'd his awful throne,
 Encircled with that glorious blaze that springs
 From conquer'd nations, and from captive kings :
 When each proud trophy moulders from the wall,
 And e'en the imperial dome itself shall fall ;
 When those great names, the Warrior and the Sage,
 Lie clouded in the dark historic page ;
 Then shall the heaven-born Muse (to whom belong
 The more than mortal-making powers of Song)
 Thro' Time's deep shades her sacred light display,
 And pour the beam of Fame's eternal day.

Queen of sweet numbers and melodious strains,
 If yet thou deign to visit Britain's plains ;

If yet thy hallow'd haunts partake thy love,
 Clear spring, enamel'd vale, or bowery grove ;
 O come, and range with me th' aspiring glades,
 Where Leicester spreads the lawns and forms the shades,
 On Holkham's plains bid Græcian structures rise,
 And the tall column shoot into the skies ;
 Beneath whose proud survey, extended wide,
 New scenes, new beauties charm on every side :
 Here, crown'd with woods, the shaded hills ascend,
 In open light there the low vales extend ;
 Here in rich harvests waves the ripen'd grain,
 And there fresh verdure cloaths the pastur'd plain,
 Sweetly intermix'd, and lovely to behold,
 As the green emerald enchas'd in gold.
 See where the limpid lake thro' pendant shades,
 The hills between, her liquid treasures leads ;
 And to the boughs, that fringe her crisped fides,
 Holds the clear mirror of her chrystal tides ;
 Her chrystal tides reflect the waving scene,
 Their silvery surface darkening into green ;
 As on the steep banks, bending o'er the flood,
 Protefque and wild up springs th' o'ershadowing wood :
 For the slope margent, with a softer rise,
 Made above shade, and rank o'er rank supplies ;
 The verdant basis of yon champain mound,
 As hallow'd head with God's own temple crown'd :
 The home-bound mariner from far descries,
 Emerging from the waves the tall tower rise ;

With transport bids the solemn structure hail,
 And wing'd for Britain speeds the flying sail,
 In nearer view, 'midst the lawn's wide extent,
 That gently swells with an unforc'd ascent,
 In just proportion rising on the sight,
 The stately mansion lifts its towery height,
 And glitters o'er the groves. An oak beneath,
 That calls the cool gales thro' its boughs to breathe,
 Where the sun darts his fervid rays in vain,
 Like the great patriarch on Mamre's plain
 The princely Leicester fits: the pageant pride
 Of cumbrous greatness banish'd from his side,
 In these blest bowers he plans the great design;
 With heighten'd charms bids modest nature shine;
 Shows us magnificence allied to use;
 Tho' rich, yet chaste; tho' splendid, not profuse;
 Calls forth each beauty that from order springs;
 From its lov'd Greece each honour'd Science brings;
 O'er Art's fair train extends his generous care;
 And bids each polish'd Grace inhabit here.

Nor these alone: here Virtue loves to dwell,
 No cold recluse self-cavern'd in a cell;
 Active and warm she breathes a noble part,
 Glows in the breast, and opens all the heart;
 To generous deeds she fires th' empassion'd mind,
 The substitute of heaven to bless mankind;
 She thro' desponding Misery's cheerless gloom
 Pours joy, and gives neglected Worth to bloom;

She in each bosom stills the rising sigh,
 And wipes off every tear from every eye ;
 She to yon alms-house, bosom'd in the grove,
 From toil and cares bids Age and Want remove ;
 There the tir'd eve of labour'd life to rest,
 Fed by her hand, and by her bounty blest.

These, these are rays that round true greatness shine,
 And thine, bright Clifford ! the full blaze is thine.
 Bring the green bay, the fragrant myrtle bring,
 The violet glowing in the lap of spring :
 Bid the sweet vallies send each honied flower,
 Each herb, each leaf of aromatic power ;
 The Muse's hand shall their mix'd odours spread,
 And strew the ground where Clifford deigns to tread.

In distant prospect, sinking from the eye,
 Low in the tufted dales the hamlets lie ;
 Where virgin Innocence, and meek-ey'd Peace,
 With calm Content, the straw-roof'd cottage blest :
 And strong-nerv'd Industry in purest flow
 Spreads o'er the vermeil cheek Health's roseate glow,

More distant yet the throng'd commercial town,
 That makes the wealth of other worlds her own,
 Lifts her proud head, and fees with every tide
 Rich-freighted navies croud her harbour'd side :
 Or bids the parting vessel spread the sail
 Loose to the wind, and catch the rising gale :
 Whilst the vast ocean, Albion's utmost bound,
 Rolls its broad wave, a world of waters, round.

In

In sweet astonishment th' impatient Mind
 Bids her free powers expatiate unconfin'd ;
 From scene to scene in rapid progress flies,
 Glances from earth to seas, from seas to skies ;
 Delights to feel the great ideas roll,
 Swell on the sense, and fill up all the soul.

Not such the scene, when o'er th' uncultured wild
 No harvest rose, no chearful verdure smil'd ;
 On the bare hill no tree was seen to spread
 The graceful foliage of its waving head ;
 No breathing hedge-row form'd the broider'd bound,
 Nor hawthorn blossom'd on th' unsightly ground ;
 Joy was not here ; no bird of finer note
 Pour'd the thick warblings of his dulcet throat ;
 E'en Hope was fled ; and o'er the cheerless plain,
 A waste of sand, Want held her unblest'd reign.

Lo, Leicester comes ! Before his mastering hand
 Flies the rude Genius of the savage land ;
 The russet lawns a sudden verdure wear ;
 Starts from the wondering fields the golden ear ;
 Up rise the waving woods, and haste to crown
 The hill's bare brow, and shade the sultry down ;
 The shelter'd traveller sees, with glad surprise,
 O'er trackless wilds th' extended rows arise :
 And, as their hospitable branches spread,
 Blesses the friendly hand that form'd the shade :
 Joy blooms around, and cheers the peasant's toil,
 As smiling plenty decks the cultur'd soil ;

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The brightning scenes a kinder Genius own,
And Nature finishes what Art begun.

But can the verse, tho' Philomela deign
To breathe the sweet notes thro' the warbled strain:
Tho' every Muse and every Grace should smile,
And raptures raise the honey-steeped style;
Can the verse paint like Nature? Can the power
That wakes to life free Fancy's imag'd store,
Boast charms like her's? or the creative hand
In blended tints such beauteous scenes command,
Tho' learned Poussin gives each grace to flow,
And bright Lorrain's ethereal colours glow?
Yet peerless is the power of sacred song,
That bursts in transport from the Muse's tongue:
And hark! methinks her hallow'd voice I hear,
In notes mellifluous stealing on the ear:
Now clearer, and yet clearer trills the strain,
Swells thro' the grove, and melts along the plain,
" Ye nymphs, that love to range the lilyd vale.
" Where streams the silver fount of Alcidale;
" Ye that in Pindus' laurel'd groves abide,
" Or haunt Cyliene's cypress-shaded side;
" Or braid your fine wreaths in the pearly caves,
" Where fam'd Ilissus rolls his Attic waves;
" Whilst the barbarian's rude unletter'd race
" Profane your grottos, and your bowers deface,
" See Leicester courts you to th' Icenian shore,
" Studious your long-lost honours to restore!

" See,

" See, the fair rival of your native seats,
 " Aonian Holkham opens all its sweets;
 " Deign then, ye sacred sisters! deign to tread
 " The rich embroidery of yon velvet mead,
 " As fresh, as lovely as your liliated vale,
 " Where streams the silver fount of Alcidale:
 " If old Cyllene's cypress-shaded bower,
 " Or Pindus' laurel'd mount delight you more:
 " Go, sweet enthusiasts! softly-silent rove
 " The studious mazes of the twilight grove;
 " Or, at the foot of some hoar elm reclin'd,
 " Wake the high thought that swells the raptur'd mind;
 " Or pensive listen to the solemn roar
 " Of whitening billows breaking on the shore:
 " If the majestic domes, whose towery pride
 " Glitter o'er fam'd Ilissus' Attic tide,
 " Your steps detain; yon princely structure view,
 " Grac'd with each finer art your Athens knew!
 " Each finer art to just perfection brought,
 " All that Vitruvius and Palladio thought;
 " The trophied arch; the porphyry-pillar'd hall;
 " The sculptur'd forms that breathe along the wall:
 " Lycæan Pan; the faun's Arcadian race:
 " The huntress-queen's inimitable grace;
 " Athenian Pallas clad in radiant arms;
 " Heaven's empress conscious of her flighted charms;
 " Your own Apollo, on whose polish'd brow
 " Youth blooms; and grace, and candor's brightning glow:
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“ Gods, heroes, sages, an illustrious train,
“ Court you to Holkham’s consecrated plain,
“ Haste then, ye sacred sisters ! haste and bring
“ The laurel steep’d in the Castalian spring ;
“ On the choice bough a purer fragrance breathe,
“ And twine for Leicester’s brow th’ unfading wreath.”

She ceas’d the raptur’d strain ; and dear to fame,
Flows the proud verse inscrib’d with Leicester’s name.



THE POOR MAN’S PRAYER.

BY DR. ROBERTS.

WRITTEN 1766. ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

A MIDST the more important toils of state,
The counsels labouring in thy patriot soul,
Tho’ Europe from thy voice expect her fate,
And thy keen glance extend from pole to pole ;

O Chatham, nurs’d in ancient Virtue’s lore,
To these sad strains incline a favouring ear ;
Think on the God, whom thou, and I adore,
Nor turn unpitying from the poor man’s prayer.

Ah me ! how blest was once a peasant’s life !
No lawless passion swell’d my even breast :
Far from the stormy waves of civil strife,
Sound were my slumbers, and my heart at rest.

I ne’er

I ne'er for guilty, painful pleasures rov'd,
 But taught by Nature, and by choice to wed,
 From all the hamlet cull'd whom best I lov'd,
 With her I staid my heart, with her my bed.

To gild her worth I ask'd no wealthy power,
 My toil could feed her, and my arm defend;
 In youth, or age, in pain, or pleasure's hour,
 The same fond husband, father, brother, friend.

And she, the faithful partner of my care,
 When ruddy evening streak'd the western sky,
 Look'd towards the uplands, if her mate was there,
 Or thro' the beech-wood cast an anxious eye.

Then, careful matron, heap'd the maple board
 With savoury herbs, and pick'd the nicer part
 From such plain food as Nature could afford,
 Ere simple Nature was debauch'd by Art.

While I, contented with my homely cheer,
 Saw round my knees my prattling children play;
 And oft with pleas'd attention sat to hear
 The little history of their idle day.

But ah! how chang'd the scene! On the cold stones
 Where wont at night to blaze the chearful fire,
 Pale Famine sits and counts her naked bones,
 Still sighs for food, still pines with vain desire.

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My faithful wife with ever-streaming eyes
Hangs on my bosom her dejected head :
My helpless infants raise their feeble cries,
And from their father claim their daily bread.

Dear tender pledges of my honest love,
On that bare bed behold your brother lie :
Three tedious days with pinching want he strove,
The fourth, I saw the helpless cherub die.

Nor long shall ye remain. With visage four
Our tyrant lord commands us from our home ;
And arm'd with cruel Law's coercive power,
Bids me and mine o'er barren mountains roam.

Yet never, Chatham, have I pass'd a day
In Riot's orgies, or in idle ease ;
Ne'er have I sacrific'd to sport and play,
Or wish'd a pamper'd appetite to please.

Hard was my fate, and constant was my toil,
Still with the morning's orient light I rose,
Fell'd the stout oak, or rais'd the lofty pile,
Parch'd in the sun, in dark December froze.

• Is it that Nature with a niggard hand
Withholds her gifts for these once favour'd plains ?
Has God, in vengeance to a guilty land,
Sent Dearth and Famine to her labouring swains ?

Ah

Ah no; yon hill, where daily sweats my brow,
 A thousand flocks, a thousand herds adorn;
 Yon field, where late I drove the painful plow,
 Feels all her acres crown'd with wavy corn.

But what avails that o'er the furrow'd foil
 In Autumn's heat the yellow harvests rise,
 If artificial want elude my toil,
 Untasted plenty wound my craving eyes?

What profits, that at distance I behold
 My wealthy neighbour's fragrant smoke ascend;
 If still the griping cormorants withhold
 The fruits which rain and genial seasons send?

If those fell vipers of the public weal
 Yet unrelenting on our bowels prey;
 If still the curse of penury we feel,
 And in the midst of plenty pine away?

In every port the vessel rides secure,
 That wafts our harvest to a foreign shore;
 While we the pangs of pressing want endure,
 The sons of strangers riot on our store.

O generous Chatham, stop those fatal sails,
 Once more with out-stretch'd arm thy Britons save;
 The unheeding crew but wait for favouring gales,
 O stop them, ere they stem Italia's wave.

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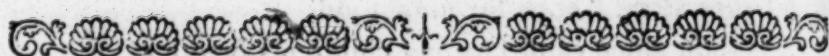
Vol. II.

From thee alone I hope for instant aid,
'Tis thou alone canst save my children's breath ;
O deem not little of our cruel meed,
O haste to help us, for delay is death.

So may nor Spleen, nor Envy blast thy name,
Nor voice profane thy patriot acts deride ;
Still may'st thou stand the first in honest fame,
Unstung by Folly, Vanity, or Pride.

So may thy languid limbs with strength be brac'd,
And glowing Health support thy active soul ;
With fair renown thy public virtue grac'd,
Far as thou bad'st Britannia's thunder roll.

Then joy to thee, and to thy children peace,
The grateful hind shall drink from Plenty's horn :
And while they share the cultur'd land's increase,
The poor shall bless the day when Pitt was born.

FIVE PASTORAL^h ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

LYCAS AND ALPHON.

ALPHON.

ARISE, my Lycas: in yon woody wilds
 From a rough rock in deep enclosure hid
 Of thickest oaks, a gushing fountain falls,
 And pours its airy stream with torrent pure:
 Which late returning from the field at eve
 I found, invited by its dashing sound,
 As thro' the gloom it struck my passing ear.
 Thither I mean to drive our languid flocks;
 Fit place to cool their thirst in mid-day hour.
 Due west it rises from that blasted beech;
 The way but short:—come, Lycas, rouse thy dog;
 Let us be gone.

LYCAS.

Alas, my friend, of flock,
 Of spring, or shepherd's lore, to me is vain
 To tell: my favourite lamb, the solace dear
 Of these grey locks, my sweet and sole delight,

^h The scenes of these eclogues are supposed to lie among the shepherds
 oppressed by the war in Germany.

Is snatch'd by cruel fate ! An armed band,
On neighing steeds elate, in wide array
Trampled the youngling, as the vale along
At eve they pass'd, beneath their whelming march.

A L P H O N.

Such throng I heard, as in the neighbouring wood
I wander'd to reduce a straggling ewe
Escap'd the fold : what time the griesly owl
Her shrieks began, and at the wonted elm
The cows awaiting stood Lucilla's hand.
When straight with sudden fear alarm'd I start,
And listening to the distant-echoing steps
Of unseen horsemen with attentive ear,
I stand aloof. But why this deep-felt grief ?
Merits such loss these tears and black despair ?

L Y C A S.

Alphon, no more to Lycas now remains,
Since he my last and latest care is lost !
Thou know'st my little flock ; three tender ewes
Were all my mean ambition wish'd or sought.
Even now nine days, and nine revolving nights
Are past, since these the Moldaw's raging flood
Swept with their wattled cotes, as o'er its banks
It rose redundant, swollen with beating rains,
And deep immers'd beneath its whirling wave.
I wak'd at early dawn, and to the field
I issu'd to pursue my wonted toil,
When lo ! nor flocks, nor wattled cotes I saw ;

But all that met my wondering eyes around,
 Was desolation sad. Here stateliest oaks
 Torn from their roots, with broken branches lay
 In hideous ruin : there the fields, that laugh'd
 With ripening corn, of all their charms despoil'd,
 With oozy fragments scatter'd waste and wild
 Were seen. I curst the wicked Spirit drear,
 That in the ruin'd abbey's darkest cell,
 (That stands immur'd amid yon lonesome piles)
 I bound with triple chains : his magic power
 Oft-times with howling storms, and thunder loud,
 Deforms the night, and blackens Nature's face.
 His tempests swell'd the Moldaw's rising streams,
 And thus o'erwhelm'd my flock.—But this my heart
 Had learn'd to bear ; at length to Comfort's voice
 It had obey'd, and all its woes forgot ;
 When ah ! too soon returning woes invade
 My breast, just rising from its former stroke ;
 When this, the sole survivor of my flock,
 Follows his lost companions ; while a wretch
 I here remain, deserted and forlorn !
 He too had dy'd beneath the whelming surge,
 Had not the shelter of my low-roof'd cot
 That fatal night preserv'd him ; where at eve
 I hap'ly plac'd him with providing care,
 Lest the fell storm, which yet from southern clouds
 Threaten'd destruction, and to lour began,
 Might violate his tender-blooming age.

ALPHON.

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ALPHON.

With piteous eye, and sympathizing heart,
 Thy tears I view.—These scenes of war and blood,
 The calm repose of every field invade!
 Myself had fall'n a victim to their rage,
 As in deep dead of night my cave beneath
 I lay dissolv'd in sleep, with warning voice
 Had not my dog alarm'd with wondering ear.
 When straight approach'd the cave a savage throng
 With barbarous arms, and habit fierce and wild,
 With stern demeanour and defying look
 Terrify; which the moon's pale-glimmering rays
 Presented to my sight, as in the boughs.
 Close shrouded, of a neighbouring pine I sat
 (Where sudden fear had driven me to evade
 Impending fate, unconscious and amaz'd)
 Secure, but trembling, and in chilly damps
 My limbs bedew'd.—The monsters as they past,
 With dire confusion all the cavern fill'd;
 Hurl'd to the ground my scrip, and beechen cup,
 Dispers'd the shaggy skins that form my bed,
 And o'er the trampled floor had scatter'd wide
 A hoard of choicest chesnuts, which I cull'd
 With nice-discerning care, and had design'd
 A present to my beauteous Rosalind.
 Alas! with them her love had been obtain'd,
 And me to Myron she had then preferr'd!

L Y C A S.

Shepherd, on thee has fortune kindly smil'd;
 'Tis mine to feel her grief-inflicting hand!
 Alas! each object that I view around
 Recalls my perish'd darling to my sight,
 And mocks me with his loss! See there the spring
 Where oft he wont to slake his eager thirst!
 And there the beech, beneath whose breezy shade
 He lov'd to lie, close covert from the sun!
 See yet the bark smooth-worn and bare remains,
 Where oft the youngling rubb'd his tender side!
 Ah! what avail'd my care, and foresight vain?
 That day he fell oppress'd by whelming steeds,
 This hand had built a bower of thickest boughs
 Compos'd, and wove with intermingling leaves,
 Impervious to the sun; and strew'd the floor
 With choicest hay, that in the secret shade
 He might repose, nor feel the dog-star's beam!
 But why this sad, repeated track of woe
 I still pursue? Farewel, my Alphon dear,
 To distant fields, and pastures will I go,
 Where impious War, and Discord, nurse of blood,
 Shall ne'er profane the silence of the groves.

ECLOGUE



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E C L O G U E II.

ACIS AND ALCYON.

A C I S.

WHILE in the bosom of this deep recess
 The voice of war has lost its madding shouts,
 Let us improve the transient hour of peace,
 And calm our troubled minds with mutual songs ;
 While this recess conspiring with the Muse
 Invites to peaceful thoughts : this cavern deep,
 And these tall pines that nodding from the rock
 Wave o'er its mouth their umbrage black, and cast
 A venerable gloom, with this clear fount
 That cleaves the riven stone, and fills the cave
 With hollow-tinkling sounds. Repeat the song
 Which late, Alcyon, from thy mouth I heard,
 As to the spring we drove our thirsting flocks ;
 It tells the charms of grateful Evening mild :
 Begin, Alcyon : Acis in return
 Shall sing the praises of the dawning Morn.

A L C Y O N.

Behind the hills when sinks the western sun,
 And falling dews breathe fragrance thro' the air,
 Refreshing every field with coolness mild :

Then let me walk the twilight meadows green,
 Or breezy up-lands, near thick-branching elms,
 While the still landscape soothes my soul to rest,
 And every care subsides to calmest peace :
 The mists flow-rising from the rivers dank,
 The woods scarce stirring at the whispering wind,
 The streaky clouds, that tinge their darken'd tops
 With russet hues, and fainter gleams of light,
 The solitude that all around becalms
 The peaceful air, conspire to wrap my soul
 In musings mild : and nought the solemn scene
 And the still silence breaks, but distant sounds
 Of bleating flocks, that to their destin'd fold
 The shepherd drives ; mean time the shrill-tun'd bell
 Of some lone ewe that wanders from the rest,
 Tinkles far off, with solitary sound :
 The lowing cows that wait the milker's hand,
 The cottage-mastiff's bark, the joyous shouts
 Of swains that meet to wrestle on the green,
 Are heard around. But ah ! since ruthless war
 Has ravag'd in these fields, so tranquil once,
 Too oft alas, the din of clashing arms
 And Discord fell disturbs the softer scene !
 Thy sweet approach delights the wearied ox,
 While in loose traces from the furrow'd field
 He comes : thy dawn the weary reaper loves,
 Who long had fainted in the mid-day sun,
 Pleas'd with the cooler hour, along the vale

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Whistling he home returns to kiss his babes,
 With joyful heart, his labour's sweet reward !
 But ah ! what sudden fears amaze his soul,
 When near approaching, all before he sees
 His lowly cottage and the village 'round
 Swept into ruin by the hand of war,
 Dispers'd his children, and his much-lov'd wife,
 No more to glad his breast with home-felt joys !
 I too, when in my wattled cotes are laid
 My supping flock rejoice to meet my dear,
 My fair Lauretta, at the wonted oak ;
 Or haply as her milking-pail she bears
 Returning from the field, to ease her arm,
 (Sweet office !) and impart my aiding hand !
 Thy charms (O beauteous Evening !) shall be sung,
 As long as these tall pines shall wave their heads,
 Or this clear fountain cleave the riven stone !

A C I S.

Sweet are the dews of Eve ; her fragrance sweet ;
 Sweet are the pine-topt hills at sultry noon ;
 Sweet is the shelter of the friendly grot
 To sheep, and shepherd, at impending storms ;
 But ah ! less sweet the fragrant dews of Eve ;
 Less sweet the pine-topt hills at sultry noon ;
 Less sweet the shelter of the friendly grots,
 Than when the rising sun with rosy beam
 Peeps o'er the village-top, and o'er the fields,
 The woods, the hills, the streams, and level meads,

Scatters

Scatters bright splendors and diffusive joy !
 As to his flock the shepherd issues forth,
 Printing new footsteps in the dewy vale,
 Each object of the joyous scene around
 Vernal delight inspires, and glads his heart,
 Unknowing of the cause, with new-felt glee !
 The chaunt of early birds on every bush,
 The steaming odours of the fresh-blown flowers—

A L C Y O N.

Cease, Acis, cease thy song :—from yonder hill,
 Whose lofty sides inclose this secret seat,
 Our flocks, that graze along its verdurous brow,
 Tumultuous rush, as struck with sudden fright :
 And hark, methinks I hear the deathful sounds
 Of war approaching, and its thunders roar !

A C I S.

Kind heaven preserve my wife and children dear !
 Alas ! I fear the sound, that louder now
 Swells in the wind, and comes with fuller din,
 Is near my cottage ; which, thou know'st, my friend,
 Stands at the spring, that issues from beneath
 That rising hill, fast by the branching elm !

A L C Y O N.

See, see, my friend, what darksome spires arise
 Of wreathing smoak, and blacken all the sky !—
 Nearer and nearer comes the threatening voice,
 And more distinguish'd strikes our trembling ear !

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But lo! the foes advance above the hill;
 I see their glittering arms begin to gleam!
 Come let us flie, and in the deepest nook,
 The inmost cavern of this winding grot,
 Close shroud ourselves, lest in the general stream
 Of thousands thronging down, we fall oppress.



E C L O G U E III.

WHEN fable midnight on the fields and woods
 Had spread her mantle dark, then wander'd forth
 The pensive Alcon, and the bosom deep
 Of a wild wood with solitary steps,
 There to lament his wretched fate, he sought.
 Him, late as o'er the vale at coming eve
 Joyful he walk'd with his Lucilla dear,
 A soldier stern advancing on his steed,
 Robb'd of his love, and tore the beauteous maid
 With brutal hand from his contending arms,
 Weeping in vain, and shrieking for his aid,
 And frowning bore the precious prize away.
 The wood, whose shades the plaintive shepherd sought
 Was dark and pathless, and by neighbouring feet
 Long time untrod: for there in ancient days
 Two knights of bold emprise, and high renown,
 Met in fierce combat, to dispute the prize

Of

Of beauty bright, whose valiant arm should win
 A virgin fair, whose fair-emblazon'd charms
 With equal love had smote their rival breasts.
 The knight who fell beneath the victor's sword,
 Unhears'd and restless, from that fatal day
 Wanders the hated shades, a spectre pale ;
 And each revolving night, are heard to sound
 Far from the inmost bower of the deep wood,
 Loud shrieks, and hollow groans, and rattling chains.
 When the dark secrets of the grove he gain'd,
 Beneath an ancient oak his weary limbs
 He laid adown, and thus to 'plain began.

This midnight deep to plaintive love accords ;
 'This lonesome silence, and these hideous shades,
 That in this darksome hour I dare to tread,
 And all the horrors of this fearful place,
 Will suit a wretch, abandon'd to despair !—

But ah !—what means this sudden fear, that creeps
 In chilly sweats o'er all my trembling limbs ?—
 What hollow whispering sounds are those I hear
 From yonder glade ?—Do not I hear his voice ?
 Does not the knight, that in these shades was slain,
 Call me to come, and beckon with his hand ?
 Do not I see his visionary sword
 Wav'd in bright circles thro' the murky air ?—
 Does not he point his wounds ?—Be still, my fears :
 'Tis vain illusion all, and phantasmie.
 These fears my love-distemper'd brain suggests :

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Alas, they will not bring me back my love!—
 Who now, perhaps, amid the thronging camp
 On earth's cold breast reclines her weary head,
 A helpless virgin, subject to the will
 Of each rude ravisher, and distant far
 From her dear Alcon, and her native fields.—
 Ill will the hardships of inclement skies
 Suit with her tender limbs; the various toils
 Of painful marches; her unwonted ears
 How bear the trumpet and the sounds of war.
 This task is hard indeed—but soon, alas!
 At will her savage lord may cast her off,
 And leave her to succeeding scenes of woe!
 I see my dear Lucilla, once my own,
 Naked and hungry, tread the pensive steps
 Of Desolation, doom'd to wander o'er,
 Helpless and vagabond, the friendless earth!
 I hear her sigh for Alcon and her home;
 And ask for bread at some proud palace-gate
 With unavailing voice! This toilsome scene,
 Alas, how different from the smoother paths
 Of rural life my dear was wont to tread!
 Forth to the field to bear the milking-pail
 Was all her wont; to tread the tedded grass,
 To tend her father's flock, beneath the oak
 To snatch her dinner sweet, and on the green
 With the companions of her age to sport!
 In vain I now expect the coming on

Of

Of dew-bath'd Eve, to meet my wonted love ;
 No more I hear the wood-girt vallies ring
 With her blythe voice, that oft has blest mine ear,
 As in the distant shade I sat unseen ;
 No more I meet her at the wonted spring,
 Where each revolving noon she daily went
 To fill her pitcher with the crystal flood !—
 If in her native fields the hand of death
 Had snatch'd her from my arms, I could have born
 The fatal shock with less repining heart ;
 For then I could have had one parting kiss ;
 I could have strewn her hearse with fairest flowers,
 And paid the last sad office to my dear !—
 Return, my sweet Lucilla, to my arms ;
 At thy return, all Nature will rejoice.
 Together will we walk the verdant vales,
 And mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet.
 Come, I will climb for thee the knotted oak,
 To rob the stock-dove of his feathery young ;
 I'll shew thee where the softest cowslips spring,
 And clustering nuts their laden branches bend ;
 Together will we taste the dews of morn ;
 Together seek the grotts at sultry noon ;
 Together from the field at eve return.—
 What have I said ? what painted scenes of bliss
 My vain imagination has display'd !
 Alas, she's gone, ah, never to return !
 Farewell my pastoral pipe, and my dear flock ;

Farewell

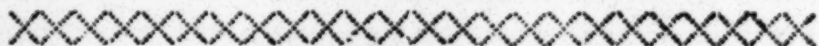
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Farewell my faithful dog ; my once-lov'd haunts
 Farewell ; or cave, or fountain, or fresh shade,
 Farewell ; and thou, my low-roof'd cot, farewell !—
 Here will I lie, and fellest wolves, that roam
 This savage forest, shall devour my limbs,
 Unwept, unburied, in a place unknown !”



E C L O G U E IV.

MYCON AND PHILANTHES.

MYCON.

WELCOME, Philanthes, to thy native fields;
 Thrice three revolving moons are gone and past,
 Since first you parted from your father's cot,
 To drive to pastures far remote your flock.
 Since that, alas, how oft has savage war
 Disturb'd our dwellings, and defac'd our fields.

PHILANTHES.

Mycon, each object that I view around
 Speaks ruin and destruction. See, my friend,
 The ancient wood, whose venerable shades
 So oft have shelter'd us from noon-day suns ;
 So oft have echo'd to the lowing herds,
 That fed wide-wandering in the neighbouring vales,
 The foldier's ax has levell'd with the ground,

And

And to the sun expos'd its darksome bowers :
 The distant villages, and blue-topt hills,
 The far-stretch'd meads appear, and meet mine eyes,
 That erst were intercepted by the grove.

MYCON.

How is the wonted face of all things chang'd !
 Those trees, by whose aspiring tops we knew
 The sun's ascent at noon, unerring mark,
 No more are seen to tell the coming hour.
 How naked does the winding rill appear,
 Whose banks its pendant umbrage deep-embrown'd,
 And far-invested with its arborous roof,
 As by its side it roll'd its secret streams !
 How oft, alas ! those shadowy banks along
 (Close solitude !) my Rosalind and I
 Have walk'd in converse sweet, and link'd in love !
 But tell me, dear Philanthes, are the fields,
 Which late you left, like ours, by war oppress'd,
 Alike in tumult and confusion wrapt ?

PHILANTHES.

Mycon, I'll tell thee wonders past belief.
 It happ'd one morn, when first the dawning sun
 Began to chear the light-enliven'd earth,
 Caught with so bright a scene, I sought the fields
 Before my wonted hour, and roving wide
 Among the vales, the villages and woods,
 Where'er my fancy led, or pleasure call'd,
 I chanc'd upon a neighbouring hill to stray,

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 of Prince
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To view the glittering prospect from its top,
 Of the broad Rhine, that roll'd his waves beneath,
 Amid the level of extended meads ;
 When ⁱ lo ! ere yet I gain'd its lofty brow,
 The sound of dashing floods, and clashing arms,
 And neighing steeds, confus'd struck mine ear.
 Studious to know what tumult was at hand,
 With step adventurous I advanc'd, and gain'd
 With timorous care and cautious ken its top.
 Sudden a burst of brightness smote my sight,
 From arms, and all th' emblazon'd of war
 Reflected far, while steeds, and men, and arms
 Seem'd floating wide, and stretch'd in vast array
 O'er the broad bosom of the big-swoln flood,
 That dashing roll'd its beamy waves between.
 The banks promiscuous swarm'd with thronging troops :
 These on the flood embarking, those appear'd
 Crowding the adverse shore, already past.
 All was confusion, all tumultuous din.
 I trembled as I look'd, tho' far above,
 And in one blaze their arms were blended bright
 With the broad stream, while all the glistening scene
 The morn illum'd, and in one splendor clad.
 Struck at the sight, I left with headlong haste
 The steep-brow'd hill, and o'er th' extended vales,

ⁱ It may be supposed that in these lines the shepherd is giving an account of Prince Charles's passing the Rhine.

The wood-girt lawns I ran, nor slack'd my pace,
 Till at my flock thick-panting I arriv'd,
 And drove far off, beneath a deep-arch'd cave.
 But come, my friend, inform me, in return,
 Since this my absence what has here fell out.

M Y C O N.

Dost thou remember at the river side
 That solitary convent, all behind
 Hid by the covert of a mantling wood?—
 One night, when all was wrapt in darkness deep,
 An armed troop, on rage and rapine bent,
 Pour'd o'er the fields and ravag'd all they met;
 Nor did that sacred pile escape their arms,
 Whose walls the murderous band to ruin swept,
 And fill'd its caverns deep with armed throngs
 Greedy of spoil, and snatch'd their treasures old
 From their dark seats: the shrieking sisters fled
 Dispers'd and naked thro' the fields and woods,
 While sable night conceal'd their wandering steps.
 Part in my moss-grown cottage shelter sought,
 Which haply 'scap'd their rage, in secret glade
 Immersed deep.—I rose at early morn,
 With fearful heart to view the ruin'd dome,
 Where all was desolation, all appear'd
 The seat of horror, and devouring war.
 The deep recesses, and the gloomy nooks,
 The vaulted isles, and shrines of imag'd saints,
 The caverns worn by holy knees appear'd,
 And to the sun were op'd.—In musing thought

I said,

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I said, as on the pile I bent my brow—

“ This seat to future ages will appear,
 “ Like that which stands fast by the piny rock;
 “ These silent walls with ivy shall be hung,
 “ And distant times shall view the sacred pile,
 “ Unknowing how it fell; with pious awe!
 “ The pilgrim here shall visit, and the swain
 “ Returning from the field at twilight grey,
 “ Shall shun to pass this way, subdued by fear,
 “ And slant his course across the adverse vale!”

PHILANTHES.

Mycon, thou see’st that cow, which stands in cool
 Amid you rushy lake, beneath the shade
 Of willow green, and ruminates at ease
 The watry herbage that around her floats.
 That way my business leads. I go to greet
 My father, and my wonted cottage dear.

MYCON.

Come, let us go; my path is that way too.
 Come, my Philanthes, and may piteous heaven
 Indulge more happy days, and calm our griefs!
 Alas! I thought some trouble was at hand,
 And long before presag’d the coming storm,
 Even when the lightning one disastrous night
 Blasted the hoary oak, whose ample boughs
 Imbower my cottage! and as on the grass
 At noon I slept, a serpent’s sudden hiss
 Broke my sweet rest!—But come, let us be gone,
 The sun begins to welk in ruddy west.



E C L O G U E V.

C O R I N A N D C A L I S T A N .

C O R I N .

W H I C H way, Calistan, whither dost thou lead
That lamb, whom yet his mother scarce has wean'd?

C A L I S T A N .

His mother, Corin, as she wandering fed,
With this tender youngling by her side,
Fell by a shot which from the battle came,
That in the neighbouring fields so lately rag'd.

C O R I N .

Alas! what woes that fatal day involv'd
Our suffering village, and the fields around!
But come, Calistan, on this rising bank,
Come, let us sit, and on the danger past
Converse secure, and number all our griefs.
See how the flaunting woodbine shades the bank,
And weaves a mantling canopy above!

C A L I S T A N .

Corin, that day I chanc'd at earlier hour
To rise, and drove far-off my flock unpent;
To wash them in a spring that late I mark'd.
There the first motions of the deathful day

I heard,

I heard, as listening to the trickling wave
 I stood attentive : when like rising storms,
 Hoarse, hollow murmurs from afar I heard,
 And undistinguish'd sounds of distant din.
 Alarm'd I stood, unknowing whence it came ;
 And from the fount my flock unwash'd I drove
 Suspecting danger : when as nearer yet,
 I came advancing, all was tumult loud,
 All was tempestuous din on every side,
 And all around the roar of war was up,
 From rock to rock re-toft, from wood to wood.
 Not half so loud the tumbling cataract
 Is heard to roar, that from the pine-clad cliff
 Precipitates its waves ; whose distant sounds
 I oft have listen'd, as at twilight grey
 I pent my flocks within their wattled cotes.

C O R I N.

For three revolving days, nor voice of bird
 Melodious chaunting, or the bleat of sheep,
 Or lowing oxen, near the fatal place
 Were heard to sound ; but all was silence sad !
 The ancient grove of elms deserted stood,
 Where long had dwelt an aged race of rooks,
 That with their nests had crowded every branch.
 We oft have heard them at the dusk of eve
 In troops returning to their well-known home,
 In mingled clamours sounding from on high !

CALISTAN.

Corin, thou know'st the fir-invested cave,
 Where late we shelter'd from a gathering storm,
 Our flocks together driven : beneath its shade
 I had appointed at sweet even-tide
 To meet my Delia homeward as she pass'd,
 Bearing her milking-pail : Alas ! the thoughts
 Of that sweet congress, the preceding night
 Soften'd my dreams, and all my senses lull'd,
 And with more joyful heart at morn I rose.
 But ah ! that tumult cropt my blooming hopes,
 And in confusion wrapt my love and me.

CORIN.

'That day, nor in the fold my flock I pent,
 Or walk'd at eve the vales, or on the turf
 Beneath the wonted oak my dinner took,
 Or slept at noon amid my languid sheep,
 Repos'd at ease on the green meadow's bed.
 When sable night came on, for not even yet
 The tumult had subsided into peace,
 Even then low sounds, and interrupted bursts
 Of war we heard, and cries of dying men,
 And a confus'd hum of the ceasing storm.
 All night close-shrouded in a forest thick
 Wakeful I sat, my flock around me laid ;
 And of neglected boughs I kindled up
 A scanty flame, whose darkly-gleaming blaze
 Among th' enlighten'd trees form'd hideous shapes,

And

And spectres pale, to my distemper'd mind.
 How oft I look'd behind with cautious fear,
 And trembled at each motion of the wind? —
 But where did you, Calistan, shelter seek?
 What dark retreat conceal'd your wandering steps?

C A L I S T A N.

Corin, thou know'st the fur-clad Hermit's cell,
 Deep-arch'd beneath a rock among the wilds;
 Thither I bent my flight, a welcome guest,
 And not unknown; for when my flock I fed
 Of late beneath the neighbouring pastures green,
 I oft was wont, invited at his call,
 At noon beneath his cavern to retire
 From the sun's heat, where all the passing hours
 The good old man improv'd with converse high,
 And in my breast enkindled Virtue's love;
 Nor seldom would his hospitable hand
 Afford a short repast of berries cool,
 Which o'er the wilds (his scanty food) he pluck'd:
 Here was my refuge.—All the live-long night
 Pensive by one pale lonesome lamp we sat,
 And listen'd to the bleak winds whistling loud,
 And the shrill crash of forests from without.
 Soon as the morning dawn'd, the craggy height
 Of the steep rock I climb'd, on whose wild top
 His rustic temple stood, and moss-grown crosses
 (The sacred object of his pious prayers)
 Form'd of a tall fir's thunder-blasted trunk:

Where all beneath th' expansive plains I saw
 With white pavilions hid, in deep array.
 There too my little fold, which late I left
 Standing at eve, amid the warlike scene
 With tearful eyes affrighted, I beheld.
 Alas, how chang'd the scene ! when there I pitch'd
 Those hurdled cotes, the night was calm and mild,
 And all was peaceful. I remember well
 While there within that fold my flock I pent,
 How blythe I heard my beauteous Delia sing !
 Her distant echoing voice how sweetly rung,
 And all my ravish'd senses wrapt in bliss !

C O R I N.

Hast thou not seen the fatal plain of death,
 Where rag'd the conflict ? There, they say, at eve
 Grim ghosts are seen of men that there were slain,
 Pointing their wounds, and shrieking to their mates,
 Still doom'd to haunt the fields on which they fell.

C A L I S T A N.

Corin, no more. This lamb demands my speed.
 See how the youngling hangs his sickly head,
 Tender, and fainting for his wonted food !
 I haste to place him in my sheltering cot,
 Fed from my hand, and cherish'd by my care. —
 And see, my friend, far off in darken'd west
 A cloud comes on, and threatens sudden rains :
 Corin farewell, the storm begins to lower.

ON THE PEACE OF AIX LA CHAPELLE.
MDCCXLVIII.

BY D R. H U R D.

BE still, my fears, suggest no false alarms;
The Poet's rapture, and the lyric fire
Are vain : enough that inclination warms ;
No foreign influence needs the willing Muse inspire.

The willing Muse, adventurous in her flight,
To thee, lov'd Peace, shall raise the untaught strain ;
Her thy fair triumphs and thy arts delight,
Thy festive branch she bears and joins thy social train.

High on some wave-worn cliff she views serene,
Safe on the deep, the freighted navies ride ;
Old Ocean joys to see the peaceful scene,
And bids his billows roll with an exulting tide.

Or, where Augusta's turrets cleave the skies,
She loves to mix with Art's inventive band,
Sees Industry in forms unnumber'd rise,
To scatter blessings wide, and civilize the land ;

Or

Or flies, with transport, to her native plain,
Sees corn-clad fields, fresh lawns, and pastures fair,
Sees Plenty vindicate her ancient reign,
And pour forth all her charms to crown the various year.

But chief the Muse to Academic groves
Her kindred train and best-lov'd arts invite ;
Thro' Cam's o'ershadowing bowers intranc'd she roves,
Whence sacred Science streams, and Genius spreads his light.

“ Here will I rest, she cry'd ; my laurel here
“ Eternal blooms ; here hangs my golden lyre,
“ Which erst my Spenser tun'd to shepherd's ear,
“ And loftiest Milton smote with genuine epic fire.

“ And O ! if aught my fond presages shew,
“ On these lov'd bowers while Peace and influence sheds,
“ Some hand again shall snatch it from the bough,
“ Wake each high-sounding string, and charm the echoing
glades.

“ Then shall be sung the glorious deeds of war,
“ How virtue strove, where envious fortune fail'd :
“ Expecting Fame the conflict view'd from far,
“ And Britain's valour crown'd, tho' Gallia's host prevail'd.

“ Yet then, even then (th' indignant verse shall tell)
“ A surer vengeance rose to overwhelm the foe ;
“ When hell-born Faction issu'd from her cell,
“ And on her impious head drew half the destin'd blow.

“ But,

“ But, hark ! the loud triumphant strains declare,
“ How Britain’s majesty unrivall’d rose,
“ When all the glories of the naval war
“ Beam’d round her conquering flag, and circled Anson’s
brows.”

Till thus the Power by Freedom’s sons obey’d :
“ Let blood-stain’d glory swell the tyrant’s breast ;
“ Be mine Compassion’s healing wing to spread,
“ To sheath the wasting sword, and give the nations rest :

“ Then (as the Muse inraptur’d shall display)
“ War’s impious roar, and Faction’s murmurs cease ;
“ His gracious eye sheds lustre on the day,
“ And lends the quickening beam to chear the arts of Peace.”



SONNET.



S O N N E T.

FOR THE ROOT-HOUSE AT WREST*.

BY THOMAS EDWARDS. ESQ.

STRANGER, or guest, whome'er this hallow'd grove
Shall chance receive, where sweet contentment dwells,
Bring here no heart that with ambition swells,
With avarice pines, or burns with lawless love :

Vice-tainted souls will all in vain remove
To sylvan shades, and hermits' peaceful cells,
In vain will seek retirement's lenient spells,
Or hope that bliss, which only good men prove :

If heaven-born truth, and sacred virtue's lore,
Which cheer, adorn, and dignify the mind,
Are constant inmates of thy honest breast,
If, unrepinning at thy neighbour's store,
Thou count'st as thine the good of all mankind,
Then welcome share the friendly groves of Wrest.

* A seat belonging to the Earl of Hardwicke.

SONNET.



S O N N E T.

TO MISS H. M.

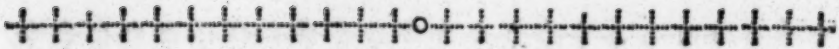
B Y T H E S A M E.

SWEET Linnet, who from off the laurel spray
That hangs o'er Spenfer's ever-sacred tomb,
Pour'st out such notes, as strike the Woodlark dumb,
And vie with Philomel's enchanting lay.

How shall my verse thy melody repay?
If my weak voice could reach the age to come,
Like Colin Clout's, thy name shall ever bloom
Through future times, unconscious of decay:

But such frail aid thy merits not require,
Thee Polyhymnia, in the roseate bowers
Of high Parnassus, 'midst the vocal throng,
Shall glad receive, and to her tuneful fire
Present; where, crown'd with amaranthine flowers,
The raptur'd choir shall listen to thy song.

SONNET.



S O N N E T.

TO W. HEBERDEN, M. D.

BY THE SAME.

O HEBERDEN, whose salutary care
Has kindly driven me forth the crowded Town
To Turrick, and the lonely Country down,
To breathe from Chiltern Hills a purer air.

For thousands' sakes may Heaven indulgent spare
Long, long thy useful life, and blessings crown,
Thy healing arts, while well-deserv'd renown,
With wealth unenvied, waits thy toil and care :

And when this grateful heart shall beat no more,
(Nor long, I ween, can last my tottering frame,
But soon, with me, this mortal coil shall end)
Do thou, if Calumny again should roar,
Cherish his memory, and protect his fame,
Whom thy true worth has made thy faithful friend.

SONNET.



S O N N E T.

TO MR. J. PAICE.

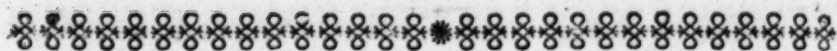
BY THE SAME.

JOSEPH, the worthy Son of worthy Sire,
Who well repay'ft thy pious parents care
To train thee in the ways of Virtue fair,
And early with the love of Truth inspire.

What farther can my closing eyes desire
To see, but that by wedlock thou repair
The waste of death ; and raise a virtuous heir
To build our House, e'er I in peace retire ?

Youth is the time for Love : Then choose a Wife,
With prudence choose ; 'tis Nature's genuine voice ;
And what she truly dictates must be good ;
Neglected once that prime, our remnant life
Is sour'd, or sadden'd by an ill-tim'd choice,
Or lonely, dull, and friendless solitude.

SONNET.



S O N N E T.

TO THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

“ **W**ITH prudence choose a wife”—Be thy first care
Her Virtue, not confin'd to time or place,
Or worn for shew ; but on Religion's base
Well-founded, easy, free, and debonair :

Next rose-cheek'd Modesty, beyond compare
The best cosmetic of the Virgin's face ;
Neatness, which doubles every female grace ;
And temper mild, thy joys and griefs to share ;

Beauty in true proportion rather choose
Than colour, fit to grace thy social board,
Chear thy chaste bed, and honest offspring rear ;
With these seek Prudence well to guide thy house,
Untainted Birth, and, if thy state afford,
Do not, when such the prize, for fortune square.

SONNET.



S O N N E T.

T O —————

B Y T H E S A M E.

“**S**WEET is the Love that comes with willingness :”
So sings the sweetest Bard ^k that ever sung ;
Ten thousand blessings on his tuneful tongue,
Who felt and plain’d true lovers’ fore distress !

Sweet were the joys which once you did possess,
When on the yielding Fair one’s lips you hung ;
The forer now your tender heart is wrung
With sad remembrance of her fickleness :

Yet let not grief and heart-consuming care
Prey on your soul ; but let your constant mind
Bear up with strength and manly hardiness ;
Your worth may move a more deserving Fair ;
And she, that scornful beauty, soon may find,
Sharp are the pangs that follow faithlessness.

^k Spenser.



S O N N E T,

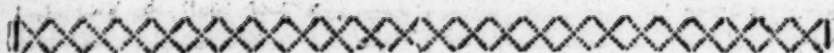
BY THE SAME.

MY gracious God, whose kind conducting hand
 Has steer'd me thro' this Life's tumultuous sea,
 From many a rock, and many a tempest free,
 Which prudence could not shun, nor strength withstand.

And brought at length almost in sight of land,
 That quiet haven where I long to be,
 Only the straits of Death betwixt, which we
 Are doom'd to pass, e'er reach the heavenly strand;

Be this short passage boisterous, rough, and rude,
 Or smooth, and calm—Father, thy will be done—
 Support me only in the troubl'ous hour;
 My sins all pardon'd thro' my Saviour's blood,
 Let faith, and Hope, and Patience still hold on
 Unshaken, and Joy crown my latest hour!

SONNET.



S O N N E T.

TO MATTHEW BARNARD¹.

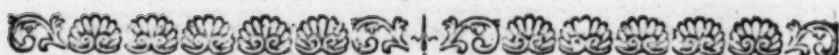
BY THE SAME.

MATTHEW, whose skilful hand and well-worn spade
Shall soon be call'd to make the humble bed,
Where I at last shall rest my weary head,
And form'd of dust again in dust be laid ;

Near, but not in the Church of God, be made
My clay-cold cell, and near the common tread
Of passing friends ; when number'd with the dead,
We're equal all, and vain distinctions fade :

The cowslip, violet, or the pale primrose
Perhaps may chance to deck the verdant sward ;
Which twisted briar or hawthorn-bands entwine ;
Symbols of life's soon-fading glories those—
Do thou the monumental hillock guard
From trampling cattle, and the routing swine.

¹ The Sexton of the parish.



ON MR. NASH's PICTURE

AT FULL LENGTH BETWEEN THE BUSTS OF SIR ISAAC
NEWTON AND MR. POPE, AT BATH.

BY THE E — OF C —.

THE old Ægyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic dress,
To give men pains in search of it,
And please themselves with guesses.

Moderns, to hit the self-same path,
And exercise their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath :
Forgive them, God of Arts !

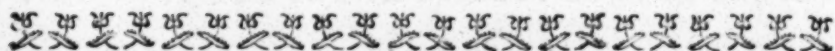
Newton, if I can judge aright,
All Wisdom does express ;
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true Wit,
The sunshine of the mind ;
Read o'er his works in search of it,
You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash

Nash represents man in the mass,
 Made up of Wrong and Right;
 Sometimes a K——, sometimes an A——;
 Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture plac'd the busts between,
 Adds to the thought much strength,
 Wisdom, and Wit, are little seen,
 But Folly's at full length.



ON THE D——SS OF R——D.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT do scholars, and bards, and astronomers wise,
 Mean by stuffing our heads with their nonsense and lies:
 By telling us Venus must always appear
 In a car, or a shell, or a twinkling star;
 Drawn by sparrows, or swans, or dolphins, or doves,
 Attended in form by the graces and loves:
 That ambrosia and nectar is all she will taste,
 And her passport to hearts on a belt round her waist?
 Without all this bustle I saw the bright dame,
 To supper last night to P——y's she came
 In a good warm sedan; no fine open car;
 Two chairmen her doves, and a flambeau her star;

U 3

No

No nectar she drank, no ambrosia she eat;
 Her cup was plain claret, a chicken her meat;
 Nor wanted a cæsus her bosom to grace,
 For R——d, that night, had lent her her face.



ARNO'S VALE. A SONG.

WRITTEN AT FLORENCE, ON THE DEATH OF THE LAST
 GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY OF THE MEDICI FAMILY.

BY CHARLES DUKE OF DORSET.

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
 How blythe the nymphs, the swains how gay,
 Content inspir'd each rural lay?
 The birds in livelier concert sung,
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung;
 All look'd as joy could never fail,
 Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

But now, since good Palemon dy'd,
 The chief of shepherds, and the pride,
 Old Arno's sons must all give place,
 To northern swains, an iron race! *
 The taste of pleasure now is o'er,
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more,
 The Muses droop, and Goths prevail,
 Adieu the sweets of Arno's vale.

* Meaning the House of Austria.



B R I T A I N's I S L E.

ON THE DEATH OF FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

BY THE SAME.

WHO but remembers yesterday,
Remembers Britain happy, gay;
Each bard inspir'd with sprightlier lays,
Already sung Saturnian days:
Already Science, hand in hand
With Art, had Freedom's temple plann'd.
All wore an universal smile;
Such were the hopes of Britain's Isle.

But now, since Fate has wrapt in night
The nation's and mankind's delight;
Since Frederick now for ever sleeps,
Art droops again, and Science weeps;
Corruption (who had spread her wing,
To fly before the patriot King)
Her flight, now doubtful, stops a while—
Adieu the hopes of Britain's isle.



EPISTLE TO THE REV. SIR JOHN DOLBEN.

SIR John, or Doctor, chuse you whether;
 Or Friend, a better name than either:
 Had it pleas'd dame or madam Fortune,
 T' have thrown me in some place opportune,
 To see, and hear, and talk with you
 And Wake sometimes an hour or two;
 Or say it hours were six or seven,
 (For Will can joke from morn till even)
 No need had been to pump for metre,
 To furnish out an idle letter;
 For then, instead of diting poesy,
 I might have prated viva voce.
 Then haply had the way between's
 Been miles and way-bits under teens,
 I might have view'd fair Finedon's tow'rs,
 Its walks, and avenues, and bow'rs,
 The sweet abode of you and yours;
 The noble furniture have seen,
 The living furniture I mean;
 For what is all the costly traffic,
 That comes from India, Spain, or Afric,
 Compar'd to sprightly wit and beauty,
 That always pleasant is and new t' you?

}

Then

Then had I seen in ev'ry kind,
 Such beauties both of face and mind,
 As oft are read of in romances,
 The creatures of poetic fancies,
 But save at Finedon, hardly found
 On English or un-English ground,
 Then had I—but I cry you mercy,
 For I must be content with hearfay,
 Nor hope to see such sights as there are,
 Unless I liv'd a great deal nearer.
 But miles there are twenty and thirty,
 Both woundy long, and plaguy dirty,
 Which I, the laziest thing alive,
 Could hardly pass in days twice five.
 Would Pegasus let me bestride him,
 And teach me skill, when up, to ride him;
 Or had I wings well glu'd and corded,
 Better than Icarus or Ford had,
 Away I'd fly, nor stay to bait,
 Until I knock'd at Finedon gate.
 Then woe be to the beef and claret,
 For by my faith I would not spare it;
 Nor should I, once possession taken,
 Contrive or care to save your bacon.

But what a sot am I to think,
 Of such poor things as meat and drink
 And not revolve within my mind
 The fairest of the fairest kind!
 Since to the fair, with heart most fervent,
 I vow myself an humble servant,

How

How should I joy to see the lady
 That makes three sweet ones call you dady!
 To see those pretty heirs apparent
 Trip it along like fairies errant!
 To view those little representers
 Surpassing nicest skill of painters,
 Resembling either parent's face,
 The Digby and the Dolben race;
 To read in every line and feature,
 Avi avorum wrought by nature.

These images, dear Sir, I find
 So strongly painted in my mind,
 That all the while I tell my story,
 Methinks I see 'em full before me.
 Thus distant half a hundred miles,
 I see their little play and smiles,
 While, as the absent lover's use is,
 Fancy supplies what fate refuses.

You see, Sir, how this long epistle,
 Just like young master's bell and whistle,
 Has nothing else to recommend it,
 But jingling sound, and yet I send it;
 For where no better can be had,
 Respect is shewn, tho' fare be bad.

Thus having tir'd myself and you, Sir,
 I kiss your hands, and so adieu, Sir.

BRIGHTWELL, March 8, 1725.

A. ALSOP.

O D E



O D E T O M O R N I N G.

B Y ———.

THE sprightly messenger of day
To Heaven ascending tunes the lay
That wakes the blushing morn :
Chear'd with th' inspiring notes, I rise
And hail the power, whose glad supplies
Th' enliven'd plains adorn.

Far hence retire, O Night ! thy praise,
Majestic Queen ! in nobler lays
Already has been sung :
When thine own spheres expire, thy name,
Secure from time, shall rise in fame,
Immortaliz'd by Young.

See, while I speak, Aurora sheds
Her early honours o'er the meads,
The springing valleys smile ;
With chearful heart the village-swain
Renews the labours of the plain,
And meets the accustom'd toil.

Day's

Day's monarch comes to bless the year,
 Wing'd Zephyrs wanton round his car,
 Along th' æthereal road ;
 Plenty and Health attend his beams,
 And Truth, divinely bright, proclaims
 The visit of the God.

Aw'd by the view; my soul reveres
 The Great FIRST CAUSE that bade the spheres
 In tuneful order move ;
 Thine is the sable-mantled Night,
 Unseen Almighty! and the Light
 The radiance of thy love.

Hark! the awaken'd grove repays
 With melody the genial rays,
 And Echo spreads the strain ;
 The streams in grateful murmurs run,
 The bleating flocks salute the sun,
 And music glads the plain.

While Nature thus her charms displays,
 Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze
 The opening flowers diffuse ;
 Temp'rance and Innocence attend,
 These are your haunts, your influence lend,
 Associates of the Muse!

Riot,

Riot, and Guilt, and wasting Care,
And fell Revenge, and black Despair,
 Avoid the Morning's light ;
Nor beams the sun, nor blooms the rose,
Their restless passions to compose,
 Who Virtue's dictates flight.

Along the mead, and in the wood,
And on the margin of the flood
 The Goddess walks confest :
She gives the landscape power to charm,
The sun his genial heat to warm
 The wise and generous breast.

Happy the man ! whose tranquil mind
Sees Nature in her changes kind,
 And pleas'd the whole surveys ;
For him the morn benignly smiles,
And evening shades reward the toils
 That measure out his days.

The varying year may shift the scene,
The sounding tempest lash the main,
 And Heaven's own thunders roll ;
Calmly he views the bursting storm,
Tempests nor thunder can deform
 The morning of his soul.



T O A L A D Y.

WITH A PAIR OF GLOVES, ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

BRIMFUL of anger, not of love,
 The champion sends his foe one glove ;
 But I, who have a double share
 Of softer passion, send a pair.
 Nor think it, dearest Celia, cruel,
 That I invite you to a duel :
 Ready to meet you face to face,
 At any time, in any place :
 Nor will I leave you in the lurch,
 Tho' you should dare to name the church ;
 There come equipp'd with all your charms,
 The ring and licence are my arms ;
 With these I mean your power to try,
 And meet my charmer, tho' I die.

THE



THE 'SQUIRE AND THE PARSON.

AN ECLOGUE.

BY S. J. ESQ.

BY his hall chimney, where in rusty grate
 Green faggots wept their own untimely fate,
 In elbow-chair the pensive 'Squire reclin'd,
 Revolving debts and taxes in his mind :
 A pipe just fill'd, upon a table near
 Lay by the London Evening stain'd with beer,
 With half a bible, on whose remnants torn
 Each parish round was annually forsworn.
 The gate now claps, as evening just grew dark,
 Tray starts, and with a growl prepares to bark ;
 But soon discerning with sagacious nose
 The well known flavour of the Parson's toes;
 Lays down his head, and sinks in soft repose :
 The Doctor entering, to the tankard ran,
 Takes a good hearty pull, and thus began :

PARSON.

Why sit's thou, thus forlorn and dull, my friend,
 Now War's rapacious reign is at an end ?
 Hark, how the distant bells inspire delight !
 See bonfires spangle o'er the veil of night !

'SQUIRE.

'S QUIRE.

What's Peace, alas! in foreign parts to me?
 At home, nor peace, nor plenty can I see;
 Joyless, I hear drums, bells, and fiddles sound,
 'Tis all the same—Four shillings in the pound.
 My wheels, tho' old, are clogg'd with a new tax;
 My oaks, tho' young, must groan beneath the axe:
 My barns are half unthatch'd, until'd my house,
 Lost by this fatal sickness all my cows:
 See, there's the bill my late damn'd lawsuit cost!
 Long as the land contended for—and lost:
 Ev'n Ormond's Head I can frequent no more,
 So short my pocket is, so long the score;
 At shops all round I owe for fifty things.—
 This comes of fetching Hanoverian kings.

PARSON.

I must confess the times are bad indeed,
 No wonder; when we scarce believe our creed;
 When purblind Reason's deem'd the surest guide,
 And heaven-born Faith at her tribunal try'd:
 When all church-power is thought to make men slaves,
 Saints, martyrs, fathers, all call'd fools, and knaves.

'S QUIRE.

Come, preach no more, but drink and hold your tongue:
 I'm for the church:—but think the parsons wrong.

PARSON.

See there! Free thinking now so rank is grown,
 It spreads infection thro' each country town;

Deific

Deistic scoffs fly round at rural boards,
'Squires, and their tenants too, profane as lords,
Vent impious jokes on every sacred thing;

'S Q U I R E.

Come, drink;—

P A R S O N.

—Here's to you then, to church and king:

'S Q U I R E.

Here's church and king, I hate the glass should stand,
Tho' one takes tithes, and t'other taxes land.

P A R S O N.

Heaven with new plagues will scourge this sinful nation,
Unless we soon repeal the toleration,
And to the church restore the convocation: }

'S Q U I R E.

Plagues we should feel sufficient, on my word,
Starv'd by two houses, priest-rid by a third.
For better days we lately had a chance,
Had not the honest Plaids been trick'd by France.

P A R S O N.

Is not most gracious George our faith's defender?
You love the church, yet wish for the pretender!

'S Q U I R E.

Preferment, I suppose, is what you mean,
Turn Whig, and you, perhaps, may be a Dean:
But you must first learn how to treat your betters.
What's here? sure some strange news, a boy with letters;

O ho! here's one I see, from Parson Sly:

" My reverend neighbour Squab being like to die,
" I hope, if heaven should please to take him hence,
" To ask the living would be no offence.

PARSON.

Have you not swore, that I should Squab succeed?
Think how for this I taught your sons to read;
How oft discover'd pufs on new-plow'd land,
How oft supported you with friendly hand,
When I could scarcely go, nor could your worship stand.

'SQUIRE.

'Twas yours, had you been honest, wise, or civil;
Now ev'n go court the Bishops—or the Devil.

PARSON.

If I meant any thing, now let me die,
I'm blunt, and cannot fawn and cant, not I,
Like that old presbyterian rascal Sly.
I am, you know, a right true-hearted Tory,
Love a good glass, a merry song, or story.

'SQUIRE.

Thou art an honest dog, that's truth indeed—
Talk no more nonsense then about the creed.
I can't, I think, deny thy first request;
'Tis thine; but first a bumper to the best.

PARSON.

Most noble 'Squire, more generous than your wine,
How pleasing's the condition you assign?

Give

Give me the sparkling glass, and here, d'ye see,
 With joy I drink it on my bended knee :
 Great Queen ! who governest this earthly ball,
 And mak'st both kings, and kingdoms, rise and fall :
 Whose wonderous power in secret all things rules,
 Makes fools of mighty peers, and peers of fools :
 Dispenses mitres, coronets, and stars ;
 Involves far distant realms in bloody wars,
 Then bids the snaky tresses cease to hiss,
 And gives them peace again—^m nay, giv'st us this :
 Whose health does health to all mankind impart,
 Here's to thy much-lov'd health :

's Q U I R E, *rubbing his hands.*

—With all my heart.

^m Madam de P—mp—dour.



ALLEN AND ELLA. A FRAGMENT.

B Y ———.

ON the banks of that crystalline stream
Where Thames, oft, his current delays;
And charms, more than poets can dream,
In his Richmond's bright villa surveys;

Fair Ella! of all the gay throng
The fairest that Nature had seen,
Now, drew every village, along,
From the day she first danc'd on the green.

Ah! boast not of beauty's fond power,
For short is the triumph, ye fair!
Not fleeter the bloom of each flower;
And hope is but gilded despair.

His affection each swain now, behold,
By riches endeavours to prove!
But Ella still cries, what is gold,
Or wealth, when compar'd to his love?

Yes!

Yes! Allen, together we'll wield
Our sickles in summer's bright day;
Together we'll leave o'er the field,
And smile all our labours away:

In winter! I'll winnow the wheat
As it falls from thy flail on the ground;
That flail will be music as sweet
When thy voice in the labour is drown'd.

How oft would he speak of his bliss!
How oft would he call her his maid!
And Allen would seal with a kiss
Every promise and vow that he said.

But hark o'er the grass-levelⁿ land,
The village bells found on the plain;
False Allen! this morn gave his hand,
And Ella's fond tears are in vain.

Sad Ella, too soon, heard the tale!
Too soon the sad cause she was told!
That his was a nymph of the vale:
That he broke his fond promise for gold.

As she walk'd by the margin so green,
Which befringes the sweet river's side,

* The village of Petersham.

How oft' was she languishing seen !
How oft' would she gaze on the tide !

By the clear river, then, as she sat,
Which reflected herself and the mead ;
Awhile ! she bewept her sad fate,
And the green turf, still, pillow'd her head.

There, there ! is it Ella, I see ?
'Tis Ella, the lost, undone maid !
Ah ! no, 'tis some Ella, like me,
Some hapless young virgin betray'd !

Like me ! she has sorrow'd and wept ;
Like me ! she has, fondly, believ'd ;
Like me ! her true promise she kept,
And, like me, too, is justly deceiv'd.

I come, dear companion in grief !
Gay scenes and fond pleasures, adieu !
I come ! and we'll gather relief
From bosoms so chaste and so true !

Like you ! I have mourn'd the long night,
And wept out the day in despair !
Like you ! I have banish'd delight,
And bosom'd a friend in my care.

Ye meadows ! so lovely, farewell,
 Your velvet, still, Allen shall tread !
 All deaf to the sound of that knell
 Which tolls for his Ella when dead.

Your wish will, too sure ! be obey'd ;
 Nor Allen her lōfs shall bemoan !
 Soon, soon ! shall poor Ella be laid
 Where her heart shall be cold as your own.

Then, twin'd in the arms of that fair,
 Whose wealth has been Ella's sad fate :
 As, together, ye draw the free air,
 And a thousand dear pleasures relate :

If chance, o'er my turf, as ye tread,
 Ye dare to affect a fond sigh !
 The primrose will shrink her pale head,
 And the violet languish and die.

Ah ! weep not, fond maid ! 'tis in vain ;
 Like the tears which you lend to the stream ;
 Tears ! are lost in that watery plain ;
 And your sighs are still lost upon him.

Scarce ! echo had gather'd the sound,
 But she plung'd from her grass-springing bed :
 The liquid stream parts to the ground,
 And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The swains of the village at eve,
 Oft meet at the dark-spreading yew ;
 There wonder how man could deceive
 A bosom so chaste and so true.

With garlands, of every flower,
 (Which Ella herself should have made)
 They raise up a short-living bower ;
 And, sighing ! cry, “ Peace to her shade.”

Then ! hand-lock’d-in-hand, as they move
 The green-platting hillock, around :
 They talk of poor Ella, and love ;
 And freshen, with tears, the fair ground.

Nay, wish they had never been born,
 Or liv’d the sad moment to view !
 When her Allen could thus be forsworn,
 And his Ella could still be so true.



O D E T O H E A L T H.

BY ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.

COME, rosy Health, celestial maid,
 On Zephyr's filken wing convey'd,
 In smiles thy heavenly features drest,
 Descend, thou sweet enchanting guest
 All charming, whether you appear
 In STAMER's lovely form and air,
 Or her's who yonder shines from far
 Fair as the morning's silver star,
 In youth's soft prime and beauty's pride,
 On Shannon's flower-enamell'd side,
 By shepherds, in each amorous tale,
 Yclept the ° Lily of the vale,

Bright daughter of the blushing dawn,
 Nymph of the woods, and daisied lawn,
 Who fliest the busy, full resorts
 Of peopled cities, revelling courts,
 But, clad in russet, lov'st to dwell
 With Temperance in the rural cell,
 Attend the sheep-boy at his stand,
 Or ploughman o'er the furrow'd land,
 Or wait, at spring of fragrant morn,
 The opening hound, and chearing horn;

• Miss Fitzgerald.

Ever

Ever chearful, ever gay,
 Hither come and chase away,
 Sorrow of dejected eye,
 The plaintive tear, the struggling sigh,
 Disease with sickly yellow spread,
 And Pain that holds the hanging head;
 And in their stead conduct along,
 Fantastic Dance, and airy Song,
 Wit, of taste correct and fine,
 Frolic Mirth, that waits on wine,
 Hope that fans the lover's fires,
 Pleasing Follies, gay Desires,
 For these are thine, a sprightly train,
 Without thee lifeless, joyless, vain.

'Tis you who pour o'er Beauty's face
 The artless bloom, the native grace;
 You robb'd the bashful rose, and shed
 Its soft, refin'd, delicious red
 On WALLER's cheek; 'tis you bestow
 On MANSEL's lips the ripening glow,
 With quickening spirits you supply
 The trembling lustre of her eye.

Through every form of mystic birth,
 The swarming air, the teeming earth,
 Through all the fruitful deep contains,
 Thy sovereign vital influence reigns,
 Mixes, ferments, inspires the whole,
 Pours the glad warmth, the genial soul,
 Breathes in the breeze, distills in showers,
 Swells the young bud, and wakes the flowers:

With

With livelier green the herbage springs,
 The violet blows, the linnet sings,
 Its richest colouring Nature wears,
 And Pleasure leads the wanton years.

Oh! see I pine distress'd, forlorn,
 And seek in vain thy wish'd return:
 Return then, Goddess, heavenly mild,
 Indulgent now as once you smil'd,
 In golden Youth's propitious May,
 When jocund danc'd my hours away,
 With love, and joy, and rapture blest,
 And thou wast there to crown the rest.
 Then, as round the Seasons range,
 And years in sweet succession change,
 On Shannon's silver-flowing stream,
 I'll sing, and thou shalt be my theme;
 Rich in my verse, thy charms shall shine,
 And HAROLD's beauties yield to thine.



ON THE BIRTH OF A FIRST CHILD.

BY MR. EKINS.

I.

EXHAUSTED by her painful throes,
 Let nature take her due repose,
 Sweet, dearest Anna, be thy sleep,
 While I my joyful vigils keep;
 O be thy joy sincere as mine
 For sure my pangs have equal'd thine.

II. Sleep

II.

Sleep on, and waking, thou shalt see
All that delights thy soul in me ;
Friend, husband, and a name most dear,
'The father of thy new-born care ;
As thou on her thy eyes shall cast,
Thank heaven for all the danger past.

III.

Heaven for no trivial cause ordains,
That joy like this succeeds thy pains,
But by this sacred pledge demands
A parent's duty at thy hands ;
While thou thy infant charge shall rear,
My love shall lighten every care.

IV.

Since I before the hallow'd shrine,
First call'd my dearest Anna mine,
Ne'er did my pulse so rapid move,
Nor glad my heart with equal love ;
Those charms that in this infant lie
Shall bind us by a closer tie.

V.

My partial eyes with pleasure trace
The features in its infant face ;
And if kind heaven in mercy hear
The fondness of a father's prayer,
In her may I those manners see
Those virtues I adore in thee.



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